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The Paris That Works and Thinks

BY PAUL VAN DYKE

Director of the American University Union at Paris, 1921–23.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"Oh! London is a man's town
There's power in the air.
And Paris is a woman's town
With flowers in her hair."

AND because she is like a beautiful woman a great many even of her ardent admirers fail to understand Paris. They think of her as a city which loves fighting and dancing; whereas above all things Paris is a city that works and thinks.

She is misunderstood first because she is French and the history of France is filled with wars. The struggle with England beginning with the fourteenth century and filling a hundred years with bloody greed, was followed after a generation by the long war with Spain for the control of Italy, and this by thirty years of the intermittent Huguenot wars: civil wars in which Spaniards, Italians, Swiss, Germans, Dutch, and English mingled for their own interest or their own gains. The senseless waste and slaughter of the Thirty Years War followed, and all the states of Europe sent their sons to a carnival of blood and pillage in Germany. Scarcely was the Peace of Westphalia brought about in 1648 by the intervention of France than the ambitions of Louis XIV started him on a career of conquest by which he hoped to secure the hegemony of Europe.

In all these wars the French people had little to do except die and suffer. It was the feudal rivalry of Plantagenet and Valois, or the dynastic rivalry of Hapsburg and Valois; it was the spirit of intolerance which prevailed in all countries and in all churches; it was inordinate pride fed by the doctrine of the divine right of kings; it was not the will of the French people which caused these wars. The French nation had no sufficient means of formulating or enforcing its will.

With the Revolution, indeed, began wars which were the outcome of the national will, at first divided against itself, when the children of the Revolution devoured their enemies and each other. It was this violence which brought about the Napoleonic reaction—the saddest episode in the history of France. For the incomparable soldier and great administrator abandoned the cause of liberty he had defended and seduced France into accepting his dictatorship for a career of conquest. The understanding of modern France suffers from her past history imperfectly understood. Above all, it is obscured by the shadow of the dark side of the Corsican genius who for some years was her absolute master.

Modern France knows that he had his dark side. Listen to the great soldier of the twentieth century, Marshal Foch, when, after describing how Napoleon's genius defended France against all Europe, he concludes that his fall became inevitable because of "outraged justice, because France must live by work and not by glory," because "in a civilized world moral right must always prove superior to a power resting solely on force," because "above war there is peace."

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It is peace and not war that the modern Frenchman loves, and it is peace that Paris loves to think about and not war.

There is one very plain indication of this taste that few visitors notice. People's character may be judged by what they admire, and an inspection of the public monuments and statues of Paris suggests very strongly that, though the Parisians may fight and suffer when they have to, they do not prefer to think about fighting when it is over. There is, of course, a certain section of the city, and that the one best known to the tourists, which bears a distinct military aspect, given to it for political purposes by Napoleon. The great Arc de Triomphe, with the twelve avenues radiating from it, nine bearing the names of battles or of men who gained them, leaves on the memory of the visitor who spends only a few days in the French capital a wrong impression. The great place of the Arc de Triomphe, called Place de l'Étoile, has few congeners among the seventy-five important places of Paris: only two away from the streets that leave it; the Place of Victories, due to Louis XIV, and the Place Daumesnil; the wooden-legged general who offered to give up Vincennes to the invaders when they gave him back his leg. If you walk through the seventy-one other chief places and the parks and streets of Paris, it is not war which is suggested. There are four Arches of Triumph in the city. Two are due to Louis XIV and two to Napoleon, who also put up the Colonne Vendôme. The monuments and statues of Paris as a whole speak of peace and celebrate the great men of art, letters, science, politics, philanthropy, or express artistic fancy with no allusion to war. Of 429 of the monuments and statues in Paris only 7 outside these named are warlike, only 9 represent fighting people, of which 2 are of Jeanne d'Arc and 2 are statues of Lafayette and Washington given by America. To these perhaps should be added 5 statues of kings who might be called military personages. But 402 of the statues of Paris have no relation whatever to war, 250 of them represent civilians or subjects of peaceful allegory, like art, commerce, industry, childhood, etc., and the rest are divided between mythology, history, and general subjects, and the only reference to war among them is war of the animals shown in some of the groups of Cain.

The Parisian, certainly the modern Parisian, does not wish to be reminded of battles, but of struggle and triumph in the arts of peace.

Paris is also misunderstood because she is Paris. All over the world men in all languages speak of Paris as "Gay Paris." She was once described as "a city built for the rich, planned for the children of pleasure and folly." This again is only a special exaggeration of an entire misconception in regard to the life of the average French man and woman. The life of France is decidedly serious in tone and rather gray in color, like the streets of her villages. This is especially true since the war brought so much sorrow and so much poverty. Nothing is more false to fact than to suppose that France lives in a perpetual whirlwind of gayety. In most French communities there is a lack of organized amusements against which a similar American community would revolt. The Frenchman has little money now, and whether he is rich or poor, he always saves part of what he gets; if he does not, he is not a true Frenchman. Cinemas are, according to our ideas, few and far between, and they play on the average to a proportion of empty benches which would drive an American manager out of business. When an American small farmer is bored, he jumps into his Ford and runs forty miles to the nearest country fair or circus; but his French brother has no car, and he must be content to wait on the chance of a fair coming nearer, or he must take his pleasure sitting by the river with a cane fishing-rod, watching a float which never disappears beneath the water. You may see him all over France by tens of thousands. France is well watered, not only to make its fields the fairest and richest in western Europe, but to give its citizens the chance of fishing with a pure devotion unstained by any mercenary hope of reward in the shape of a contribution to the larder. The Frenchman is a contented creature. He finds simple natural pleasure in small things in a life which, according to our ideas, is rather dull.

But Paris is different because Paris has

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a tradition of gayety to sustain, and she sustains it. Even during the war Paris was able to smile and dance—no, not dance; the Parisienne refused to dance during the war—but able to smile for her sons who came back out of hell to rest for a few days at home. And that traditional air of gayety Paris always wears and the organized means of receiving and entertaining visitors which gives wages to some 100,000 people, hide from the casual visitor, even from him who thinks he knows Paris well, the fundamental seriousness of her life. He walks on a pleasant Saturday evening along the three miles of the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille, or two and a half miles on the great cross artery which leads from the Gare de l'Est to the Observatory, and he concludes that all the inhabitants of Paris spend all their time drinking coffee and smoking cigar-

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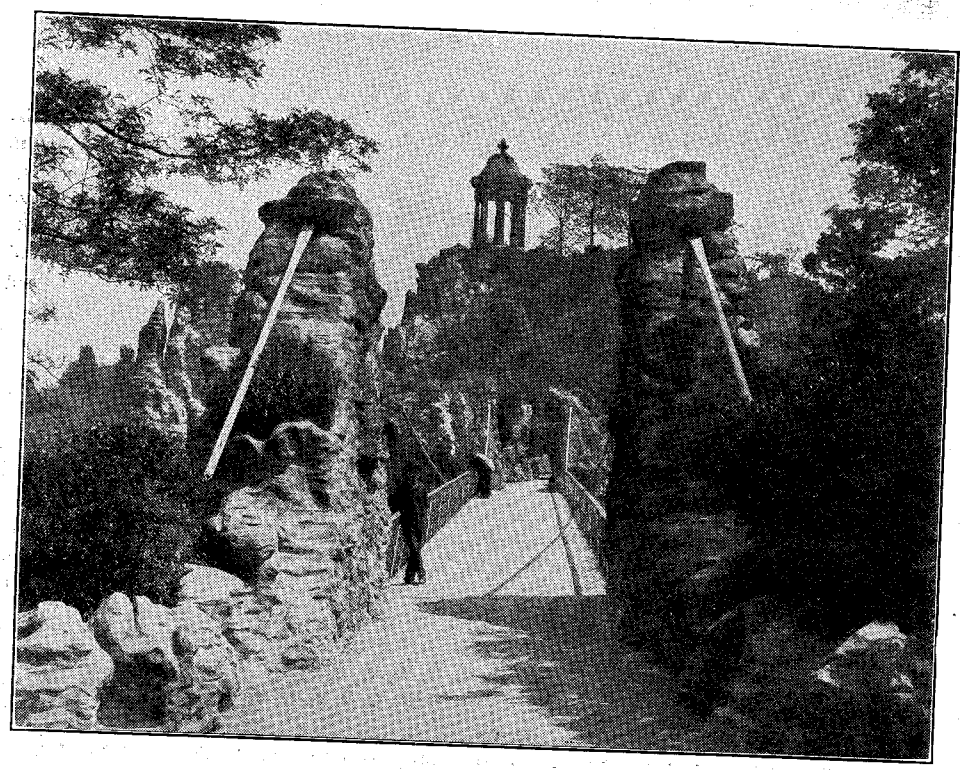
ettes at little tables on the sidewalk. Or, in the late afternoon, he joins the procession of taxis and automobiles rushing toward the Bois de Boulogne, and he is certain that Paris is filled with the idle rich. He never sets foot in the huge stretches of the great agglomeration of buildings spreading like spilled ink in an irregular circle eight miles across from either end of the thirty-three bridges over the Seine. He is perhaps ignorant of the existence of the working-man's parks of Montsouris or the Buttes-Chaumont or Vincennes.

How should he realize that Paris is a city of work and the greatest centre of learning in the world?

Outside of certain strips and centres where arteries of travel cross, Paris has no night life. In a good 2,500 of her 2,722 streets one gets the impression at nine o'clock that everybody has gone to bed, and, at ten, that all the inhabitants have either moved to the country or died. In the little cafés and restaurants of my quarter, as it draws toward ten the waiters begin to regard you with an evil eye, and at ten they pile up the chairs on the empty tables and begin to sweep the floor. Even in the larger ones which keep open an hour or two longer you experience, at eleven o'clock, the very disagreeable sensation of the man in the old song who felt "like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted."

Paris has to go to bed early because Paris has to work hard. A moment's reflection makes this evident even to those who have ignored it. Paris is the capital, and all the fourteen ministries and four sub-secretaryships of a governmental administration centralized in a way we do not know, maintain and run at Paris about 200 separate offices. Five of the six great railroad systems of France start from Paris. They transport annually 212,000,000 of passengers to and from the city, and their depots are bound together by a circular railroad which runs around it.



Aux Buttes-Chaumont.
One of the parks much used by working-men.

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Le Parc de Monceau.
The park of the coupon-cutters.

The thrifty Frenchman uses water transportation by river and canal more than we do, and Paris is the head of two great networks of waterways leading east and north, and the two systems are bound together by the Bassin de la Villette; so that the city is a great port and the ship on her coat-of-arms is just as appropriate now as it was centuries ago, when the rivers were the chief roads. Paris is the banking centre of France, and before the war she was, next to London, the great banking centre of Europe. Over 2,000 establishments deal with money and insurance. She is a great commercial and manufacturing centre: not in our style of huge establishments, but in the French style of 75,000 establishments, many of them very small, employing hundreds of thousands of men and women.

Even without visiting the vast extent of the outlying parts of the city, where the great part of the 3,000,000 Parisians within the walls and the 1,500,000 without the walls live, it is easy to suggest one sign that Paris is a working city. There is always a good deal of movement to and fro in Paris. The different means of transportation carry about 1,000,000,000 passengers annually. But at twelve and again at two o'clock a sudden quickened animation begins. Great masses of people sweep to and fro like tides along the chief avenues of travel. It is the sacred hour of déjeuner; and nobody understands French habits unless he recognizes the perfect propriety of the adjective. Every self-respecting French man and woman, of every rank of society, assumes the inalienable right to have as good a meal in the middle of the day as he can afford, and to have plenty of time before it and during it and after it. This is probably one of the reasons why American life insurance companies found that the buyers of annuities toward the end of life live longer in France than buyers of annuities in the United States. At all events, this great crowd which sweeps to and fro between twelve and two at Paris —the crowd that almost smothers the Metropolitan—is a part of the great

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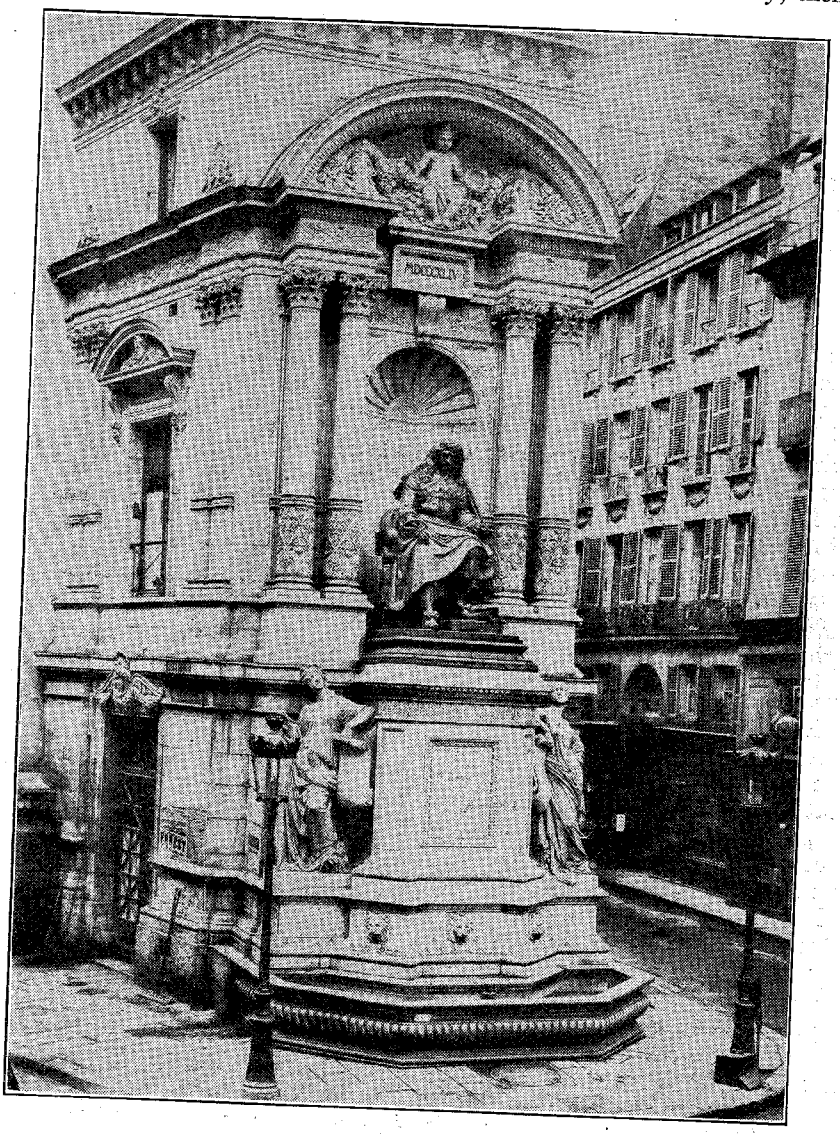
swarm of workers of the Paris hive. It is only the strangers and the drones, mingled with some parasites, that one sees sitting in the morning along the terrasses of the cafés on the Boulevards, and they are a small proportion of the Parisians.



Molière.
Erected by subscription.

This does not mean, of course, that Paris is at all disposed to adopt the régime of all work and no play, which would make of Jacqueline a very dull girl. Go out to the parks on a summer Sunday and see the whole family, from grandfather to the baby, picnicking on the grass, or visit the fairs that stretch along the Boulevards of the outlying parts of the city, their long lines of merry-go-rounds and candy booths and little roulette wheels for prizes and places to toss a ring that almost goes easily around the neck of a bronze statue, or notice in the papers how the French young men and women are throwing themselves with delight into athletic

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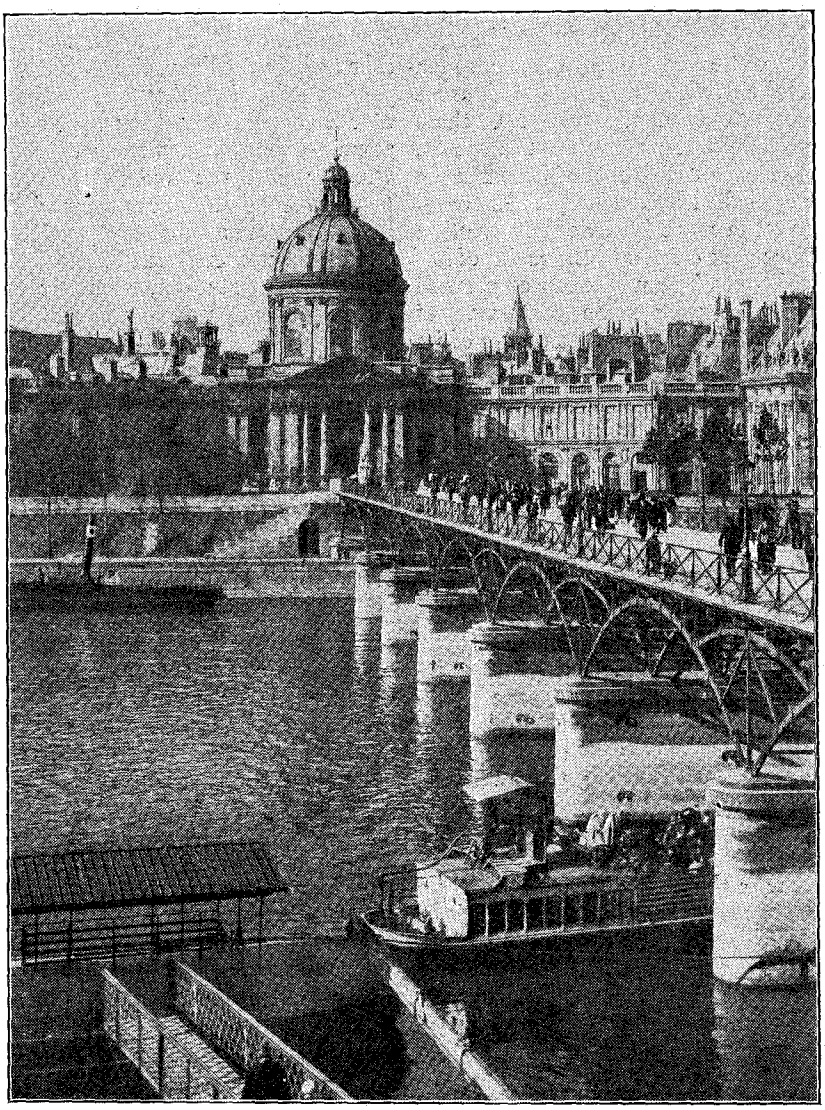
games—and you realize that Parisians know how to play—even those who have nothing to do with entertaining the 2,000,000 people who in 1913 stayed at



Le Pont des Arts et l'Institut.
The Institute of France, the home of the five academies.

Parisian hotels—half a million of them foreigners. But never imagine that Paris is a city of the idle rich. The enormous mass of its population are thrifty people earning their living by hard work.

It was highly appropriate that when modern France wished to put a statue in front of the Pantheon, consecrated by the Revolution to the great men of France, she put neither a soldier nor a monument to the glory of war, but Rodin's statue—The Thinker. Paris is above all a city that thinks. If there is anywhere in the world as great a single centre of learning I do not know where it is.

Paris is a city which thinks because of

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the large number of men possessing knowledge and highly trained skill who live there, and also because of the great number and variety of institutions for imparting the beginnings of learning and skill to youth.

Paris is a home of learned societies, and the dome of the Institute of France, which shelters the five academies and their great libraries, is a symbol of them all. Of these five academies the smallest, the oldest, and the most distinguished is the French Academy, called by the English historian Hallam "the most illustrious institution which has ever existed in the realm of letters." It was begun in 1629 as a small private society by some gentlemen of Paris, who met at the house of one of its members to discuss literature. A few years later Richelieu made it an official body of forty, whose object, as defined by their constitution, was to improve the French language; in particular by making a dictionary, a grammar, a rhetoric, and a treatise on poetry. It has always filled its own vacant chairs, but at times in its history, notably under Louis XIV and under the iron hand of Napoleon, its liberty has been much restricted. Four other academies, Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, Natural Sciences, Fine Arts, Moral and Political Science, grew up around it, and, finally, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, they were organized into the Institute of France; and there is no honor more coveted by Frenchmen than membership in that body.

Books are the tools of learning, and no city in the world has as many as Paris in her public libraries and libraries of learned societies—135 in all. These range from the Bibliothèque Nationale, with over 3,000,000 volumes, 1,000,000 prints, 207,000 medals, and 110,000 manuscripts, to the 4,000 volumes of the Society for the Study of the Culture of Bees and Silk Worms. Nine of these libraries have over 300,000 volumes, and the total number of volumes in all of them is 11,081,000. In addition Paris has 16 archives containing manuscripts and 48 musées and collections.

At the head of the list of institutions of learning stands the venerable University of Paris, with its five faculties of Letters, Sciences, Law, Medicine, and Pharmacy. It had in 1922 21,185 students.

In regard to the life of these students ideas prevail, or it would be more exact to say ideas survive, which are rather grotesque. These ideas exist because of the literary use of the Latin Quarter as "background" or "local color" for sketches, novels, and stories. I am unable to judge of the verisimilitude of these productions when they were written, but at the present time they bear about the same relation to the facts of the Latin Quarter that the average cinema play bears to real life. For reasons which may be discussed in a subsequent article on the provincial universities of France, the average French student, wherever you find him, from the primary school to "the School of Higher Studies," works much harder than the average American student. This is one of the reasons, but by no means the only one, why what we mean by "college life," with its great defects and its great merits (and it has plenty of both) exists in so much feebler a degree in France than with us that it seems to the American not to exist at all. This again is an exaggeration. For instance, in connection with the University of Paris there are thirty organizations created by or for the students: clubs, or dormitories for women, or musical or debating societies, or religious or national organized groups.

The University of Paris publishes every year a Livret de l'Étudiant de Paris. One-half of this is filled with the sort of information to be found in our university and college catalogues, about 15 per cent of it is occupied with summary descriptions of twenty-six other schools of higher learning also dependent on the state, and the rest of it briefly describes twenty-nine institutions of higher learning called "libres," or private. These institutions range from the Collège de France, an establishment of research, which has no entrance examination and grants no diplomas, to some twenty highly specialized technical schools. The whole fifty-five establishments present a complex of opportunities for higher learning unmatched, so far as I know, elsewhere in the world.

All who know Paris at all think of her as Paris the beautiful, but all who know her well think of her also as Paris the learned.

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PARIS

Drawings in Monotone

by

George Wharton Edwards

Plate I . . . . Church of St. Martin and the Rue Mauffetard.
Plate II . . . Tuileries Garden.
Plate III . . . The Madeleine.
Plate IV . . . Entrance to the Carrousel.
Plate V . . . St. Germain L'Auxerrois.
Plate VI . . . The Conciergerie.
Plate VII . . The Cathedral of Notre Dame at Night.
Plate VIII . . The Old Book Stalls on the Seine.

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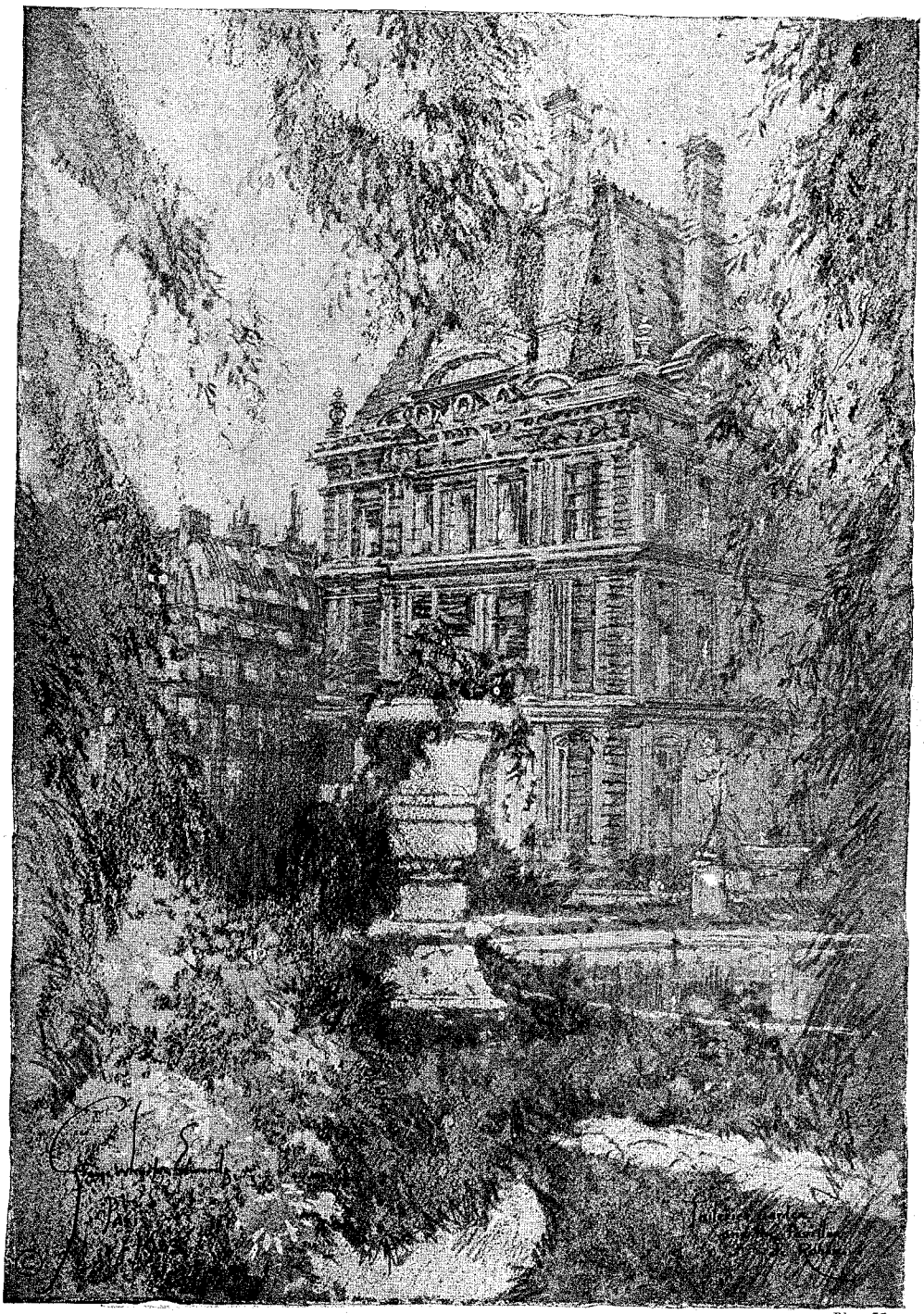

Plate II.

Tuileries Garden and the Pavillon de Rohan.
Called "The centre and soul of Paris."

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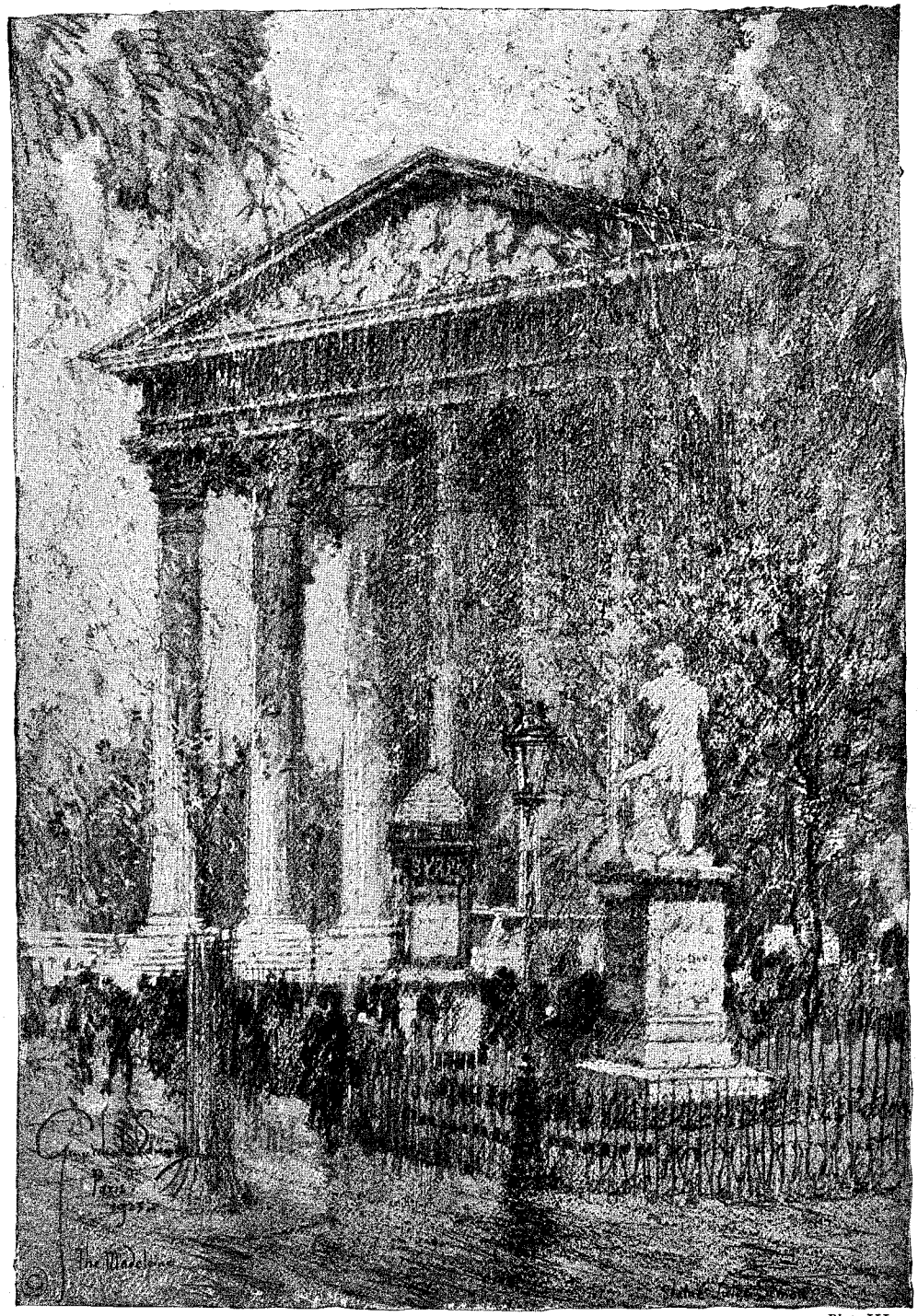

Plate III.

The Madeleine.

Begun by Louis XV, from designs by Constant d'Ivry, in 1777.

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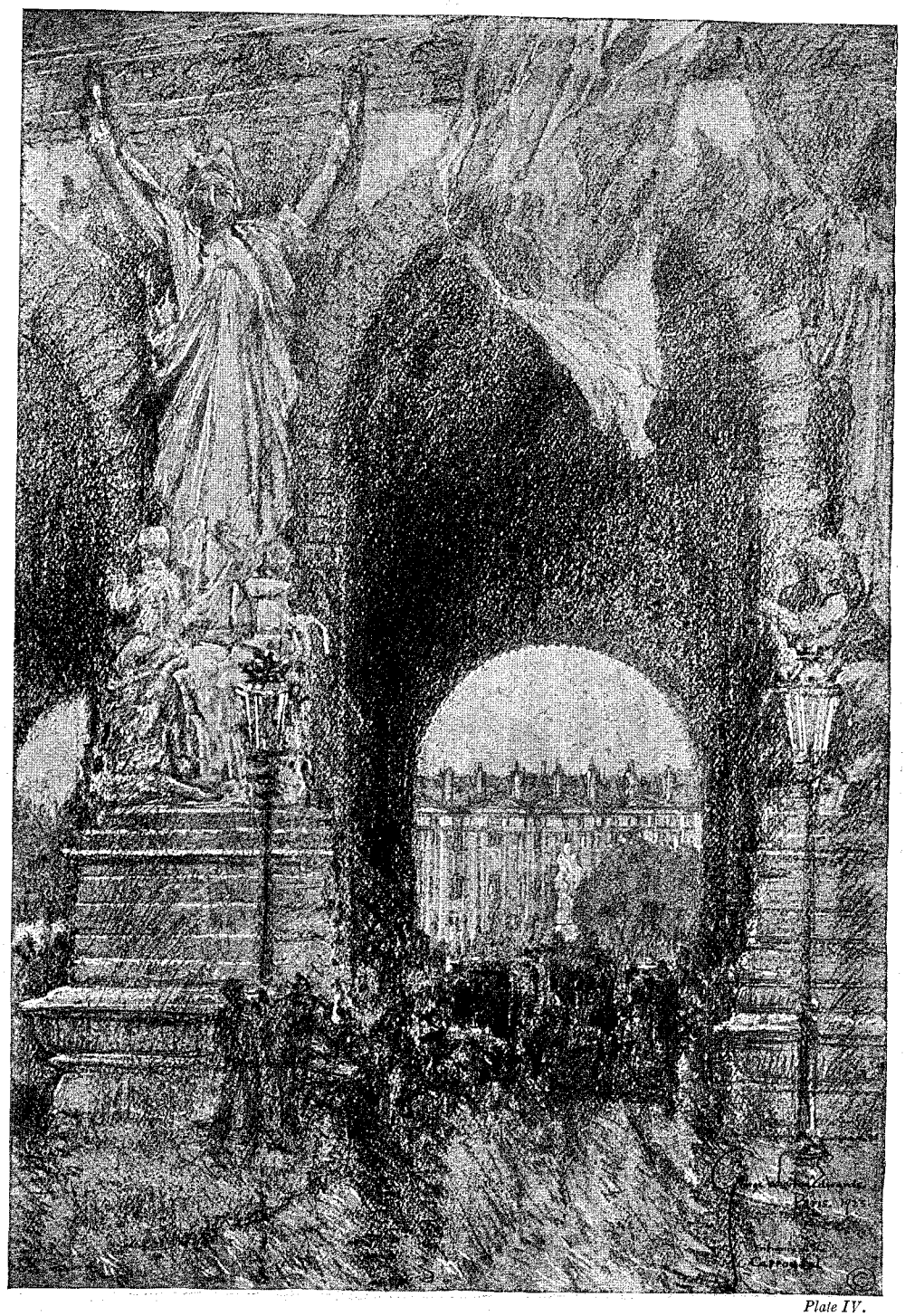

Plate IV.

Entrance to the Carrousel.

Where the unfortunate family of Louis XVI met in 1790 before the flight to Varennes.

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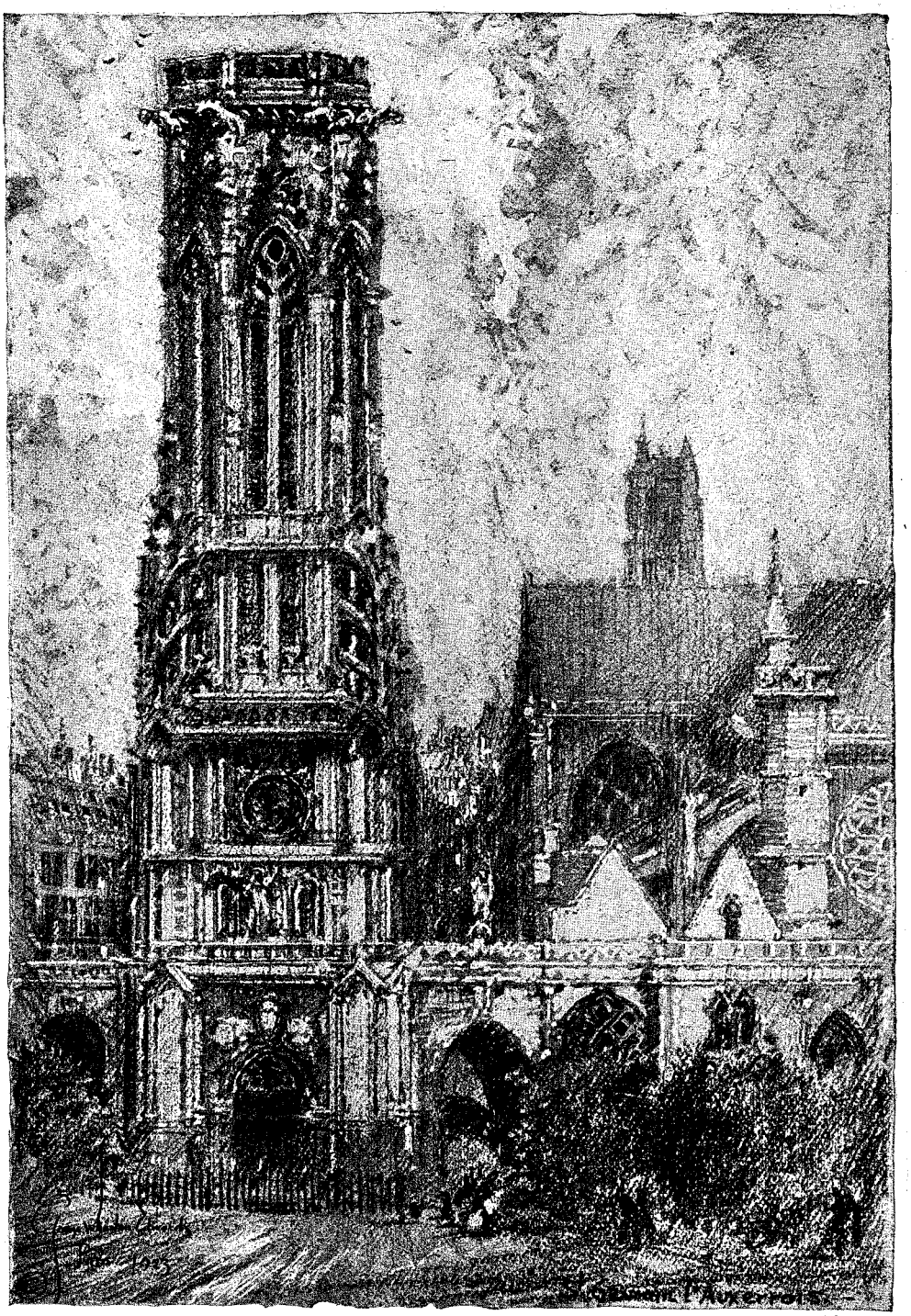

Plate V.

St. Germain L'Auxerrois.

Founded in 560 by St. Germain of Paris. The great bell in the tower gave signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

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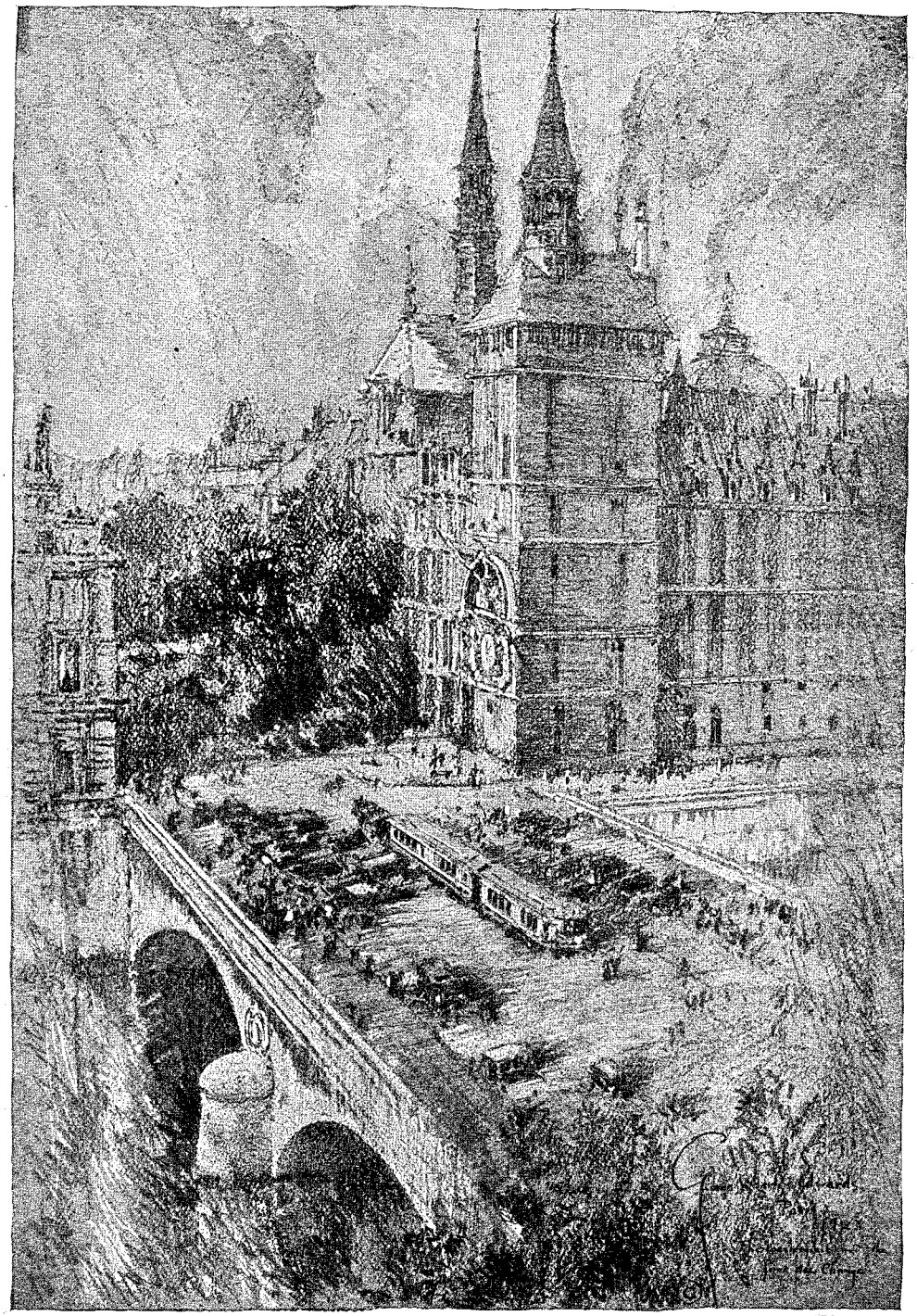

Plate VI.

The Conciergerie, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Pont au Change.

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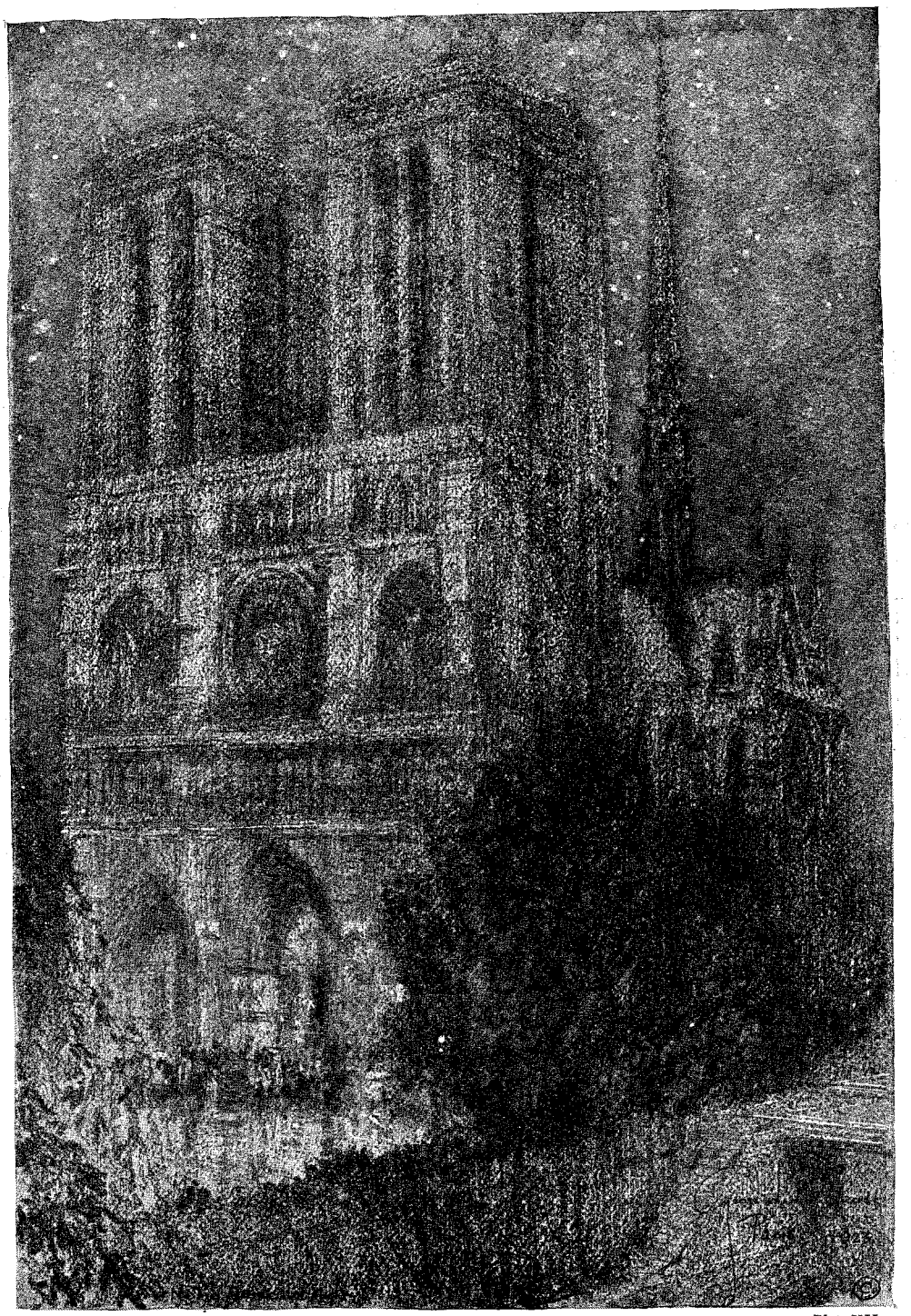

Plate VII.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame at Night.
Built by Jean de Chelles in 1257.

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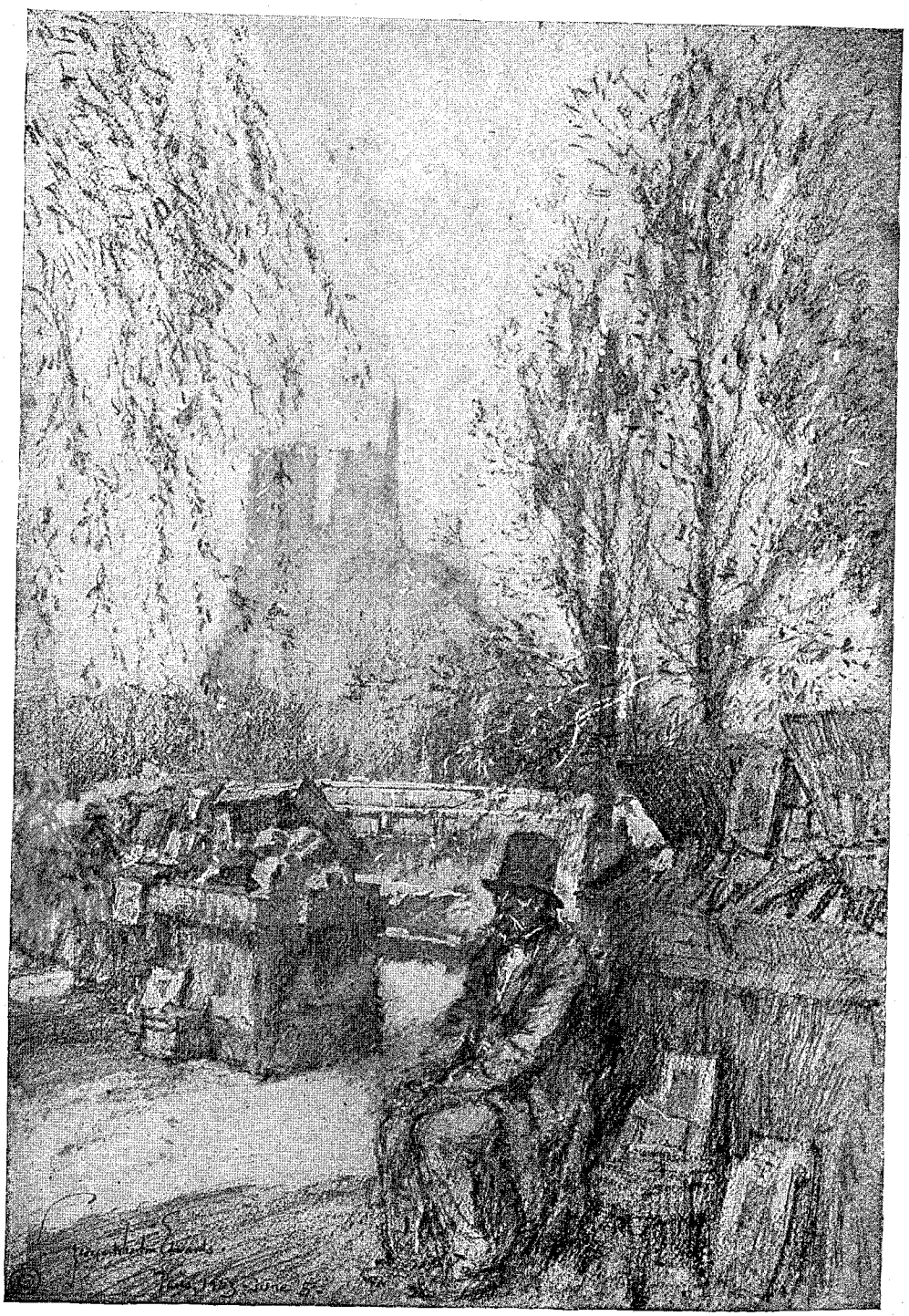

Plate VIII.

The Old Book Stalls on the Seine.

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Balkan Glimpses

BY LOTHROP STODDARD
Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The Revolt Against Civilization," etc.

BELGRADE is the main northern gateway to the Balkans. To enter it from Budapest is a real experience. Budapest, the capital of Hungary, is a great modern city. Of course, it is rather "down at the heel," as befits the capital of a defeated nation which has lost the best of its territory to its victorious neighbors. However, though fallen on evil times, Budapest is essentially "European" in appearance, giving the impression that one is still in the "West."

Far different is the flavor of Belgrade. Geographically the two cities are not far apart. A fast through train could cover the distance in a few hours, and even with the present slow service and absurd frontier delays it is only a short day's journey. Short though the mileage gap may be, however, the cultural difference is enormous. In Belgrade the traveller feels himself at the portals of the "East."

The first sight of Belgrade is distinctly impressive. Grinding along over the Slavonian flatlands, the train gradually raises a range of hills on the southern horizon. Suddenly, from between the clumps of trees and shrubs that fringe the railway line, one gets a perspective across a flat alluvial plain and a broad river, behind which rise bluffs crowned by a large town with hills in the further background. That is "Beo-Grad"—"The White City," as it is most appropriately named, since most of its buildings are light-colored stucco or stone.

Emerging from the railway station, the Eastern atmosphere hits you in the eye—and the nose. My first impression was that of a large, ill-defined, and ill-paved open space, casually fringed by nondescript structures and peppered with people mostly swarthy and decidedly heterogeneous in appearance. Some were in queer peasant costumes, others were picturesquely ragged, while everywhere there was a strong sprinkling of soldiers. At one point a knot of men were squatting about a small fire, their dark faces picked out by the firelight against the gathering dusk. Entering my carriage, I was jolted over atrocious pavements to a brand-new and very ugly hotel.

There you have the spirit of present-day Belgrade: patches of glaring "Westernism," pasted crudely on a Balkan background. And the queer part of it is that the patches, numerous though they be, merely emphasize Belgrade's fundamental "Balkanism." The city is, in fact, going through an acute transition period. A decade ago it was the seat of a small Balkan State. To-day it is the capital of "Jugoslavia"—a nation stretching from the head of the Adriatic almost to the Ægean Sea, with an area considerably larger than Great Britain's and with fully 12,000,000 population. Elated by their good fortune, the Serbs have been doing their best to make Belgrade a big modern capital. They are doing a tremendous amount of building, new five- and six-story structures rising on every side. In fact, they have over-built, the economic depression to-day prevailing over all Europe having hit Belgrade hard and plunged it deeply in debt.

One thing is certain: the results achieved are not pleasing to the eye. Who Belgrade's architects are I do not know, but I am quite sure they must be local products who have acquired their knowledge of Western structures in decidedly superficial fashion, the upshot being a series of architectural high crimes and misdemeanors which it would be hard to parallel. Furthermore, these ultra-modern monstrosities are sandwiched in between low, rambling old structures some of which must go back to Turkish times. As for the streets, I am sure they date from Turkish days. A

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more atrocious set of pavements I have never seen. Imagine large stones and small boulders, apparently taken from torrent beds and set casually, like a Gargantuan mosaic; then imagine some of these stones worn down into the earth, others raised, and still others vanished, leaving gaping holes—and you have a typical Belgrade street. How the carriages which rattle over these pavements manage to keep their springs for a single day is a mystery to me. Yet they seem to, and are quite comfortable—if you know how to hang on.

The people, like the buildings, display curious contrasts. One sees men and women clothed in conventional Western dress rubbing elbows with traditional Balkan types: peasants in quaint, colorful costumes; tall Montenegrins with small black caps; Albanians in still smaller white caps; Mohammedans from Bosnia and Macedonia, wearing red fezzes and occasional turbans; gypsies, too, in considerable numbers — the women decked out in dirty finery, the men sometimes ragged to the point of looking like walking scarecrows, but picturesque—never sordid. Last, but emphatically not least, the soldiers. Cradled and waxed strong in war, Jugoslavia believes devoutly in "preparedness," and is to-day one of the best armed and most martial nations in Europe. The militant note sounds strongly from the moment you cross the border. Soldiers swarm everywhere, supplemented by numerous gendarmes and police of most military aspect, since they dress in similar uniforms and carry rifles slung over their shoulders while on duty. The militant tone of Jugoslavia is still further heightened for the traveller who, like myself, entered the country from Hungary and left it for Bulgaria. Hungary and Bulgaria have both been disarmed by the peace treaties, so that in neither of those countries does one see many soldiers.

Whatever Belgrade may become in the future, it is to-day a place worth seeing—and leaving quickly. Its atmosphere is crude and none too hospitable. The Serb was never noted for tact or amiability. An upstanding man and a good fighter, he is hard to get acquainted with and has an instinctive prejudice against foreigners. The hand of the Serb is a rough one. Travellers are liable to harsh treatment by border officials and customs officers, while the stranger within Belgrade's gates must watch his step, the slightest infraction of local ordinances being apt to end in arrest and a quick-march through the streets to the nearest police-station. Arresting strangers seems to be one of the Serb's chief outdoor sports. A never-failing topic of conversation among the foreign colony is who has been last arrested and under what summary circumstances. As for frontier difficulties, I personally had nothing to complain of, since I was travelling with special papers, but some of my fellow-travellers were not so fortunate. I shall not soon forget the state of rage to which two very charming and rather prominent French gentlemen were reduced by their treatment at the hands of customs officers and officials. The elder of the twain expressed his opinion in the following pithy remarks: "I came to Serbia expecting to see a land of heroes; I find a place where the people look like brigands and act like *cochons!*"

When will these bumptious little nations learn that it isn't wise for them to treat foreigners badly? Those two Frenchmen arrived at the Jugoslav border influential friends; they left Belgrade itching to get back to Paris and slam the Serb and all his works. Furthermore, they are typical, not isolated, instances, because one seldom meets a traveller who has not had unpleasant Jugoslav experiences. Taken in the aggregate, these unfavorable attitudes must do Jugoslavia a lot of harm, and all for want of a little tact and courtesy which would cost nothing yet which would pay big dividends.

Travelling from Belgrade through eastern Serbia to the Bulgarian border, one passes through a rugged, broken country, fairly well wooded and moderately fertile. Western Bulgaria is built on a somewhat bigger scale, with broad plains (largely sown to wheat) bounded by distant mountain-ranges. Bulgaria's capital city, Sofia, is not very far from the Serbian border. It is prosaically situated in the middle of a plain, the only picturesque feature being

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a lofty mountain some miles away, which is much beloved by all Sofiots as a sort of guardian spirit of the place.

Sofia is far from being a metropolis, but it is certainly an improvement on Belgrade. Both the city and its inhabitants appear distinctly more "Western" than the Serb capital. Its main streets are excellently paved with vitrified brick, its buildings are a degree less ugly than Belgrade's, and its people a shade smarter in appearance. One sees fewer "Oriental" types, and the "Balkan" atmosphere, so strong in Belgrade, is distinctly less noticeable. This is all the more surprising because Sofia has recently emerged from a reign of terror and a revolution. Less than three months before my arrival Stambuliski had been lording it in Sofia. Stambuliski was one of the most extraordinary figures that post-war Europe has produced. Rising to power as head of the "Agrarian" or Peasant Party, he made himself dictator and ruled Bulgaria with a rod of iron. Systematically preaching the doctrine that the town was the natural enemy of the country, he deliberately played upon the peasant's ignorance and fanaticism. Sofia was denounced as an abomination, was compared with Sodom and Gomorrah, and was threatened with reduction to the status of a village. To compare Sofia, deadly dull and ultra-respectable, with Sodom and Gomorrah would seem to indicate an abysmal lack of humor. However, humor is not the Bulgar's strong point, his specialty being a dour and dogged energy which drives ruthlessly toward its goal. Therein Stambuliski showed himself a true son of the soil, for he became a tyrant of the first water, pursuing his enemies with relentless vigor and crushing all opposition with brutal terrorism. Since practically all decent and intelligent persons were suspect, the whole brains and spirit of Bulgaria banded together in desperation and hatched a conspiracy which overthrew the tyrant and sent him promptly out of the world he had done so much to trouble. At present Bulgaria is governed by a coalition of the various middle-class groups which Stambuliski had persecuted. As for the peasants, they have thus far shown no disposition to avenge their fallen champion or to lament his fate. As a matter of fact, Stambuliski's "championship" of the peasants showed itself largely in the creation of a political "machine" staffed by petty tyrants who weighed upon the villages almost as ruthlessly as upon the towns. The Bulgarian peasant, being a canny person, tends to distinguish between words and deeds, and apparently realizes that Stambuliski's fine phrases sowed no fields and reaped no harvests—which are the things that lie nearest to his heart.

One cannot be many hours in Sofia without realizing the important part played by the "exile" element in the city's life. Sofia is literally jammed with exiles of various brands and previous conditions of servitude. First and foremost, of course, the Macedonians. For a whole generation at least, the Bulgar element in Macedonia has been sending across the mountains the old cry: "Come over and help us!" During that same period hundreds of thousands of Macedonians have left their homes and taken refuge in Bulgaria from their enemies. As a result, Bulgaria has thrice made war for Macedonia, has invariably picked the wrong combination, and consequently not only has not won Macedonia but has lost a good deal of her own territory. This has still further swelled the number of exiles, because the first thing you do in the Balkans when you conquer a region is to throw out, or make life intolerable for, all the inhabitants who do not happen to speak your language, go to your church, or share your ideas. Wherefore, there are in Sofia to-day multitudes of Bulgar exiles from Serb, Greek, Rumanian, and Turkish rule. Furthermore, besides the various brands of Bulgar exiles, one sees still other refugee types—notably Russians. Much of the débris of Wrangel's army has drifted over into Bulgaria from its first haven of refuge, Constantinople. And these "Russkis," as they are collectively termed, are in themselves a most heterogeneous lot, ranging all the way from shabby-genteel aristocrats to rough Cossacks, and Mongols from the steppes. I still remember vividly a group of Kalmuck women whom I saw in the market. With their squat figures, high cheekbones, copper-colored skins, and black braids over their shoulders, they looked

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exactly like Indian squaws come into town from some Western reservation.

Whether it be the presence of foreigners in such numbers or whether due to deeper causes, certain it is that the traveller feels more at home in Sofia than in Belgrade. The officials are better mannered, the atmosphere is less strange, and when one comes to meet the inhabitants they are more approachable in their attitude. Of course, this may be partly explained by the fact that Bulgaria is in hard luck just now and needs friends, whereas the Serbs feel themselves on the top of the wave and see no special need of being amiable. Still, that does not explain everything. It is interesting to note the diverse attitudes of the resident foreign colonies in the two cities. In Sofia one hears no such sharp criticism of anti-foreign prejudice as in Belgrade.

Some of the most picturesque aspects of both Belgrade and Sofia are the weekly fairs which are held in both places. They are great events. Long before dawn the peasant wagons come rumbling in, drawn by plodding white long-horned oxen or by still slower-footed black water-buffaloes. With daylight the fair begins. The peasants stand, sit, or squat behind piles of fresh vegetables and dairy products, not to mention multitudes of live-stock—cackling hens, quacking ducks, and squealing, grunting pigs. The peasant sellers themselves are most picturesque. In both Serbia and Bulgaria the peasantry still wear their ancestral costumes, and on fair-days they come to town dressed in their best. Since each district (often each village) has a distinct costume, the result is a veritable riot of color, which, as in Oriental rugs, blends harmoniously into a pleasing whole. This is particularly true in Bulgaria. Some of the Bulgar peasant women would make an artist's fingers itch for his brush and palette, with their beautiful embroidered waists and skirts, their gay kerchiefs, and their strings of gold and silver coins. And, of course, the peasants are by no means the whole show. Back of them are hundreds of little booths containing every conceivable article from prosaic soap and matches to gaudy turned-up Turkish slippers and quantities of local pottery fashioned in the quaintest designs. Again, there is the whole tribe of itinerant hawkers threading their way through the chattering, chaffering crowds: Turkish lemonade-sellers with huge brass urns upon their backs, nondescript fakers vending a variety of "notions," and swarthy Gypsies, often as dark as the inhabitants of that distant Hindustan which their legends call the Gypsies' ancestral home. It is all very strange to Western eyes, and shows clearly how truly a borderland between Orient and Occident is Europe's Balkan "east end."

This fact is borne strongly home upon the traveller as he journeys southeastward through Bulgaria toward Constantinople. Leaving Sofia, the train at first traverses the same wide, open plains bounded by distant mountain-ranges that one encounters after quitting the Serbian frontier. Gradually the aspect of the country changes, and the railroad passes through a belt of hill country, bare, sterile, and rather sad in aspect, the rocky slopes scored by gullies leading down to broad, boulder-strewn, dry torrent-beds. Crossing the divide, the train dips down into a region very different in character—the valley of the Maritza River. I was now in southern Bulgaria—the province formerly known as "eastern Rumelia." It is a region at once "southern" and "eastern" in character. To begin with, it is a fat and fertile land, watered both by irrigation from the broad Maritza and by frequent rains coming up the trough of the valley from the distant Ægean Sea. When I passed through it the land was heavy with crops, particularly tobacco. These tobacco regions, with their thatched barns and low stuccoed houses fringed with drying leaves, were curiously reminiscent of Cuba. As for the "Eastern" character of the country, that fact became clearer with every mile. The houses showed more Turkish influences in their architecture, the peasants' costumes grew more Oriental, while red fezzes and white turbans got more plentiful at the wayside stations and in the fields.

As night fell I encountered one of the political anomalies of the Balkans. Reaching the Bulgarian border, we came not to Turkey, but to a thin band of Greek territory, jutting up at this point between the two other nations. This strip is only a few miles wide, yet to cross

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it the traveller, even in the transcontinental Orient Express, must have his Greek visé on his passport and go through the same formalities as though he were bound for Athens. Fearful and wonderful are the travel regulations in Europe these days!

The little station, with its swarming Greek officials and soldiers, was left behind. The train rolled steadily on in the darkness for a while, then slowed down and rumbled cautiously across a long bridge spanning the wide Maritza River. On the eastern shore a small fire glowed beside the track, and as my car passed I saw through the window, illumined in the firelight, a martial figure in smart gray uniform with red facings capped by a gray lamb's wool "kalpak," which brought to mind newspaper cuts of Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

I was in Turkey and headed across the plains of Thrace toward Stambul.

Copernicus and the Fundamentalists

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching

PERHAPS in all literature no words are more often misinterpreted than the line that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Ulysses:

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

One hears this appealing phrase quoted again and again as descriptive of a fellow feeling that unites all mankind.

What the great master of literature really said was:

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

He was not describing a common virtue of mankind, but a well-nigh universal human weakness—that weakness which prompts most of us to accept new things because they are new, and to forget that all new things, that are true, grow in some fashion out of old things. Shakespeare was commending the fundamentalist.

Men grew into civilized communities through the acquisition of a few fundamental truths. The realization of religion as the divine life in the human soul, the right of civil liberty, obedience to law and equality under it, the duty of service to fellow man and to society, security in that which one has lawfully acquired—these are the fundamentals without which the life and progress of civilization are impossible. They have been won out of the long travail of our race. They are at the bottom of every great human endeavor—religious, educational, political. And these three are not separate, unrelated causes. They are all phases in the working of that far-flung divine energy out of whose development in human life truth and beauty and service find expression. To recall these fundamentals, to preserve them, to keep them alive and fruitful in the new applications of human experience, is the highest service of wisdom. The fundamentalists who render this service are the saviors of civilization and the prophets of all true progress.

But the hard experience of the world proves that those who assume the rôle of fundamentalists are not always fundamentally minded. Only too often, with the best intentions, they have crucified civilization in the name of that which was not fundamental but relatively trivial.

In the upheaval of our world-wide confusion of to-day we are passing through a revival of fundamentalism and, as in the older days, the fundamentalists sometimes mistake those things that are unimportant for those things that are essential. It may be fitting to recall, at such a moment, one of the searching experiences

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which the world has had with the fundamentalists, or at least with those who thought themselves fundamentalists. The story belongs to a far-off, forgotten day. It can be told now without passion, but that experience may well commend to us in this day that tolerance and hospitality of mind that we so easily forget.

The present year is the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Nickolai Copernik, better known by the Latinized form of his name, Copernicus. He gave to the world a single book, a treatise on the motions of the heavenly bodies. The first copy was placed in his hands as he lay dying. The book itself has been read by only a few of the learned and the curious. There does not exist to-day an English edition of it. But it changed mankind's conception of the universe and of man's place in it. This conception, however, came into general acceptance only after one of the most prolonged conflicts with the fundamentalists that the world has ever known.

It is not easy for the man of the twentieth century to apprehend the sixteenth-century conception of the universe in which we live. For fifteen hundred years the teaching of Aristotle and of Ptolemy had ruled the scientific thinking of men. Under their teaching the earth was conceived as the fixed centre of the universe. About it, in their several spheres, revolved seven planets—the sun, the moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. These were held to describe circular orbits about the earth as a centre. This belief in the fixedness of the earth and its primacy as the centre of the universe had become so firmly accepted as to be a part, not only of the philosophy of the sixteenth century but also of its religion, or rather of its theology. It was a theory vastly satisfying to human egotism. It pleased man to believe that his earth was the centre of the heavens and that about it the planets and the stars revolved. Science, philosophy, and theology co-operated to fix firmly in men's minds the belief that the whole firmament of heavenly bodies was created for man's enjoyment and pleasure.

The telescope was not yet invented, nevertheless the naked-eye observations of the planetary movements became more and more difficult to explain on the assumption that the earth was the centre of motion. With the moon and the sun the difficulty was not so great, though various irregularities in their motions had to be reconciled. But when it came to the explanation of the motions of the outer planets on a geocentric theory of the heavens, the discrepancies became insuperable. For example, as one of these outer planets approaches the point in the heavens opposite the sun, instead of continuing to move directly forward in its orbit, as the theory would require, the planet was found to slow up gradually in its apparent revolution and then to begin a retrograde motion, which in turn gradually ceased, and the planet resumed its forward march in the sky.

It is impossible, without a long and tedious description, to give any adequate conception of the complexities to which the philosophers and mathematicians were driven, before the day of Copernicus, in order to reconcile the observed planetary motions with the assumption that the earth was the centre of their motion. To explain the apparent retrograde planetary motion just referred to, for example, the device of the epicycle was invented. The epicycle was a smaller circle on which the planet was assumed to be fixed. The centre of the epicycle was situated on the large circle of the planet's orbit and the planet was conceived to move around this small epicycle while at the same time the centre of the epicycle moved forward along the large circle of the planet's orbit. By varying the relative sizes of the circular orbit and the epicycle, and by adding secondary epicycles upon the original one, it was possible to approximate, after some fashion, the rude observations of the days before the telescope was invented. The result was a vast and complicated system of circles and epicycles, always needing readjustment as the observations became more exact. Well might one of the fifteenth-century philosophers exclaim that the Almighty might, in consideration of the limitations of human reasoning, have adopted a simpler plan for His universe!

It was with this complicated philosophical and mathematical structure that Copernicus dealt. He was not an astronomer. Indeed in all his life he made

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very few observations, and is said to have regretted on his death-bed that he had never seen the planet Mercury, a circumstance that might easily happen in the far northern climate and under the cloudy skies of his native land. He spent his life really in a threefold occupation—his ecclesiastical duties, mainly of an administrative sort as canon of the Cathedral of Frauenberg; his gratuitous medical practice amongst the poor, to which he gave himself devotedly; and his mathematical researches into the theory of the planetary motions. As he pondered over the accepted conception of the universe—the earth stationary in the centre, the planets moving around it carried on crystalline spheres, and finally the sphere of the fixed stars revolving once every twenty-four hours—his logical mind was struck with the fact that so complicated and artificial a system was not in conformity with the simplicity of nature. The notion of a revolving earth was an old one, and indeed it was a reference to this in the celebrated Almagest of Ptolemy which first brought the matter seriously to the attention of Copernicus. Starting with this simple notion, he was able to show that all the motions of the heavenly bodies could be explained more easily and naturally by assuming certain relatively simple motions of the earth—the daily rotation on its axis, the inclination of that axis to the plane of the motion, and finally the annual motion in a circle around the sun, a motion shared by all the other planets. Under his conception the earth was no longer the all-important centre of the universe but a relatively small planet circulating in an immense orbit around a central body, the sun.

Copernicus had developed his conception some fifteen years before he published it, but hesitated to give it to the world by reason of his apprehensions with respect to the objections it was certain to arouse. Upon the urging of his friends, the book was finally printed and the volume was brought to him on his death-bed. In dedicating his book to the reigning pope—Paul III, himself a mathematician of no mean ability—he referred to the anticipated criticism and in particular he besought His Holiness to defend him from those who "should dare to criticise and attack this theory of mine because of some passage of Scripture which they have falsely distorted for their own purpose."

The conception of Copernicus as to the constitution of what we now call the solar system was a notable advance toward the truth, but it involved many assumptions which, as knowledge grew, were found to be erroneous. We need to remember that the mathematicians of his day lacked the mechanical knowledge to prove the actual rotation of the earth on its axis, and they lacked also any knowledge of the force under which the planets move and by which they are held in their orbits. The notion that this force was that same power of gravity by which a stone falls to the ground—the fruitful conception of Newton a century and a half later—was in the days of Copernicus entirely outside the horizon of knowledge. Copernicus had no *vera causa* to account for the planetary motions. The great service that he rendered was to advance certain reasons, which were fundamentally correct, for assuming the sun as the centre of the planetary system and the courage to follow this reasoning to its logical conclusion. His was not a work in astronomy but the achievement of a mathematician and a man of true science in the progress of human thought.

One of the great merits of Copernicus was his readiness to face the truth wherever it might lead him. For example, one of the chief arguments against the theory that the earth revolved around the sun lay in the objection that, if the earth swung in this immense orbit, the constellations as viewed from one extremity of the orbit would present an entirely different configuration from that which they would present viewed from the opposite extremity of the orbit, just as the trees of a forest are displaced when one views them from different positions. Copernicus met this objection in a true scientific way. He argued that the fact that there was no such displacement merely indicated the immensity of the universe. Since his day, with the modern telescope, we are able to measure the distances of the nearer stars, and we now know that these distances are so great that they must be reckoned in light-years, not in

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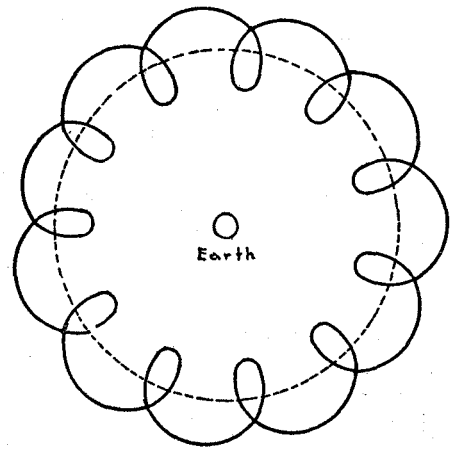
miles. Light, which travels 186,000 miles in a second, requires years to come from the nearest of the fixed stars.

The book of Copernicus was a blow, not simply at the science of his day but at that human egotism that lay at the bottom of the current philosophy and theology. These rested on the assumption that the whole universe was made for man, that the flowers bloomed for his pleasure, that the fields rendered their fruits for his use, that the sun and the earth were his, and that even the universe of stars was made for his instruction and enjoyment. The conception that the human race and its place of habitation occupied a modest position in an illimitable universe of suns and planets not only was utterly distasteful to the philosophy and theology of the time but it outraged the accumulated human egotism of fifteen centuries.

Fortunately for himself, Copernicus did not live to see the storm of condemnation that fell upon his theory. The fundamentalists who were shocked at the notion of a moving earth were not confined to the rulers of the Holy Catholic Church, as we are sometimes wont to assume. Luther and Melancthon condemned the Copernican theory as heartily as the officers of the Inquisition. The assumption, said Luther, of the motion of the earth in its orbit cannot be true, since "the Holy Scriptures state that Joshua bade the sun stand still and not the earth"! The church indeed had in its hands the power to coerce men, and it did not hesitate to use it against the advocates of the Copernican theory. There are few chapters in human history more saddening than the trial of Bruno before the Inquisition for teaching the revolution of the earth and his condemnation, his handing over to the secular authorities, and his burning at the stake in February, 1600. There are few experiences in the history of human thought more humiliating than the picture of old Galileo, under threat of torture, recanting his teaching and declaring that the opinion of Ptolemy was true and indubitable. His recantation is a touching story and has been a fruitful source of controversy for nearly three centuries. It is clear that, after his discovery of the satellites of Jupiter with his little telescope, in his abjuration he perjured himself, but one may well forgive the old man for not accepting martyrdom in defense of a theory which he knew would in the end make its own way.



Jupiter's orbit around the earth according to the Ptolemaic theory.

In this matter of tolerance toward the theory of the earth's motion, no group of men had cause for intellectual conceit. For a hundred and fifty years, not only the Catholic and Protestant theologians but the philosophers and scientists of the world showed great hesitation in facing honestly the growing proofs of the Copernican theory. Francis Bacon, whom we rightly look upon as one of the fathers of modern scientific methods, failed to envisage the relative values of the Ptolemaic and the Copernican theories, and over a series of years continued to argue against the conception of an earth rotating on its axis and circling in an orbit around the sun. In the last of his great works, he assigns reasons which to-day seem to us to contradict the very method of thought for which his name stands. "In favor," he writes, "of the earth as the centre of the world we have the evidences of our own senses and also inveterate opinion; . . . the introduction of so much immobility into nature and making the moon revolve around the earth in an epicycle, and some other assumptions of his [Copernicus] are speculations of one who considers not what fictions he

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introduces into nature, provided his calculations answer." Nowhere does one find more clearly reflected than in these words of Bacon the objection of mankind to a universe in motion.

Whether William Shakespeare, the contemporary of Bacon, "out-topping knowledge," in Matthew Arnold's phrase, included the Copernican theory in the all-embracing range of his vision is not clear. There is a passage in "Troilus and Cressida" which at least suggests a familiarity with the notion of the sun's primacy in our planetary system:

> "Therefore is the glorious planet Sol
> In noble eminence enthron'd and sphered
> Amidst the others."

However ambiguous the passage may be, it would seem clear, in view of Bacon's feeling on the subject, that this reference does not afford any aid or comfort to those devoted souls who cherish the notion that Bacon wrote Shakespeare!

What was it that finally brought the world, learned and unlearned, to accept the notion of an earth revolving about a central sun?

That which brought acceptance of the Copernican theory to the thinking world was the slow, sure progress of impartial, sincere investigation. Decade by decade new proof was added. Kepler showed that the planets do not move in circles, as assumed by Copernicus, but in ellipses, with the sun at one focus, a process which at once dispensed with the complicated mass of epicycles which Copernicus had found it necessary to retain. Kepler also showed that these motions were made in accordance with a law which varied directly as the masses of the bodies and inversely as the squares of their distances. Newton proved that the force which worked according to this law was the force of gravity which we know on the earth's surface, and that the moon fell toward the earth in accordance with the same law with which a stone falls from its flight. Finally, in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the principle had been discovered that a freely suspended pendulum will continue to swing in the same plane independent of any motion of the point of support, Foucault set up a great pendulum in the Panthéon at Paris and crowds of his enthusiastic countrymen saw with their own eyes the actual motion of the earth on its axis as compared with the fixed plane in which the pendulum swung. It was the slow process of careful investigation, the gradual accumulation of exact knowledge, which in the course of two hundred years overcame all objections and brought into human thinking the conception of the moving earth as a part of the intellectual equipment of every civilized human being. It is by such steps that the truth is always reached. The process may be slow, but in the long run sincere, impartial study brings us step by step to it. The question, Where lies truth? is to be answered very much as a boy on the Gemmi Pass replied to my question, "Where is Kandersteg?" "I don't know," said he; "but there's the road to it." None of us knows where truth is, but all human experience shows that the road to it lies through hard work, through open-mindedness, through tolerance, through honest and clear thinking.

Those who recall the dramatic interest in Foucault's pendulum, set up in the Panthéon at Paris in 1851, by which a simple demonstration was made of the rotation of the earth, will be interested to know that in the rotunda of the new building of the Academy of Sciences at Washington, opposite the Lincoln Memorial, a long, freely suspended pendulum is to be attached to the roof and Foucault's demonstration will be repeated for popular instruction. The American who has some question as to the earth's daily motion on its axis can here see the actual turning of the earth with his own eyes.

The lessons of the hundred and fifty years during which the conception of Copernicus battled for acceptance are of deep significance to us to-day. It is not strange that the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries hesitated to accept the Copernican theory. It was at first only a theory, it contradicted long-established belief, the mathematical and mechanical proofs which we now have were wanting. The indictment against the fundamentalists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who persecuted men for entertaining the theory of Copernicus,

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was not in their doubt; it lay, first of all, in their crooked thinking and secondly in their willingness to enforce intellectual obedience by force. Their mistake lay in assuming that the Copernican theory of planetary motion created a conflict between religion on the one side and science on the other. There was no such conflict. The disagreement was between the science of theology on the one hand and the science of astronomy on the other. The question whether the sun moved or the earth moved had nothing whatsoever to do with religion. When men made its acceptance a religious test and enforced that test by arbitrary and cruel authority, they were violating the very principles of the religion which they desired to serve. Religion is not a system of philosophy nor a collection of dogmas; it is the divine life in the human soul which blossoms forth, when once it takes root, into love and service to men. Theology is the science of that religion. It has the same relation to religion that astronomy has to the stars, or that botany has to the flowers. Long before there was any science of astronomy the planets described their courses around the sun and the stars moved in their giant paths through the distant systems of the universe. Long before there was any science of botany the flowers bloomed and fruited and bloomed again. Long before there was any theology the divine life in the human soul, that we call religion, bloomed and fruited. That which took place touching the theory of Copernicus and its application to the thinking of his day was not due to a difference between religion and science. It was a difference between two imperfect human sciences, the science of theology and the science of astronomy. The notion of an infallible authority, with the power to coerce men's thinking, assumed by the Mother Church, and the dogma of a literally inspired Bible as accepted by the Protestants had nothing to do with true religion. They have been the source of untold harm to men's minds and souls. Each was a fetter on the human spirit. Each was an excrescence on an imperfect human science.

To-day no body of religious men worthy of the decent respect of mankind would pass resolutions requiring their schools to abstain from teaching the conception of a rotating and revolving earth. The literal interpretation of Joshua's stopping of the sun and of the poetical references in the Scriptures to the motions of the stars and of the constellations no longer trouble even the fundamentalists. But other matters, equally irrelevant to religion, still present themselves to many people as fundamental and insistent. It will be well for such to remember the story of Copernicus, to recall the condemnation of Bruno and Galileo, and to reflect how intolerance in theology dealt grievous wounds to religion. The truth in the end was victorious.

We live to-day in one of those periods in human history when the moral and social conceptions of men are confused. At such times there is need, above all, for a leadership that has not only the quality of human sympathy but also the quality of straight thinking. We are disposed, as human beings, to pass lightly over the intellectual sins of men if only they have the reputation of possessing kind hearts. Yet the world has suffered in the past, and suffers to-day, fully as much at the hands of those whose intentions are good but whose thinking is crooked as at the hands of those who have bad purposes. Intellectual immorality is a common vice, the result generally of intellectual indolence and complacency. The man who is unwilling to do the serious work necessary to have a just knowledge of the questions upon which he pronounces commits a moral no less than an intellectual wrong. Perhaps the man who has done most harm to our political and economic thinking these last thirty years is one whose intentions have been amiable but whose thinking has lacked that patience of hard work which alone brings understanding. A pure heart and a crooked mind do not permanently dwell together in the same human body. One will overcome the other, and in too many cases the crooked mind perverts the well-intentioned heart. Let us be fair to the fundamentalists. The world cannot do without them. In every great movement of human thought there is an essential fundamental body of truth without which the movement becomes meaningless and powerless. For

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this essential fundamental truth, one must battle to the uttermost. But let us hold to a strict accounting those who assume the position of fundamentalists and yet have neither the spirit of work nor the sense of responsibility requisite to reach the truth.

If men envisaged truth as a whole there could be no difference of opinion between those who were honest and sincere. We see a part of the truth and become partisans of that fragment of which we are cognizant. In no field of human endeavor has this been more true than in theology, the science that undertakes to formulate religious truth.

In our day, as in the days of Copernicus, those who speak in the name of Christ are quick to invoke the civil power in the endeavor to enforce their conceptions of truth. No contrast could be greater than that between the methods of reformers of this type and those of the Master in Whose name they speak. He lived and taught in a small state in a half-barbarous age. Yet what He taught and the method of His teaching are true for all time and for all places. In His day, as in ours, war, slavery, drunkenness were terrible evils. He undertook no crusade against them. He made no effort to invoke the civil power to compel obedience to His views. But He taught that love of God and of man which, if it enters into the hearts of men, makes war, and slavery, and drunkenness to cease. And it is the only power that can. He saw truth in the large, we see it in part.

To-day human thinking, in its conception of the relations and reactions of the forces of the universe, has gone far beyond that of Copernicus and of his contemporaries. It has come not only to gauge the mechanical forces under which the earth and the planets move but also to see dimly that what we call gravitation, and light, and electricity, and magnetism, are not separate and distinct forces, but that they are different manifestations of that infinite force which moves and animates the universe. And we also, as human beings, cannot doubt, as we apprehend more and more of these relations, that all these forms of activity are part of that same infinite and eternal energy in which we ourselves live and move and have our being. In the presence of such a conception of the universe, fragmentary as it may be, tolerance and patience become us best; and, most of all, the intellectual morality that comes only through faithful study.

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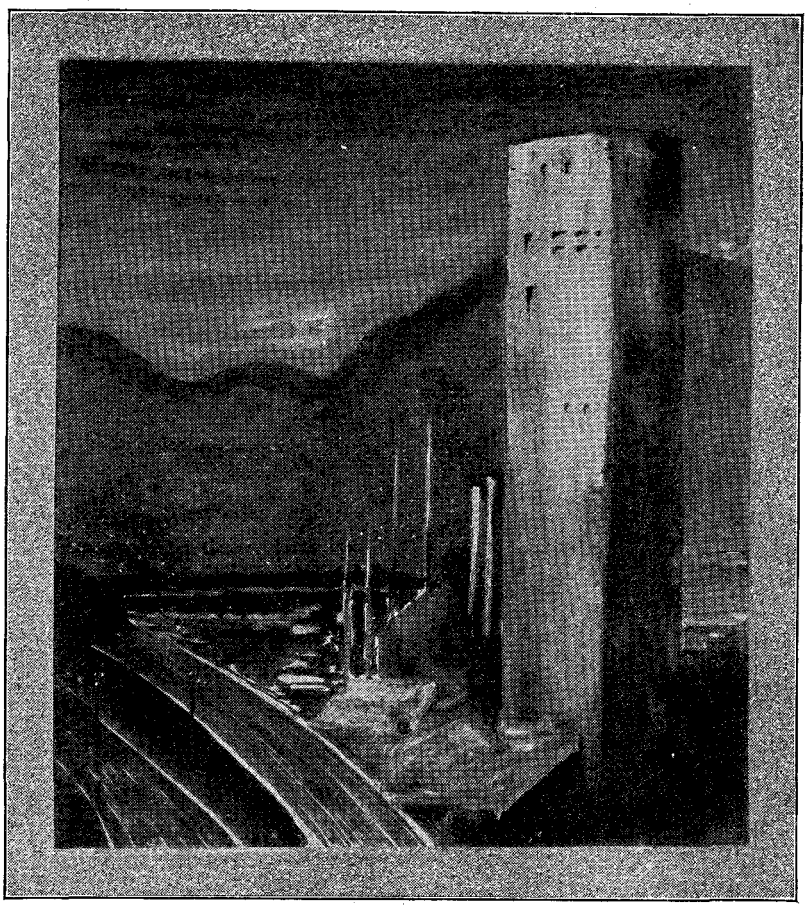

Poems by Roland Young

PITTSBURGH

ILLUSTRATION FROM A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

OUT of our window—
In the daylight—
We could see
Nothing but mills and railroads
And the long procession—
Marching out of sight—
Of smoking chimneys.
Then
Beyond the tracks
The muddy, yellow river
And—beyond again—
The vague and fog-dimmed outline
Of the hills

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Resolving into grayness
And the cloud-filled sky.
. . . . . .

Out of our window—
In the twilight—
We could see
Enough of all these things
To guess the rest.
But later on
Night came
And then
The smoking chimneys changed
And did become
Some tall pines
Reaching to the stars.
A little breeze had blown
All of the daytime's fog
And grime and murkiness away.
The river gleamed
Mysterious
In black and silver
And the bridge
Swung over in a reckless curve
To melt into the mystery beyond.
The stars now shone
And, with their lustre, gave
A contour to the hills.
A softness and a thrill
Absorbed the night.
And then—
As evidence of magic near at hand—
A cricket
Broke the silence with his pulsing note.

LAKEWOOD

A GRAY mist floats in the lap of spring,
  Over the moss the brown leaves lie,
Over our heads birds wheel and sing;
  In all this beauty—you and I.

Under our hands our horses swing
  Around the slender fragrant trees—
A thin veil over the face of spring—
  But thro' the veil herself she sees.

The sun is gay as it filters through;
  Close we ride and at last I cling
For a golden moment close to you,
  And the veil is gone from the face of spring.

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Lurline, in full costume, advanced into the illuminated zone.—Page 40.

A Place with the Stars

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER

THOUGHTS of what her friends later described as her career never troubled Lurline Pomeroy's placid youth. She knew she had a voice, else she could never have sung at home nor in the church choir. Mrs. Pomeroy loved best to hear her in the loft of the First Unitarian Church, since her mind was not likely in that solemn place to wander off to questions of her duties as a hostess, such as the certainty of an adequate supply of blueberries for supper the next day or the assurance that the new hired girl from Boston had put the cot into the tower room as she had told her to. Andrew Platt also liked best to hear Lurline in church.

He must have shown especial pleasure one Sunday else Betty Wilson would not have smiled at him so mischievously when they met two days later in the post-office.

"It really is a joy to watch you in church, Andrew Platt," she said, puckering her turned-up little nose. "I think some days you must be listening to the angels singing—or one angel anyhow."

"If you listened, Betty," he answered sternly, for humor was not Andrew's characteristic, "half as hard as you watch people at church, you would learn an awful lot that will do you good some time."

"If I loved to hear a bird sing so much as all that," was the Parthian shot as she turned at the door, "I'd get a cage and put her in it."

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Andrew possessed already a comfortable cage for this song-bird. It stood back from the main road half a mile from the village. It had been the Platt homestead for several generations. Now it sheltered only Andrew; but its cool hallways, spruce with spotless matting and ornamented at intervals with sea-shells, its prim furniture and Biblical collection of prints, now awaited Lurline. She knew it.

"We'll just wait a little while, you and I, Andrew," she would say when this self-contained lover exhibited what might have been mistaken for impetuousness. "I must help mother a little longer. We have lots of time."

So life passed happily for the only dwellers in Highview interesting to readers of this chronicle. Especially during the winter months, when only occasional parties sought out Pomeroys', was existence placid. Yet it was at this period of the year that the serpent came. There was nothing snaky about Mrs. Cabot Amory or any of the friends who motored up with her in the party from Boston. Yet the analogy holds.

"You have a voice," she said to the gentle Lurline after she had sung for these visitors, who were too sleepy after their long tramp in the winter air to settle down to auction. "I say you have a voice."

Lurline smiled amiably. She could not exhibit surprise at the news.

Mrs. Cabot Amory was vital. There was electricity in her tone and in her glances.

"When I say voice," she went on, sparkling with emphasis, "I mean a genuine voice, meant for the world, for the great public of every nation. You have such a gift, Miss Pomeroy. It would be a shame not to make use of it."

Lurline, who had planned her future to her own satisfaction, smiled amiably.

"I am sure of what I say," Mrs. Amory went on. "You're not the first musical genius I've brought out. There were two young violinists in East Boston that owe their careers to me. Then there was a pianist."

This artistic philanthropist might have added that few musical geniuses could escape her once she got on their trail. She could smoke out the most elusive. But she was not by way of telling all she knew. Else she might have added that the geniuses of the violin were lost somewhere in the humble obscurity of vaudeville theatre orchestras, while the pianist was glad of the opportunity to earn his food and drink by grinding out the accompaniments to the cinemas exhibited in a dingy shack on the Maine coast.

"Such a voice," Mrs. Amory concluded, "belongs to humanity. You must cultivate it."

By this time Mrs. Pomeroy, attracted by the pontifical manner of the speaker, stood by Lurline with her arm through hers.

"You know Pettigiani-Butt?"

Rather indifferent ignorance on this subject gazed from the faces of the two women.

"Pettigiani-Butt is not only the best singing teacher in Boston, she is a real authority on the voice." Here the lady seemed to jump, as it were, with both her dainty, high-heeled slippers on the word "real."

The Pomeroys, mother and daughter, still failed to reveal in their polite attention to the conversation of a guest any excitement corresponding to Mrs. Amory's eagerness.

"Do you know what Eames—Emma Eames—said to my brother-in-law, who knows a lot of the opera people and meets no end of musicians at the St. Botolph Club? Well, she said—and she didn't have to because she doesn't even know Pettigiani-Butt—she said that so far as she could see, nobody in Boston need go to Europe to study while there was such a teacher here. And Eames knows."

Still the spark would not ignite.

"And Farrar? She told a woman I met last year at York Harbor, one of a committee that asked her to sing in a charity concert at the Copley-Plaza—she couldn't do it though—that the one thing she regretted was that she had never known Pettigiani-Butt while she lived in Melrose."

Naturally the talk of these celebrities had its eventual effect on Lurline. Mrs. Amory, with the persistence of the hunter for undiscovered genius by which she

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might still amplify her own importance, kept at her task.

An undeniable interest was awakened in Lurline's mind. Did this talent really mean all this experienced woman of the world, who talked with such familiarity of this great singer and that, was daily telling her? Of course, her ambitions had never allowed her, even under the visitor's most enthusiastic predictions, any aspirations to an operatic career. But if she studied, sang in concert, say, at the Symphony Hall, wouldn't the satisfaction of this experience after all be worth the trouble?

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Amory explained, "you could sing in concert if you wanted to. Look at Alma Gluck. But I wouldn't try to advise you. Leave it to Pettigiani-Butt. She can say, after she has heard a few notes: 'This is a voice for the opera,' or 'This is a voice for concert.'"

When the visit of the party was at an end and the three motors which were to carry them back to Boston stood before the door, Mrs. Cabot Amory lingered to give Lurline her card. She was to come to her some time within the month. She would have a little tea with only the most musical and appreciative people to hear her, and, most important of all, she would have a chance to meet the great Pettigiani-Butt, who, with the certainty of the three spinning sisters, would decide just how golden would be her future.

Andrew thought very little of the whole scheme. Even the predictions that Lurline brought back with her could not add a rosy hue to the plan.

"You sing well enough for us, Line, mother and me. What's going to come of all this? And where do I come in?"

"But, Andrew," Lurline's voice was as gentle as it ever had been, her smile as melting in its amiable womanliness, "you know you said you'd wait a year or two."

"Well, what does this, this old Mrs. What's-her-name want of you?" Andrew almost succeeded in counterfeiting bad temper.

Lurline dismissed the subject by putting her arm about his neck and telling him not to worry, that everything was going to be all right.

She was already enrolled as a pupil of Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt. That distinguished person seemed famous, intensively rather than extensively. Most people to whom Lurline spoke confessed they heard the name for the first time. On the other hand her admirers appeared to have heard much of her frequently.

"If you ask any musician," was Mrs. Amory's explanation, "you will then learn what Pettigiani-Butt really is in the professional world."

She tried the girl's voice not in her own studio but in the drawing-room of Mrs. Amory. The celebrated pedagogue must have ended her own singing days long before. Report was that they had been brief, but she retained a resemblance in at least one respect to a singer. She was bird-like, even if she suggested with her fingers, bony as talons, and her long nose like a beak, a bird of prey rather than a feathered vocalist. She had a bonnet, moreover, of a kind rarely seen in these years. It was flat, modestly decorated with a few heart's-ease scattered about on its shiny velvet roof and apparently attached to its wearer by strings which, for purposes of greater security, crossed in the back and tied under her chin. But the device, ingenious as it seemed, was in practice a failure.

At the first sensation of excitement the bonnet fell over backward. If the excitement of the wearer was not too great she slapped the headgear back in place with a practised wave of her hand. If the emotional crisis was prolonged, however, the bonnet rested on the back of the lady's neck until outside assistance restored it to its throne.

Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt shook hands with Lurline; then, while engaged in saluting Mrs. Amory, observed:

"She has the singer's throat."

She drew off her worn gray gloves, for she was to play Lurline's accompaniments.

"Let us hear a scale," she said from the piano-stool. "I call that the naked voice. It shows what the material is."

The girl stood by the piano singing after the scale some of the songs she had learned at home. The expert knew just enough of music to get through with the simple accompaniments. At last the music stopped.

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"Christine Nilsson," proclaimed the sibyl. "At first I said: 'What is that voice? I thought I heard Emma Albani, my old friend.' But I said to myself: 'Pettigiani-Butt, listen carefully. You know you are wrong.' As I listened I suddenly recognized the timbre of Christine, with whom I sang so much in Italy. Mrs. Amory, you have brought Christine Nilsson back to the world. You are a wonderful discoverer of the musical genius."

The bonnet as a gauge of Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt's excitement slipped down her back. But she was still in control of her emotions, so one of the talons ascended, and, with the ease of long practice, slapped it down into place again.

Mrs. Amory looked deprecatingly self-conscious. Lurline, never having heard of either of these great ladies of operatic history, did not understand just how she had come through the test.

"You have a great future, young lady," the teacher said directly to her, pulling off the gloves a second time when she saw unmistakable signs of tea. "What a lucky teacher to have such a voice to train!"

So she returned to Highview as a pupil of this teacher who was certain to accomplish such wonders in developing her natural talents. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt's own operatic career was shrouded in the mystery of the past. Yet there were still some who remembered the girl from a Vermont town who studied for several years at the conservatory, singing all the while in a church choir, and then went to Italy to begin her operatic career. It must have been brief, for she was soon seen again in Boston, taking again her former place in the choir to hold it for years. What contributed more importantly to her material comfort was marriage with Adam Butt, an official of the water department, who died some years afterward. Her grief could scarcely be described as a fat one, although there was enough of a legacy to maintain her modestly. She continued to teach, and, by degrees, the saga of her greatness attained a local acceptance, fiercely proclaimed by a few, if never wide-spread.

There were ample Pomeroy means for Lurline's adventure, and Mrs. Amory talked vaguely of the wealthy men eager to lend financial aid to such artistic benevolences. The plan at first was for Lurline to journey to Boston and take two lessons a week. It soon became evident that she would have to move there for the winter.

"Cut it all out, Line," Andrew advised pathetically when the accumulation of sudden plans almost overwhelmed him. "Let's get married now. You can still help your mother in the summer. I'll get you a car of your own so you can come over to her at any time."

Lurline shook her head. "I've gone into it now, Andrew. I must stick to it for a while. It's February. In May I'll be back here and we'll be as much together as ever."

So she went with her mother to Boston. With the obstinacy so often united to amiability and sweetness of character she refused to listen to every departure from her plan that he, in his affection, suggested to her. In spite of occasional visits to Boston, he was lonely in the house he was waiting for her to share with him.

He showed his sense of desertion as he walked slowly along the road homeward at six o'clock one evening. Betty Wilson stood again on the steps of the post-office. She was waiting to help on his way the father now so ill with rheumatism that he could scarcely go to and fro every day to fulfil the duties of postmaster.

"Hello, Andrew," Betty called out as she opened the door that he might lose no word of what she meant to say. "Do you remember what I told you about a singing bird? Aren't you sorry you didn't buy the cage and lock the door?"

Andrew trudged along without an attempt to answer Betty. She could be at times pretty fresh, although she was a nice girl. Yet he also felt, with a certain uncomfortable sensation, that she spoke the sense of the community in regard to Lurline and him.

The winter in Boston passed. When the Pomeroys returned, Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt was with them. She was conducting the musical education of Lurline with

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frenetic energy. In spite of the season, the black velvet bonnet came along with her. An old-fashioned parasol no larger than a soup-plate protected her from the sun. Half a dozen times a day her sensitive head-dress slipped its moorings and hung over the back of the gifted lady's neck. The greater part of every day was spent in an impromptu studio in the barn by Lurline and her teacher. Often the villagers lingered in its neighborhood to hear the strumming piano, the excited directions of the professor, and the thin, colorless cantillation of the girl.

Andrew realized he was losing in his struggle against the musical career. With all her New England shrewdness, Mrs. Pomeroy was falling under the influence of the teacher. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt was indefatigable. Her energy was demoniacal. She neither slumbered nor slept at her task. She, of course, regarded Andrew in the light that honest suitors always stand in when they dare to lift their eyes to a possible musical star. They are anathema.

Europe came as the dramatic climax of the autumn. But why Europe? The opera-houses were closed by the war. Singers were crowding to these shores as fast as they could get here. Then why Europe? Lurline smilingly referred to her teacher for all explanations. Mrs. Pomeroy, who also appeared to be in favor of this usual plan, followed her daughter's example.

"In the first place," explained Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt, "it may be possible for Lurline to make her début somewhere. Besides, Europe gives a certain veneer to the singer, a certain *je-ne-sais-quoi* which is indispensable. Oh, yes, there must be Europe somewhere in every singer's training."

Then the velvet bonnet, having fallen from grace under the influence of its wearer's emotions, was vigorously flapped into place. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt evidently wanted a trip to Europe.

That night Andrew, having brought Mrs. Pomeroy home from the parting on the Boston pier, was wandering in his usual deserted manner of these days to his own home. Betty Wilson was stooping to lock the door of the post-office.

"Father's so bad now," she explained, "that I've come down every day for two weeks to do his work for him. Looks like this cold spring weather was almost worse than winter for him."

She was a fine girl, courageous and loving, was Betty, even if she did love to tease a fellow once in a while; so ran Andrew's thoughts.

"What are you doing to-morrow, it's Sunday?" asked the man, who was walking with her a short way back along her road. "You can't be busy."

She had nothing to do in the afternoon when her father had eaten his dinner. She thought of going to church.

"I'll come around at three," was Andrew's substitute, "and take you out in my new car. We'll take a long ride."

And Lurline was little more than out of sight of land.

During the months that followed various reports came in the letters from Europe. Now Lurline was going to make her début at Monte Carlo in "Faust." Then the important event was to take place at Barcelona, and "Lucia di Lammermoor" was to be the medium. It was the teacher who supplied most of the information. Andrew heard so many different stories that he grew indifferent to all, especially as he had little idea of what all the excitement was about anyway.

"I want to know!" suddenly exclaimed Betty Wilson, who was still *in loco parentis* at the post-office, one morning, "Lurline Pomeroy's here. She and that old woman got back last night."

Andrew was still enough of the accepted suitor to hurry to the house. Mrs. Pomeroy confirmed the news. Lurline was so tired she had gone to bed. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt explained where she was by walking directly into the room. Her bonnet trembled at the sight of him, heaved at the strings, and seemed likely to execute the usual manœuvre. The wearer's hand held it firmly in place, however, until the crisis was passed.

"I tell you, Mr. Platt"—she had never recognized him as a suitor of the girl and had rarely taken so much notice of him, although she now seemed to feel the need of explanation to somebody.

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"Europe is no place to-day for a pure American girl. My, what a change from my day! Merit is the last thing in the world that counts. Talent, bosh—there was a wonderful voice like Lurline's, a beautiful girl with a repertoire of six operas. And I brought her home rather than have her put up with what a girl has to go through there now."

Of course, Andrew did not have the slightest idea whether Lurline knew six operas or not. But her teacher perfectly well knew that she didn't. She had learned the principal arias in them with comparative surety, but there was still much of which she knew nothing.

Lurline seemed pale when she came into the room to greet him. He wondered why she should be so tired and have such deep rings under her eyes after her long sleep.

"Now you're going to stay at home, girl, aren't you?" he said, moving close to her that he might reach his arm about her neck. "Stay home and let me love you for a while anyhow."

Lurline submitted prettily. She was going to Boston the next day, however, and then to New York. Andrew sighed discontentedly. Their departure was postponed for several days that Lurline might give a concert for the Red Cross, on which Mrs. Pomeroy's heart seemed irretrievably set. The basement of the First Unitarian Church was crowded. The girl sang all the arias her teacher had drilled her in.

Mrs. Cabot Amory, who at one time had been the active god in the machine controlling Lurline's destiny, had now disappeared. Her interest, at least in the girl, was entirely satisfied. Protégées must become promptly great to occupy such important attention after the first exciting splash of discovery. Indifferent as she had become to the fortunes of this reincarnation of Christine Nilsson there was a blind 'cellist in Lowell of whom her friends were beginning to hear a great deal.

So the girl and her mother passed through Boston without recognition. The old woman still worked with her frenzied energy. She spent so many hours in the girl's training every day. She spoke of having sacrificed her other pupils. Whether or not she ever had any, none was visible. She wrote to agents, bombarded the opera companies for a hearing, and kept up a sputtering energy which appeared to accomplish little. Lurline's preparation, extending a little over a year, had not been, in reality, long enough to accomplish much. The Pomeroy resources were not yet exhausted. There was still enough to keep Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt's velvet bonnet intermittently disturbed.

Lurline aided her teacher. She stood endlessly at the piano. She smiled and pirouetted, despaired, or raved as the dramatic intent of the operatic scenes demanded. Thin and tired-looking, a spot of red burned feverishly on each cheek. She accepted unquestioningly the explanations of her teacher. The stronger mind of the older woman dominated her own.

It was she who brought her eventually to the Metropolis Opera House for an audition. These tests of voices took place every second Tuesday afternoon. Ambitious singers of all kinds were there: women who had known long years of routine in Europe; girls who were just out of the studio and ought to have been there still; all kinds and conditions of adherents of the art vocal had gathered in the gloomy vastness. At an upright piano sat the accompanist with a bunch of electric lights to relieve the darkness.

A black-bearded man with an expression of intense boredom occupied an orchestra seat remote from the applicants. A thin-faced man sat near him. He was an eminent conductor. Between the two, and, speaking now to one and now to the other, was a smooth-faced man with eyeglasses who seemed to defy anything in creation to interest him, so thorough was the *ennui* of his manner. One after the other the women progressed from the orchestra or arose from the places they occupied on the stage to sing at the piano. Her teacher arose when Lurline's turn came and also walked to the piano. The accompanist stared.

"One is enough," he observed.

She handed him some sheets of music. "'Faust,' first, please. It is her favorite rôle."

He began the opening phrases of the

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Jewel Song. Lurline assumed a theatrical pose. She stood as her teacher had told her she must, hands crossed at her waist and her arms akimbo, so that thin elbows stuck out conspicuously. A simper was on her face.

"What have we got here?" the bored man with glasses asked of his comrade.

The light cast cruel shadows on the girl's thin face. She was not without cosmetics, which added to the touching grotesqueness of her looks. In a voice, always more or less colorless and now sadly worn by the relentless practice on false principles and the effort to increase its volume beyond all its natural capacity, she began the song.

"O Dieu, que des bijoux," she went on, amateurishly executing the florid runs and ending finally on the high note quite off the key.

"Thank you!" came from the darkness of the auditorium.

Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt dashed out into the circle of light. "But Miss Pomeroy has other arias here," she began. Another woman was already advancing to take her place at the piano. The teacher stared. Lurline seemed in a trance.

"Would you mind," asked the musician politely, "making way for this lady?"

It was only then that Lurline moved from the assumed attitude. Her teacher grasped her wrist and the two women moved out of the ring of light into the dark corners of the stage. Another voice was already singing the Gounod music as they passed out of sight.

"He has our address, the manager's secretary has," Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt whispered to Lurline. "Of course, we will hear from him. I watched them, and the one with the glasses turned and said something to the other as soon as you came on the stage."

It was the next week that Lurline went through the same test before another manager. He carried a troop of warbling bedouins over the country, paying them barely enough to live on and working them so hard that he needed an entirely new supply every year. He had no opera-house, so heard the aspirants to the diminished operatic glories he was able to provide in a concert-hall. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt was very much encouraged because, after hearing Lurline in the "Air de Bijoux," he allowed her to sing also "Ah, fors é lui." He explained this interest to the accompanist by saying he wanted to hear if she really was as bad as he thought.

Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt was fertile in apologies. She had to have some explanation of these repeated failures after all the grandiose predictions of two years. Yet it must be said that she had for the victims of her machinations this time two souls guiltless of all suspicion of self-interest and ignorant of the world that lay beyond their Connecticut hills.

Nor was the old schemer to be looked upon as designing in an evil sense. It flattered her vanity to have a pupil that she could carry from one impresario to another and whose future she could discuss with musical agents. She lived again in an atmosphere of professional activity that had not blown for years against the dingy windows of her modest flat in Boston.

"Lurline, you need the stage," was her sudden declaration to the girl one morning. "Often has Christine Nilsson, whom you so resemble, said that a singer of dramatic temperament like yours could never show what she could do without the help of illusion. You need theatre to appear at your best. Then we will hear what these men have to say."

A few days afterward Lurline stood in the atelier of a costumer. He was making the first dress for "Marguerite" of the old-fashioned kind that nobody had ordered in years. The long train of white cloth, the bodice of the same material buttoned up the back, and the high collar were popular in this opera forty years before. The leather girdle and bag, the yellow wig, with two long strands of plaited hair falling down her back—this was the incarnation of Goethe's heroine as the first audiences to hear Gounod's music had gazed on her. It had a decided psychological effect. The girl felt the fulfilment of her ambitions a little nearer when she looked at herself in the wig and dress. Surely the end could not be far off when she had come to the need for such tools of her art.

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An east wind was sweeping through the street.—Page 40.

In the sitting-room of their modest quarters in an apartment-hotel, Lurline indulged in these hopeful thoughts. There were still traces of her regular beauty in the face that had lost none of its amiability and loveliness of expression. Yet she looked sadly worn. Only in the middle twenties, she might already have passed years in the career she was planning to enter. Her faded blue eyes had already an expression of ineffable weariness.

But the eyes of Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt burned with the unquenchable fire of

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her energy. She again assailed the Metropolis Opera House. She haunted the place. When her letter brought a polite intimation that one audition only was considered necessary, she called in person to explain that Miss Pomeroy had been too ill to do herself justice. When she could no longer gain admittance to the office of the secretary, he found her awaiting him in the morning outside his office. When he declined at that hour he found her with the patient Lurline on this occasion waiting to intercept him on the homeward path. Following the line of least resistance, he at last succumbed. It could do no harm. Then anything was better than this old woman on his doorstep.

Again the electric lights made a ring of white in the blackness of the empty stage. Lurline's turn came. Already the accompanist at the teacher's request was playing the opening notes of the Jewel Song again. Suddenly Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt rushed into sight out of the darkness. She stooped to place on the stage a small gilded casket. The same judges, sitting in the orchestra seats, stared in astonishment. At last they were interested in what was going to happen.

Lurline, who had dropped into a chair at the darkest corner of the stage, was by degrees released, with the aid of her teacher, from the draperies in which she was closely wrapped. She was revealed in the shadows dressed in the old-fashioned costume of Goethe's heroine. The music continued. Her teacher, walking a few feet before her and indicating the hesitating, artificial gait at which "Marguerite" should advance, led the girl, before she disappeared into the darkness again, almost to the centre of the stage.

Then Lurline, in full costume, advanced into the illuminated zone. The few lights fell in irregular splotches on this odd figure. The rouge seemed to leap from her cheeks. The black marks over her eyes exaggerated their slight color. The other girls waiting to be heard sprang up in their seats to stare, snickered audibly, or gazed in silent apprehension of some near evil at this strange figure. Lurline seemed surprisingly self-possessed. She stooped to open the gilded papier-mache casket and took out the mirror, after she had slipped the imitation pearls about her neck. Just as constrainedly, with the same worn, lustreless tones, and the same amateurish technique, she sang the aria.

"Thank you," came again from the cavernous blackness of the auditorium. Had not the effort to smother laughter been audible in the tone?

Her teacher received Lurline when she had returned to the region of darkness. She slipped a long cloak over her shoulders. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt strained her ear at every sound. She had confidently believed that the officials of the opera-house would rush back to congratulate her and immediately begin to bargain for Lurline's services. With deliberate delay she enclosed the girl in scarfs and veils until every trace of her costume was concealed. But not a word was spoken. They slowly found their way out the side door. An east wind was sweeping through the street. Even the older woman felt it, and pulled up her worn fur about her neck. No taxi was in sight. Lurline, shaking with a cough that the damp gale striking her warm body had caused, sought refuge in the shelter of the glass storm-doors until her teacher appeared triumphantly in a cab.

The two awaited somewhat more eagerly than usual a word from the opera-house. The ambulant entrepreneur had absolutely refused to be caught by the persistent Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt. He had taken to the road to discipline his bedouins and was free from her onslaughts. Lurline, coughing to such a degree that her practice was temporarily omitted while she confined herself to dramatic action, grew soon too weak to be other than listless about the event of her experiment in costume. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt had not let the operatic grass grow under her feet. One morning she came up from breakfast—Lurline was too weak that day to arise from the lounge—waving triumphantly a letter.

"Bimbini wants you," she exclaimed. "The great Alfonso Bimbini of the Chicago Opera wants you. Listen."

Then she read a coldly formal announcement that Miss Pomeroy could be heard at one of the auditions on a date

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"When could I travel, do you think?"—Page 42.

they might settle later, although the management could hold out no encouragement, as the company was already complete for next season.

"They always say that," the professor interrupted, "so they can get you cheap when the time for business comes."

Lurline lay back on the pillow placidly following the older woman's words. The letter had been the result of the usual invincible process of nagging and pestering.

"When will you be able to start to Chicago?" she asked suddenly with the old fire of energy in her eye. "This is Tuesday. How about Thursday? I'll telegraph and then have the porter get the berths."

By night the girl was obviously ill.

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The cough racked her thin frame. An ominous glow came and went on her cheeks. The doctor, summoned for them by the hotel, found her fever high.

"When could I travel, do you think?" she asked feebly as he sat at the rickety table writing out a prescription.

"Travel?" he asked in astonishment.

"She must go soon to Chicago," explained her teacher.

"No, no," emphatically corrected Lurline, with such sudden positiveness that the other woman stared at her. "I want to go home—as soon as possible."

He shook his head. She must wait until the next morning, when he would call. She was limp and weak then, but the drugs had lessened the fever. She seemed to gain some strength during the day. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt had written Mrs. Pomeroy that Lurline would soon be home for a few days' rest.

Lurline, who had dictated the letter, suddenly said:

"Ask Andrew to meet me."

The writer paused in surprise for a second. Lurline had not mentioned his name in months, nor had any letters passed between them.

With a determination that seemed impossible to the frail girl, she set herself to the task of gathering strength for the journey. She never spoke of music. Her teacher was silent on the subject. At the end of a week they started to Boston. As the train moved out of the station the spirit of the veteran warrior could no longer be repressed.

"What a piece of bad luck!" she observed to nobody in particular. "And Bimbini wants you so in Chicago."

But Lurline heard her. She gave her a singularly intense look that must have gone through the old woman. She was silent. In the cold South Station was only Mrs. Pomeroy.

"And Andrew?" asked the girl, after her mother had enclosed her in an embrace of infinite tenderness.

"He couldn't come," was the simple response.

Mrs. Pomeroy led Lurline into the room she had occupied in the old house. It was still ornamented with the trinkets of her girlhood. The fatigue of the journey had caused her to begin coughing again. Her mother helped her to bed. She patted the pillow under her head.

"I'll get some tea and toast, darling," she said, "but be back in a minute."

"Tell me first," she said, drawing her head down close to her lips. "Where was Andrew to-day?"

There was a minute—oh, such a long minute—of silence. Then, in tones of cheerful indifference, came the words:

"Didn't you know, Lina, he and Betty Wilson were married yesterday? They're on their wedding trip."

The snow fell heavily that night. It continued all the next day. Then the cold sun came. The blind was raised for Lurline to look out from her bed. So she saw the world for the last time as pure and white as she had always supposed it to be.

It was frozen hard when the day came for the procession to the cemetery. The few mourners that gathered in the living-room were delayed. Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt was made late by the storm. She entered carrying a huge box. With as much solemnity of demeanor as she could summon, she went straight to Mrs. Pomeroy, lingering still by Lurline's bed.

"I have brought her 'Marguerite' costume," she whispered dramatically to the dead girl's mother. "I think she—I think Lurline ought to wear it. You know 'Marguerite' was her favorite rôle."

Mrs. Pettigiani-Butt spoke as if she believed it.

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Lilies and Languors

BY EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD BOOKS

"TO give a work of pure moral sentiment, united with the most elevated literary character, has been the aim. Grace in the style and refinement in the ideas, were inseparable from such a plan."

So wrote the editor of "The Opal: A Pure Gift for the Holy Days," when that chaste volume appeared in 1848. And as she penned these sentences (I am sure she "penned" them, and doubtless with the quill of a turtle-dove) she composed a text for that flock of literary lambs, that mincing series of gift-books which raged—mildly—in America for about thirty years, beginning in the days when our grandmothers were young.

What a flower-garden of gentility they were, with names like so many sweet symphonies! "The Aloe" and "The Harebell," "The Lily" and "The Violet," "The Hyacinth" and "The Laurel"—their titles soon exhausted all the floral names which seemed sufficiently languishing and melodious. "Hark how the l's ripple through!" So there was "The Ladies' Gift" and "The Ladies' Keepsake" and "The Ladies' Manual" (of "moral and intellectual culture") and "The Ladies' Wreath," and ever so many others beside—all for ladies. The changes were rung on "Casket"—that atrocious word which was so strangely fascinating in the early decades of the nineteenth century. There were "The Casket," and "The Casket of Gems," and "The Casket of Love." There were "Dew Drops of the Nineteenth Century" and "Drops from Flora's Cup, or the Poetry of Flowers." There was "The Pearl, or Affection's Gift," and probably one named for each of the precious stones. "The Snow Flake," "The Offering to Beauty," "The Gift of Sentiment," and "The Rose of Sharon" (most redoubtable of all for its longevity) fairly represent some of the other titles which appealed to one phase of public taste in the period when young ladies are supposed to have spent hours each day repeating the words "prunes and prisms," to make their mouths small, and when nobody went to bed, but everybody retired.

The origin of the gift-book and the literary annual has to be blamed upon Europe. They soon spread to England, where the first of them appeared in 1823. Within ten years there were sixty-three of them coming out annually, but by 1857 the fad had perished. In America the stream of these delicate volumes arose in 1826, swelled to a flood during the time of the war with Mexico, when about sixty were published each year, and ran dry before the Civil War broke out. Mr. Frederick W. Faxon, whose bibliography of this odd by-path of literature has an introductory chapter distinguished for its genuine appreciation of the gift-book, writes: "By 1860 the American literary gift-book was practically a thing of the past, henceforth only to be found in attics, or second-hand stores."

But how many attics and stores, how many old trunks and boxes, old walnut bookcases and what-nots, contain them to this day! Few are the families which could not unearth a copy of "The Christian Diadem" or "The Moss Rose" or "The Mourner's Chaplet." We may picture Christmas Eve at the "residence" of an American family in 1847—dozens of side-whiskered young gentlemen converging upon the elegant mansion, each with a copy of "The Gift of Friendship" or of "The Young Ladies' Offering" or of "The Annualette," for the modest maiden whom he desired to please. And she, with her perpetually downcast eyes—if we are to believe the pictures in the annuals—must have swooned under the weight of

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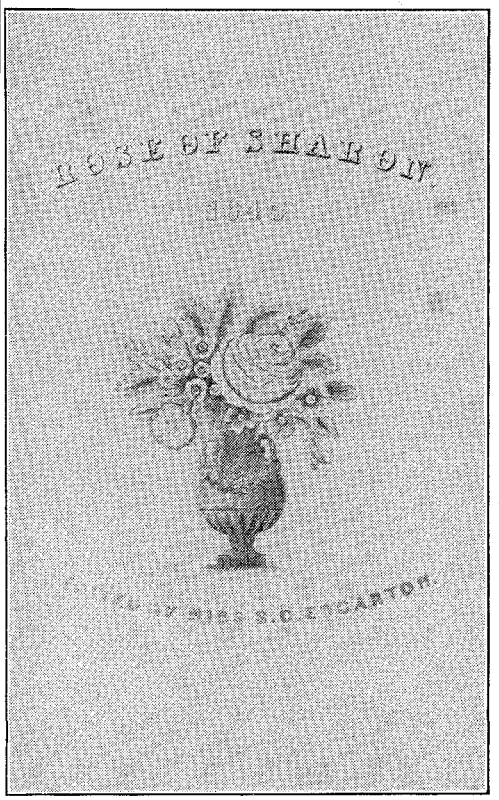
From "The Youth's Keepsake," 1846.

so many gold-edged leaves, so many pressed-leather bindings. The table in her boudoir (unless she called it a "bower") must have been stacked like a counter in a bookshop. Could she exchange or otherwise get rid of her duplicates, as a bride to-day disposes of her six unnecessary grape-scissors or the surplus dessert spoons? Suppose—if she ever tried to read these books—suppose she unmasked some of the infamies of the publishers, even in advance of the indefatigable Mr. Faxon. What did she do with a "Token of Friendship," which turned out to be identical in text with an "Atlantic Souvenir," a "Moss Rose," and a "Honeysuckle," which were already reposing on the parlor table? I think the answer is at hand. She did what a modern family does with luxurious editions, sets of Complete Works, and "Libraries of the Most Stupendous Classics of the Ages." She let their mere presence suggest —to the confiding—the literary atmosphere of the home.

Some dubious practices were customary with a few publishers of these seeming-gentle volumes. "The Magnolia" of 1852 might look like an innocent flower, but really it was the serpent under it, for it appeared with an alias no less than six times. With some popular gift-books, publishers and places of publication, the color of the bindings, the name of the editor or even the introductory poem or article might alter, but they went forth in thin disguise, again and again: now as "The Wreath of Wild Flowers," now as an "Amaranth," and now as a "Garland," but each time practically the same book.

This was by no means the rule. The commercial honor of most of the publishers is not questioned. They did procure fresh material and new pictures—I beg their pardon, *embellishments*. Some of the volumes represent the best which



A typical title-page.

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the period could furnish in printing and binding. And that is much better than the dress of many a book to-day. Nor is it fair to hold up their contents to undiluted ridicule. If you search through the hundreds of them which survive to-day you will find it hard to discover anything outrageously bad. There are

"Annette."
From "The Gift," 1845. Engraved by John Cheney.

sentimentality and a rather mawkish piety, but the savage theology of that day is absent. Some of the annuals had a few contributions from famous writers; the books were then padded out with mediocre prose and verse. Others consisted of mediocrity unrelieved. Many a modern book, priding itself upon its lack of sentimentality, contains offenses against grammar which would never have been permitted by the editors of the gift-books. And if the annuals professed so much devotion to delicacy and refinement as to make us smile, it is fairly certain that the studied indelicacy of some modern writers will presently be exactly as absurd. It is to-day, except to its practitioners. The editor of "The Keepsake" may have written "a garden implement" when he meant a spade; a number of novelists to-day not only call the same thing "a damned shovel," but drag in so many references to it, under that violent phraseology, as to raise a suspicion of juvenility of intellect. The literary folk who, like the two little girls in the anecdote, are going "down into the garden to say some swear-words," are becoming increasingly funny, and certain to be a source of mockery to their grandchildren.

"The Gift" of 1845 is a fair example of the annual at its best. The copy which I have seen is well-bound in full leather, red and gold. Print and paper are good, and the contents include poetry or prose by Longfellow, N. P. Willis, Poe, and

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Emerson. It is probably not the first appearance of any of these contributions, but the fact of their presence dignifies the book. The Poe item is "The Purloined Letter," and reading it over again leads me to wonder at the critics who like to exalt Poe as a writer of detective stories, at the expense of Doyle. I would like, of course, to think that the American was the greater of the two in this field. Certainly, he was the pioneer, but to compare "The Purloined Letter" with "A Scandal in Bohemia," for instance, shows quickly which is master. Doyle's plot seems to owe one device directly to "The Purloined Letter," but his story is nevertheless superior to Poe's. For Sherlock Holmes is a human being, a man of action and of interest, while Poe's Dupin is a bloodless thinking-machine.

The frontispiece of "Young Lady's Own Book," 1864.

The illustrations in the copy of "The Gift" are admirable engravings, and the editor's taste is indicated by the fact that they are enumerated in a "List of Plates," not of "Embellishments." The portrait engraved by John Cheney, reproduced herewith, is notable as one of the few, in all these books, in which the subject is allowed an expression other than the usual die-away simper.

The "Young Lady's Own Book" of 1864 does not seem to be an annual, although one of this title had appeared as early as 1832. It is, in nearly every respect, at the opposite pole from "The Gift." This reproduction of its frontispiece is of the kind which we associate with the gift-book, but do not find very often. "The Young Lady's Own Book" was "an offering of love and sympathy," by Emily Thornwell, author of "Young Ladies' Guide to Perfect Gentility" and the "Rainbow Around the Tomb." In her introduction she writes: "I am not conscious of having been instigated by a single selfish thought or aspiration from the conception of my little volume to its completion. It has been with me, not a mercenary, but an eleemosynary, effort; and, thus prompted, I did not think it unbecoming that, with grateful hand, I should take here a bud and there a flower, and, binding them in clusters, place each in a humble vase of my own, and send them forth on the dovelet wings of their well-intentioned mission."

Whether the legitimate owners of here a bud and there a flower were in any way rewarded for the appropriation of their property is not clearly shown. Miss Thornwell wanders through literature from Dante to Longfellow, and selects with a liberal hand. She does make acknowledgment to about twenty living writers—not all, however, of those included in her humble vase—so it may be supposed that no crude act of piracy was committed by the author of the "Guide to Perfect Gentility." Her brief items,

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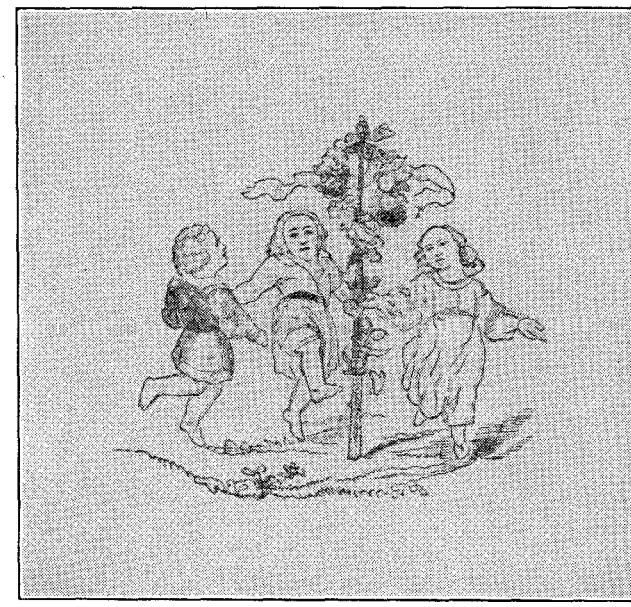
both prose and poetry, are grouped in sections, named "Esthetic," "Intellectual," "Affectional," and so on. The book begins with a "Proem," and each section has a prologue signed by "Rosalie Bell"—perhaps this is the editor herself? It is a very, very flowery book and there are selections entitled "A Shimmer from a Dreamland Wave," "What the Violets Did," "Maidenhood in Spring," "Female Dress," and "God Scatters Violets all Around."

The battles of the Wilderness and of Cold Harbor, and the March to the Sea took place in the year that this sweet book was published. Thousands of "that fond and youthful sisterhood, the maidens of my native land," as Miss Thornwell calls them in her dedication, must have been terribly concerned for fathers and brothers and lovers. But no slightest trace of the rude subject of war gets into the book; doubtless the editor felt that it would be out of tune with her harmonies. Besides, there was no need to offend the enemy; some copies could, perhaps, be sold in the South.

"The Atlantic Souvenir" is said to be the first of the American annuals. It was first published in 1826, in Philadelphia, and it lasted for about six years—when it was swallowed by "The Token." The one before me is a neat little book, less than six inches in height, and bound in black leather. It could easily pass for a copy of the Testament. It has the engraved presentation page, or inscription plate, for the giver to write the name of the owner, together with his own signature. These plates continued in all the really swagger gift-books, and became worse and worse. There are five or six of the usual steel-engravings, by way of "embellishments," and a score of anonymous contributions with such titles as "The Eve of St. John," "A Legend of the Forest," "The Spanish Girl of the Cordilleras" and "Biographical Sketch of Admiral Paul Jones."

"The Youth's Keepsake" for 1846 is a fair example of those annuals which were intended for children. Its stories seem rather more interesting to me—especially "The Ipswich Fright"—than do many of the honeyed love-tales or disguised sermons in the volumes for adults. The pictures include some which are not without an old-fashioned charm, and others, like the three dancing children, which are certainly offensive.

Charles Dickens—I wonder if he knew it—was a contributor to "The Diadem," an undated copy of which contains the preposterous frontispiece called "The Smiling Spring." Dickens wrote "To be Read at Dusk." Two brief stories in "The Diadem" attracted me: one, called "Florence Dudley's Revenge," and one, "False Love and True Love," by "Miss Power." In the first of these, a gentleman quotes Tennyson, only to evoke the chilling comment from Florence that "'Locksley Hall' is an exquisite poem, but written in rather an enthusiastic style."



From "The Youth's Keepsake," 1846.

"False Love and True Love" is a story

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Frontispiece of "The Diadem."

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of a young lady in France, whose mamma is credited with the finest derangement of epitaphs in the French tongue that I have encountered.

"'The Marquis de Montaland!' I cried: 'Why, he is much older than papa! Oh, *Maman, chère Maman!* indeed I could not marry him!'

"'Hortense!' exclaimed my mother, drawing up, 'You surprise me! M. de Montaland is not young, it is true, but what has that to do with the question? . . . You will have a noble name, a *salon* frequented by the most distinguished personages of the day, *des beaux équipages, des bijoux, des cachemires;* what more can any *femme comme il faut* desire? Let me hear no more childish nonsense, *c'est une affaire faite. . . .*'"

Surely any academy of refined young ladies who were lured into reading "False Love and True Love" could suffer no impairment of morale by studying Hortense's proper conduct during her two marriages. What was even better, they could pick up many correct French phrases from *chère Maman,* who was so obligingly liberal with them as to suggest that she had been egged on by some preceptress.

For thirty years, and even more, the "Amaranths" and the "Honeysuckles" and the "Ladies' Keepsakes" now trickled and now poured from the presses—a stream of thin syrup. Yet in that same period appeared "Walden" and "Leaves of Grass" and "The Scarlet Letter." American literature was not suffering an attack of the vapors; it was never more vigorous. The gift-books and annuals were the result of an affectation, a cult of elegance, and their parallel today is not the school of Polyanna so much as the cult of vulgarity which has flourished for a few years. The week that this was written saw the publication of a book by an American woman, who used no word if she could find for it a coarser synonym. Instead of being a display of strength, as she and a few devotees think, is this not also an affectation, a confession of weakness, a childish desire to shock some imaginary Mrs. Grundy? This little renaissance of naturalism is so lacking in sincerity that it convicts itself of sentimentalism as clearly as do the authors of all those niceties and pruderies which filled the pages of "The Iris" and "The Forget-Me-Not."

The Purchasers

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

'Tis strange they do not see them, the little happy faces
That smiled at me just now through the stairway's balustrade,
That raise shy eyes of greeting from the old familiar places,
And pull with pleading fingers at my mantle, unafraid.
They praised the massive wainscot, and the hearthside broad and deep,
They joyed in carven casement, and in oak-empanelled hall,
And from the tower-chamber, the great lawn's curve and sweep—
But oh, the little faces, they saw them not at all.

Wide-eyed and wistful, so dear they are to me,
The little fleeting faces that only I can see.

'Tis strange they do not hear them, the voice-sweet echoes falling
In unforgotten cadences of sunny hours outworn;
Home-song, and hearth-song, and children's voices calling,
With babies' drowsy croonings in the thrush-awakened morn.

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They heard the sleet's sharp fingers as they beat against the pane,
Through gray and wind-whipped branches the rooks' harsh brother-call,
And clear round peak and gable, the night-wind's lone refrain—
But oh, my long-loved voices, they heard them not at all.

Love-low and tender, they call to me so clear,
The dear remembered voices that only I can hear.

'Tis strange to know they see it with only stranger eyes,
The gray and bough-brushed rooftree, the dear dismantled walls,
Unhung with woven arras of prisoned memories,
Their heedless footsteps only, to wake the empty halls.
For see, I cannot enter across its lintel-stone
But that the warm-lit walls of Home enfold me there apart,
With climbing-fingered ivy, and lost years overgrown,
That clasp like tiny clinging arms, and close about my heart.

Sleeping or waking, it haunts my dreaming so,
The all-unpurchased Soul of Home, that only I can know.

A Personal Impression of Mary King Waddington

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

TWENTY years ago everybody was reading Madame Waddington's "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," a book which is as entertaining to-day as when the first selections from it appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. During these years we have gone on reading her letters and diaries until the series ended with the War Diary, published in 1917. Last July she died, in her eighty-fifth year, and many of us feel that death at any age was, for her, premature.

Mary Alsop King had a distinguished ancestry, and, on the paternal side, extraordinarily few links connected her with her Colonial forefathers; for it was her grandfather Rufus King who, among his other services to his country, assisted in drawing up the Constitution of the United States. He was one of the first pair of Senators from New York and twice Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, being first appointed in 1796. It seems odd that the person to whom one familiarly alluded in the nineteen-twenties as "Grandpa" should have received an appointment from President Washington in the seventeen-nineties. Her father, Charles King, a man eminent and long remembered, was president of Columbia College from 1849 to 1864.

She was next to the youngest of many children. She was vivacious, high-spirited, and charming, and, even in her youth, very *grande dame*. She loved to sing, to dance, to ride—and dearly she loved to flirt. And she refused absolutely to allow herself to be bored. Warm-hearted and loyal though she was, she yet had a little unexpected streak of hardness which showed itself in her summary method of dealing with stupid, boring people.

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A person to whom she was all that was friendly once said: "She's perfectly delightful, but I should hate to be with her if she didn't like me." "You wouldn't be," was the reply. "She would see to that."

In some ways her tastes were simple. She had an intense love of nature and was keenly observant. There was a driving trip through Normandy and Brittany, when "Aunt Moll's" vivid enjoyment of all the passing sights and sounds made a deep impression on the little niece who was one of the party. She noted everything—trees and birds and flowers, and the colors of sea and sky. She got up early in the morning and walked about village streets, coming back to breakfast full of her adventures and discoveries; for she loved, too, to watch the comings and goings of people in street or courtyard.

From time to time Mary King fancied that she cared enough for one or another of her suitors to marry him, only to discover that she did not love him as much as she had thought; and then, alarmed no doubt by a vision of future boredom, she made all haste to free herself from the engagement. It had begun to appear that she would never be able to bring herself to marry until, when she was in her thirties, she met M. Waddington. He was over fifty, the son of an Englishman who had been naturalized in France, and after having attained distinction as an archæologist, he was gaining distinction in public life. He became successively Minister of Public Instruction, Senator, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Berlin, Premier and Ambassador.

It was a happy marriage. We have all become familiar with the "W." of the letters. His wife called him Willy. She loved him devotedly to the end of his life and mourned him truly when he died. It is safe to say that she was not bored while he lived, for besides their affection and their congeniality, life with him offered her so much that was interesting and to her taste; always the top of everything; high society, high politics, a high diplomatic position. From her point of vantage she must have observed many vitally important things, but whatever state secrets she may have learned she never betrayed. In her letters she kept safely on the surface of things, mentioning now and then that "W." didn't let her make her comments outside of his study. You saw the pomp and glitter of great spectacles; you saw also the human side of royalty; you came to recognize "W." and Francis, the little son, and "H.," the sister to whom most of the charming letters were written, but "W." was never to be embarrassed by any indiscreet revelation of serious affairs.

In these letters, side by side with the descriptions of the pageants in which she was both spectator and participant, there is always her interest in the varied aspect of the humbler human scene and her love of nature. Of Moscow she writes: "I am sorry now that I didn't write a regular journal. . . . But, unfortunately, my writing-table was on the court, and as soon as I established myself all sorts of interesting things immediately began to take place under the window."

And then she leaves her window to take her place as the wife of France's Ambassador Extraordinary to the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander III, which she describes for her family at home. A description with a thrill in it, when no one knew how soon a bomb might be thrown nor whom it might destroy. Madame l'Ambassadrice was nervous about going to that coronation, but she maligns herself when she says that she is "a perfect poltroon." Cowardice didn't run in her family and she was as brave and adventurous as the rest of them.

She always loved her windows and wrote picturesquely of the things which she saw from them. Her picture of the scene on which she looked down at Windsor Castle is charmingly done, as are also her descriptions of the life inside the castle. She had something more than a formal knowledge of it, for among the pleasant legacies of her ten years in England as ambassadress was the cordial and lasting friendliness of many members of the royal family. We get some interesting bits in her unpublished letters, nothing prettier than the scene when Queen Alexandra opened a wardrobe door and showed, hanging inside, the dress and little bonnet which Queen Victoria wore on her last jubilee. "Nobody else seemed to want these things," said the Queen,

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"and I thought I would like to have them." Mr. Strachey tells us how King Edward feared his mother, but the daughter-in-law does not seem to have shared that feeling toward the woman who "was such a good mother and good friend to her from the first moment she arrived in England."

Madame Waddington was very loyal to those friends of hers in England; and she was equally loyal to every one who had once gained her regard or who had any claim of kinship. The old friends of her youth, when they came to Paris, her kindred to the remotest degree, even those whom she had never before seen, all were sure of the warmest of welcomes. For her immediate family her feeling was very strong, and she was also a woman of her word. After her mother's death she wrote to the sister-in-law who had always received a weekly letter from Mrs. King: "H. and I will see that you get your weekly letter, dear Jan." And, busy woman though she was, and much as she hated the labor of writing, her fortnightly letters never failed to arrive as long as Janet lived.

She liked young people and would do a great deal for them. When her midshipman great-nephew went over on his cruise and was in Paris for a week he took three of his friends to see his great-aunts, who made them all at home. The boys always said that those ladies saved their lives, for, owing to a mistake, the midshipmen had not got the promised railway rates from Villefranche, and the difference was great enough to make severe inroads on their pocket-money. Some months later the French Government, mindful of small courtesies even in the stress of war, refunded the extra railway fare, but for the moment they had not much more than enough money for lodgings and *petit déjeuner*. Madame Waddington helped them to find the lodgings and they dined with her and her sister every evening, and the menu was adjusted to the emergency.

This was in the summer of 1914, when she was seventy-five years old, but her nephew protests with energy against any suggestion that "Aunt Moll" was old, or even elderly. She went everywhere, did everything, was part of everything, was always full of life and spirit. He told me how she went to the piano and, to her own accompaniment, sang a verse of the "Marseillaise" with much fire and in the strong voice of a young woman.

Before they left Paris the boys wanted to do something hospitable on their own side, so they invited the two ladies to tea. The four of them drove up in two taxicabs, took a lady in each cab, and drove to Armenonville. It was just when the rumor of mobilization was in the air and Madame Waddington wrote that this tea was a thrilling experience. "We were a decidedly conspicuous party," she added; "the two old ladies and the four young men in their white uniforms. People all about were looking and asking who they were—Russians perhaps. Russians wore white uniforms."

My own acquaintance with Madame Waddington, although of a good many years' standing, does not go back to her youth. When I knew her she didn't look young, she was a little stout, she was not handsome, she cared very little about clothes—in spite of the criticism, once heard, that her first books were "too full of chiffons." She always noticed dress as part of a scene, always tried to dress up to the part she had to play, and described her costumes minutely for "H.," who did care for those things. Undoubtedly, she had a certain amount of pleasure in her fine clothes, yet left to herself she was apt to be indifferent to her personal appearance, but you didn't pay much attention to it, because you were carried along by her charm. She was so buoyant, so interested in the world around her, so interesting in what she had to say about it. No, she didn't look young, but certainly I agree with her great-nephew that she was not old, or even elderly.

The unexpected adventure of authorship was a delightful climax to a life of so many interests and enjoyments. Madame Waddington was in her early sixties when a friend suggested the publication of the letters written from Russia and England. She had had no thought of the possibility of publishing her letters, written to her family and full of intimate details of personages whom we all like to hear about: emperors and empresses, kings and queens, diplomats and politi-

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cians; and written in a manner peculiarly fresh, unstudied, and vivid. She made no pretense to a literary style, said that she hadn't "a facile pen," that she made such a mess of it that she got ink all over her fingers and even in her hair; but through the point of that hated pen her narrative flowed out easily and picturesquely, the English plentifully interspersed with French, just as it came to her. One can see that she must have thought in a mixture of French and English.

She always wrote with a sort of careless ease, and perhaps because her first book was so unpremeditated and yet so strikingly successful, she seems never to have had that fear of "cold print" which often turns a light talker into a heavy writer. Yet when she was consciously writing for publication, Madame Waddington was anxious to do it well, and showed a modesty about her work and a desire to be instructed and criticised which were remarkable in a person who had already achieved such a success; a person, too, of great pride, who had always been sure of herself.

Her handwriting was extraordinarily difficult to read. For that reason the typewritten copy of her manuscript was always very incorrect as to proper names; and when it happened that she asked a friend in America to read her proof, the verification of the proper names was a wild adventure, especially when one was not allowed time to exchange letters with her. The proof of the "War Diary" had to be read over here because it was not feasible to send it back and forth in wartime, and promptness was desired. Never will the reader of that proof forget the effort to straighten out those names of many nationalities—the appeals sent out hastily to any one who might be likely to assist. For people do especially like to have their names spelled right. Still, it was a pleasure to read her proof, or to do anything else for her. Such was the spell which she cast.

During the war she worked as she had never dreamed of working. She was on any number of committees, spent chilly hours day after day in cold workrooms, raised all the money she could among her friends in America, threw herself into it body and soul. She who had once spoken of herself as a Frenchwoman "devant la loi," was now in very truth a Frenchwoman. She brought to her tasks a cheerfulness which helped to warm any cold workroom which she entered, but physically she was worn away until she became shadowy in her thinness.

She had her personal anxieties and griefs. Her son was in the army. Her beloved sister and lifelong comrade, the "H." of the letters, died during one of those cold hard winters when it was impossible to get the warmth which might have prolonged life; and just when money was most needed, not only for her personal expenses but for France, her financial affairs became, for the time, seriously embarrassed. But it was only when her younger little grandson was attacked by a terrible illness and lay for days at the point of death that her buoyant courage failed. A letter written then owned that she had come to the one thing that she felt she couldn't bear.

She had a difficult journey to Hazebrouck, where the boy and his mother were staying, was told by an irritated official that it was not a time for civilians to travel; on which she comments: "He was quite right. It is not!" But she arrived. The child got better and she picked up her courage again, and, with her never-failing interest in the life around her, made friends with all classes: officers, soldiers, nurses, and tragical but brave refugees.

Only recently, relatives, returning to America, had reported her as well and cheerful, still able to dine out and go to the opera, and as occupied as ever with plans for the future.

Yet with all her absorbing interest in the passing show, with all her pleasure in living, there was another side to her. Like the rest of her family, she was born and bred in a religious belief. They took their religion simply and unquestioningly, that large, world-loving, and, in some ways, old-fashioned family. They took it just as it had been handed down to them. Their church and their world both meant much to them. Mary Waddington was faithful to her church and enjoyed her world whole-heartedly, and we may trust that she is enjoying the next one just as much.

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Tent Poles

BY RUTH ROBINSON BLODGETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

ILLUSIONS are tent poles which bolster up the sagging moments. But on this particular morning the professor's wife was unable to find a single one with which to prop up her discouragement as she looked at the paper-hanger's bill. It was larger than she had expected. The dining-room wall-paper had just been changed with prayer and fasting. No; she had no illusions at all as she sat behind the coffee-pot and awaited the arrival of husband and son.

It was one of those harbinger-of-summer mornings, early in spring term, when wicked thoughts, like new spring hats, quicken the subconscious female mind. But Eugene had just had to go out of sailor-suits (the boys were all laughing at him) and Phil . . . Well, there he was now in his new Scotch tweed, standing before the hall mirror, arranging a front lock with an ever so sensitive forefinger. He had his senior poetry class this morning—entirely female! She thought to herself somewhat bitterly that in the spring a professor's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love lyrics, but hers was forced from hats to the sterner call of moths and winter blankets. Life was but a faded proposition, like last year's hat waiting to be recolorited and rebowed.

When a professor's wife has no illusions she is apt to have reactions. She felt one coming on.

For him . . . new tweed trousers! For her . . . the chore of keeping the creases in them! He could teach poetry—and write it. Verses all about the lovely white souls of ladies and his own slightly sullied one! But she must suppress all her literary desires—longings for trashy novels!

She, however, registered vague doubts about her husband's poems. If art is truth, she was forced to reason, how could so incorruptible a man swear to a sullied soul! Why, he did not even smoke, and she . . . she longed secretly for a long and slender cigarette-holder between her first and second fingers.

The professor had seated himself opposite her, and was ripping open the New York papers, and hunting for the book reviews.

"When this one-horse Methodist college raises that endowment I can have some of these books I need!" he announced.

Books already spilled out of his study, all around the living-room and out into the dining-room, eternally beckoning to her dust-cloth.

"A life of Hazlitt at last!" His rapturous voice already fondled the tooled leather binding.

His wife, dwelling for one more poignant moment on that new hat, which she had fondled and laid firmly aside, looked across the dish of overscrambled eggs, and remarked inwardly that his eyes were too far apart.

And then up from the book reviews his too-far-apart eyes wandered to the wall back of his wife. And he made his second unfortunate remark.

"I'm not sure about this wall-paper. I think it has a greenish tinge!"

At that his eyes looked so far apart that she hated him.

Once she had read an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*—he had pointed it out to her—which proved convincingly what caused divorces! She was all but in a cold perspiration at the memory. . . . Not cardinal sins at all—but little things like squints and hacking coughs, and eyes—too near together or—too far apart!

And there were his, fairly yelling at her across the table: "See what a fine, incorruptible fellow I am!"

Two facts—desperadoes—leapt out of the future and faced her as, with collected

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exterior, she poured the coffee. She would have to relinquish the delectable hat! She would have to sit another ten years before an imperfect background!

"My dear," she said—the endearment had a razor-blade edge—"will you kindly tell me who chose it?"

The professor, professing to be oversensitized to backgrounds, had insisted on making the final decision. But she knew he was apt to be more carnal than æsthetic in the dining-room. Even now, in the face of such an issue, he could turn to his coffee with avidity.

It was muddy and lukewarm!

"My dear," he said—the endearment had a sandpaper grate—"can't this cook cook?"

"Did we ever have a cook who could cook until I taught her to cook? And did she ever remain our cook after she learned to cook? Two dollars more a week stand between you and a good cup of coffee, my dear!" She spoke indifferently, with half-shut eyes, focussed on the abysmal depths of low salaries.

Professors may be sensitive to backgrounds. Professors' wives have to create foregrounds. Foregrounds of passable dinners for a round of faculty—dreary enough with their yellow complexions and made-over gowns! For ten years the forerunner of this wall-paper had enhanced that dreariness. It had even caused her to use a little surreptitious rouge. (Phil had contracted for small Methodist ideas with his small salary.) It had caused her to yearn for a geranium evening gown to offset her dusky beauty. But any shade that screeched so loudly at the start and limped so feebly at the finish was IMPRACTICAL!

She dangled a bit of egg on the end of her fork. "I'll tell you something, Phil! There should be a special endowment raised by this college, spent exclusively to keep us women from looking like the wives of academic men!" Her collected exterior was momentarily in peril.

But Phil was not delicately attuned to emotions, excepting in himself. He did not see what this had to do with cooks and coffee. "What's the matter, Ellen? I don't see but that you look well enough always." And he ate absently—though heartily—as he kept his eye on the paper.

"Look well enough!" She merely thought it—but fortissimo! To be sure her morning gingham was adequate covering and clean! But he wouldn't care if she came to breakfast in a Mother Hubbard.

Men! Unbearable creatures! So self-satisfied! So sure of their wives! The greenish tinge—if she could only put it into his too-far-apart eyes!

Temporarily, not a sign of a conjugal illusion remained.

"At least we can have breakfast promptly, if not properly cooked." His hand groped for another slice of toast.

"What do you mean, Phil? We were hardly five minutes late!"

"Yes, my dear, but five minutes stand between comfort and indigestion."

"Gracious! Don't tell me you're adding another ailment to your hay-fever and tennis elbow. Where's Eugene? Eugene! Eugene!"

Tousled from an unvictorious fray with a four-in-hand, and a slide down the banisters, their son plumped into the third chair.

Even her maternal illusions were tottering. She looked at him coldly, as if to say: "This is not the child I expected to have when I married!" For she was completely baffled by his newly acquired stand-up collar and manly tie. Everything childlike and appealing seemed to have been discarded with his sailor-suit. She took refuge in a barrage of don'ts.

"Eugene, don't ever come to the table without brushing your hair!"

Eugene looked to his father as higher court.

"Did you hear me? Go up and brush your hair at once!"

"Oh, let him stay and eat his porridge while it's hot!" said Phil.

She gulped the coffee she hadn't yearned to drink.

"We men'll stand together!" said Eugene's eyes to his paternal parent, and he helped himself to the rest of the coffee cream.

"Gee! This stuff's darned cold now!" he said aloud.

"Eugene, if I hear you say 'gee' or 'darn' again, I'll—I'll— Phil, that's your job! Please take his language in hand. It makes my flesh creep!"

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But Phil, impervious to English improprieties, read on.

She wondered what would happen if she screamed. Instead, she reached for the local newspaper. Foolish social arrangement—this giving children two parents! One of them, the father of course, assuming all authority in a grand way, but in reality waiving all responsibility. She crunched the sheet in an irate fist. The others crunched their toast.

Then her eyes glittered. A rusty foil had been newly polished and handed to her.

"Geoffrey Hammet's in town!" she said in a cold, exultant voice, as if running her hand down a blade and gloating in the sharp steel.

Phil gulped, crunched, and read.

"Can I play——"

"May I, Eugene!"

"Well, may I play ball with those guys on the back street this afternoon?"

"No! You cannot—I mean may not! They're perfect rowdies. That's where you learn this rough talk."

Phil apexed his fine, even eyebrows in the direction of Mary, the new cook, who was entering from the kitchen with fresh toast. She now leaned heavily, almost affectionately, on the back of Phil's chair as she passed it to him.

Terrific taste, of course, to discuss such a subject before the maid! And her washwoman, Mrs. McGuire, who lived on the back street, was Mary's sister. But what was worse was Phil's correcting her taste in his sanctimonious way!

Mary beat a noisy retreat.

Phil stood up, shook himself in his well-pressed clothes, tightened his tie with a self-satisfied tweak (it was almost too Alice a blue), and remarked in a Sunday-schooly way: "We can't teach our son to be a snob, Ellen, just because we get our living by being in the cultured class!" How he loved to adore the masses—at a distance—and repudiate the classes—with reservations for his personal comfort! She fled to the window and adjusted the curtain, to give her time to swallow the scream, which was surely coming that time.

Eugene had bolted his breakfast and disappeared.

"Geoffrey Hammet's in town!" She turned and pronounced the words very slowly, like a death sentence.

"Huh—who's he?" Without waiting for an answer, Phil had gone to his study, whisked papers into his brief case, and returned to place a peck on her cheek.

He started with boyish eagerness for the door—and his poetry class! She followed into the hall.

"So long! Be good!" His usual farewell! Absolutely unconscious was he of even a ripple on the surface of their stagnant domestic pool.

"Oh, Ellen," he called back from the front walk. His tone held a near-caress.

"Yes, Phil?" as if half mollified.

"I want to ask those four girls in my senior poetry class here for dinner some night. Interesting group! We can have a symposium after dinner."

His footsteps died away. She rubbed off the peck, and screamed a little scream!

It brought Eugene to the head of the stairs, hair-brush in hand. "Did yer pipe a mouse, ma?"

"No, child! Hurry up! You'll be late for school!"

He taxied down the banisters again to her feet.

"Let me straighten your tie, son. Now kiss me good-by, and run along!" The kiss a mere formality! She would have preferred a bite. "Stop sniffing! Where's your handkerchief? Haven't you one?"

"There aren't any clean ones!"

"Take mine!"

"Aw, it's a girl's! I don't need one very often."

Eugene's eyes were far apart—just like his father's.

With another sniff, he was half-way to the street.

"Don't forget to change to your sailor-suit before you go out to play. I sha'n't be home for lunch."

Eugene's rowdy manners dropped instantly at the gate. He stopped sniffing, straightened his cap, straightened his shoulders, and lifted his cap in form worthy of a polished father.

"Good morning, Miss Ingalls!" He stepped out to meet and escort his English teacher to school.

"Good morning, Eugene! Hello, El-

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Drawn by L. F. Wilford.

"Oh, let him stay and eat his porridge while it's hot!"—Page 55.

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len!" Sally Ingalls paused for a moment at the gate.

Ellen momentarily resented that this friend of hers, as teacher of her son, was able to call forth in Eugene signs of model behavior which were so successfully disguised from his mother. Then she felt a little ashamed. For Sally was admittedly one of those unmarried women who seem to revitalize disintegrating spirits at once by their buoyant joy in living.

Ellen suddenly decided they needed just such a shock absorber in their family. "Come around for dinner, Sally!"

"I'd like to, Ellen. I've got sort of a grouch this morning. It's what I need—the atmosphere of your happy family!"

And Eugene and she hurried on.

Happy family! Ellen turned to the daily chores. Probably Sally meant it, too. Not knowing how lucky she was . . . free, independent. . . .

And walking around to the butcher's, crowned in last year's hat, Ellen was obliged to pass the milliner's window. Irrelevant, perhaps, but her thoughts flew to Geoffrey Hammet—maybe because he always had noticed her clothes—especially hats!

What nice eyes Geof had! "Gorgeous purple, and full of infinite tenderness!" She had framed the phrase at the time . . . eleven years ago, when he had come back, the spring term of her senior year, to help coach baseball.

At that time, she had already been permanently entangled by the tenderness of two poems to her by a young instructor. Almost an unfair advantage, she reasoned now, considering her youth and lack of experience! But it gave her a reminiscent and delicious thrill to think what a few weeks of discomfort Geof had afforded Phil.

"Silly ass!" Phil always labelled him. And he sent her flowers a little oftener than formerly. Goodness, how long ago it seemed!

It was while she was buying the beefsteak for dinner, in honor of Sally's coming, that she continued her reflections with "Men needn't be so sure of their wives! It is time I stopped being overwhelmed by my environment!" If new millinery meant a repropping of her self-esteem, it was worth running into debt.

She stopped at the milliner's.

A satisfactory reflection returned her gaze in the glass. A persuasive voice behind her observed: "You're the sort that's beholden to dress, ma'am! You take to pretty clothes."

It made her think of Geof again, and of what he had said to her when she had told him that Phil and she were engaged. (Phil had urged her to tell him, complaining that she was "leading him on.") "Engaged to an English instructor!" Geof's eyes had looked so sorrowful at the time. "Dear little lady, you were born to be one of the cherished ornaments of this sordid world!"

What a little fool she had been to think that last year's hat, worn by Phil's wife, would be a halo of glory! And what a nice voice Geof had—so facile in handling suggestive phrases, which hovered not too articulately about the splendid realities of life!

She charged the hat to Phil, and bore it triumphantly home.

The very feeling of the box hitting against her knee was a material sign of her courage. She went home, took down the old box, deposited the old hat in it, and dropped it out in the back hall—a gesture of independence. Mercy, how emancipated the memory of an old suitor was making her!

What matter about moths and winter blankets! She'd just touch the high spots of domestic duties. With wicked delight she left a few purposeful creases in Phil's under sheet, and ordered the bread pudding they both hated for lunch, seeing that she was going out. And in a savage pushing of the vacuum about the living-room she found an outlet for her feelings regarding the sordid routine of a professor's wife's life. Mental stimulation! Oh, Lord! No time for that! And was that what she wanted anyway? No—a thousand times no! She wanted to be—oh, anything new—different! Not patient or virtuous! And so she became profane, drowning out the vacuum!

"Damn! D-a-m-n! DAMN!"

"Ma'am!" echoed a deeply offended voice in the door.

It was the heavy-footed Mrs. McGuire, who came to wash on Fridays. She had entered, not noiselessly, but unheeded,

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from the kitchen, where she had been having her mid-morning cup of tea with Mary. The wife of the professor of English all but hung her pretty head.

"It's not complainin' I like to be, ma'am! But it's about that b'y of yours, and all the bad wurrds he's after teachin' my Tim. Mother of God, but I've tried to bring up my b'ys to be rispictful-like to the blissid saints! And what is Tim after sayin' now, instid of the howly prayers he was taught, but 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, bliss the bed that I lie on'! Glory be to God, it's blasphemin' it is! And he tells me he's after larnin' it from your Eugene! It's the evil influence of thim private schools, ma'am; and it's much obliged I'll be to yer if ye'll kape him at home, instid of lavin' him be runnin' over to me yard, ma'am!"

She retreated, a dignified tractor, down the hall.

Ellen's jaw dropped to the lowest niche. The truth slowly filtered. So Mary had turned traitor, and warned their enemy to take the offensive.

Ellen stalked to the top of the cellar stairs.

"Mrs. McGuire!"

The clumping clogs paused on the landing.

"You are quite right! Eugene must not play with Tim. If he disobeys me and goes over there you can tell your boys to chase him home." And she almost formed the spiteful wish that Eugene would disobey and learn his lesson.

This match lighted the last bit of powder inside her. Even the servants were lined up against her.

Anything was better than home! And she began to dress feverishly.

In this town there was no particular emphasis on dress—least of all for luncheon engagements. Second best was admittedly the correct costume. But Ellen's nonconformity was reaching out beyond her own four walls. She got out her only new gown this year. Quite too light and shimmery and clingy for the streets of a Methodist-college town before noon! Suitable for late afternoon functions, and even dinners—unless they entertained the president or out-of-town guests.

It gathered effectiveness, crowned by the new hat. She smiled and unburied a box of rouge. A brush or two removed all tendencies to morning pallor. Some very long heirloom earrings gave her the last touch of "the broken-down actress" she labelled herself, but insincerely so—for she smiled again and wiggled the earrings approvingly. "Relics of barbarism!" Phil called them. Most of the Stacey faculty would agree with him. But she was sure Geof Hammet would like them . . . *if* she should see him!

With every step of the stair she gathered contempt for Stacey public opinion. She felt "different," and smiled appreciatively at the model in the hall mirror below.

As she stepped on the self-starter and pushed through into low—their "car" was a Ford—she began to hope she would "see him"—just to see "what he is like now!" Then, as she realized again how well she was looking, she let hope crystallize into determination to find Geof Hammet.

So she rode very slowly down Main Street, subconsciously aware of side streets, but consciously searching sidewalks for purple eyes. The houses, glorying in the respectability of their lack of paint, were all narrow and thin, and stood back from the street, drawing in their skirts from the contamination of traffic, and raising their eyebrows at overdressed women. But she was beyond being stared out of countenance or gainsaid in her plan.

And on the fourth round of the square, which held the frat houses, persistency was rewarded.

"Why, Geoffrey Hammet, what on earth are *you* doing in town?" She rumbled up to the curb and stalled the Ford.

Purple eyes registered surprise and ill-concealed bewilderment, though the hand-shake was effusive and the fingers lingered almost caressingly about hers. But when she told him who she was, he pressed her hand all over again, in such a delightfully intimate, would-that-I-had the-right-to-hold-this-little-hand-forever, manner. And then he got in and rode with her to the drug-store, whither he was bound. It gave him an opportunity to tell her "how charming" she was looking,

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and to be so sorry he wouldn't have time to call and see the family—"especially that fine son!"

And then he dwindled regretfully away into the drug-store.

The whole episode had taken only ten minutes. But it acted on her like "new wine"—or was it old wine? (She wasn't sure of the effect of either!) At any rate, she drove on, suffused by a soft emotional restraint.

How pleasant if he had asked her to lunch at the tea-room! It was so "unprecedented" for wives of Stacey faculty to lunch down-town with unmarried men. All unmarried men—young Stacey instructors—were so horribly sensitive to proprieties!

By the time she reached her luncheon engagement she was feeling not only "different" but exceedingly "interesting." And the effect of her arrival was electric. For her hostess, one of those younger faculty wives, who was just beginning to toboggan down to Stacey second-best standards, also found her interesting, and treated her with a new deference that was almost touching. "Poor darling," thought Ellen, as she recognized the made-over trousseau gown.

As she drove home, three hours later, she ruminated further on how interesting a professor's wife can be when she is just a woman and not a wife.

A dishevelled and disconcerted husband met her at the door.

His rumpled hair and troubled eyes made an instantaneous and unexpected appeal. He looked—so unacademic!

"Oh, Ellen, thank the Lord, you've come! That child—I can't do a thing with him!"

But even through his helplessness there shone approval at her looks. And she, even before she diagnosed the present disturbance, registered a determination to cater henceforth to his weakness for pretty feminine attire!

"I want my MO-O-THER!" came in a muffled roar from the living-room floor.

Ellen recognized the symptoms—not unpleasantly familiar ones, of the days before her son wore four-in-hands. She also knew that that particular cry carried its own cure. And she was above all else practical.

"Yes, darling! Mother'll be right with you. Quick, Phil, unhook me!" And she was half out of her shimmery garment before she reached the top of the stairs, and half in the self-effacing gingham before she reached the foot again.

She picked up the prone, heaving sailor-suit and its limp load from the rug, and made herself comfortable with it in a rocker. She rocked and crooned, and rocked and mopped, and thoroughly enjoyed finding a baby in her arms again. Phil stood by, as helpless as ever, but appreciative of results. For calm finally appeared.

Eugene sat up, ashamed at the outbreak. Scratched and blackened about the eye was he, but his temporarily crushed spirit revived.

"Aw gee, they'll never see me wear this again!" And he began ripping off the blouse.

"Who, Eugene—when—what is it all about, dear?"

"Those guys out back! They fought me and chased me home—and they called me a baby in a sailor-suit!" A swollen lip quivered anew. "But I gave Tim one between the eyes, and I biffed his brother in the block!"

He was shedding the pants too. And now he stood up in his underclothes in the middle of the room, a bruised and skinny but unbeaten young Tartar.

The sailor-suit lay in an apologetic heap.

She felt herself swelling with pride, even though he had disobeyed her. He looked so—virile! She kissed him on the swollen lip.

"Run up, darling, and bathe your face, and I'll be right with you. Mother's proud that you're such a good fighter."

Eugene, his head high, covered the stairs, a lean white comet.

"Isn't he too sweet, daddy, bucking up against all those big boys! Do go up and help him bathe those awful bumps with very hot water."

She picked up, brushed, and neatly folded the sailor-suit, and went to the kitchen, where Mrs. McGuire was "doing up" the last of the napkins. Mrs. McGuire had been home to "dish up" dinner for Tim and his big brothers, and she must have delivered the message faithfully.

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"Relics of barbarism!" Phil called them.—Page 59.

"Mrs. McGuire," her voice all but caressing the word, "Tim's a little smaller than Eugene, isn't he? I thought perhaps he could wear this suit, which Eugene has outgrown."

"I'm very grateful to ye, ma'am. I'm

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sure it'll be a hilp—and me Tim will be that stuck on hisself! Lookin' ivery bit loike the young gintlemin of thim private schools!"

When Sally arrived for dinner, clad in a fascinating crisp something which completely disguised her calling, Phil appraised her with appreciative eyes. But Ellen, obliged to oversee the broiling of steak and the preparing of vegetables, had reverted temporarily to type, and was wearing the ordinary inconspicuous "something that will wash."

A little overheated, she took her seat opposite Phil. Phil and Sally, impervious to her red face, were deep in a discussion of wall-paper.

"Lovely shade!" said Sally. "It makes you look as if your name were not Philander, and Ellen's were Eleanor!"

"We had a hard time finding just the right gray!" Phil glanced approvingly at the background it made for Sally's gown.

After dinner, on the porch, Phil recited poetry. Sally seemed to know just the right thing to say after each recital. Then they discussed the modern drama—at least Phil did! Sally asked intelligent and leading questions.

Ellen lay back in a delicious drowsiness, rejoicing that some one could make her husband talk so brilliantly. It was not yet dark. What an intellectual look it gave Phil having his eyes so far apart!

"Now, take 'The Hairy Ape'!" Phil was emotionally aroused. "Wonderful thing! Why, I *am* the hairy ape when I read that thing!"

Phil a hairy ape! Too absurd . . . with his soft white hands, and his punctiliousness about shaving. . . . She was dropping off a little, and there was Phil . . . with long arms and claws . . . clutching at a well-groomed figure, and scratching out a pair of purple eyes.

Something was being said to her.

"It's perfectly awful to drag myself away and correct school papers. It's so stimulating being with you people."

Ellen aroused herself and sat up. It was courteous of Sally to include her. Stimulating! She'd been as dull as doornails!

"You and Phil talk so delightfully about all sorts of books I never get around to reading, I just like to sit and listen," she said, rubbing her eyes. "Why did you have a grouch this morning, Sally? Do all people who teach English get out of the wrong side of the bed?" But there wasn't any sting in Ellen's words.

Sally laughed. "To know Phil one would say the calling was the first step to the streets of gold. You can't ever make me believe he's ever anything but a saint."

How pleasant to have people look upon the man of your choice as desirable!

"No, my dear," Sally continued; "my ill temper was all due to an encounter with an old suitor. It was a trying experience!"

Sally was not one of those unmarried women who are fond of purring about the nebulous might-have-beens, allowing them to take the form of major probabilities with the passing of time. She had a brutal candor about herself, that often made Ellen wince.

"Men are so unbearably self-satisfied—all but you, Phil! Of course, I was wearing my last year's hat and an old suit, too, when I met him. For just about ten minutes I should have liked to have been you, Ellen—the well-favored matron, wife of a handsome husband, with a child or two for good measure. But an old maid school-teacher! Ye gods! He still thinks I care for him, probably; and he'd never believe it, if he heard I didn't! True—and he hasn't forgotten it—I expected him to propose every pleasant evening all our spring term of senior year. But I didn't know at the time that he's the sort who monopolizes all your time, holds your hand a little longer than necessary, tells you how charming you are, and passes on to the next!"

Ellen did actually wince. She recognized the description.

"Silly ass!" said Phil.

"Well," added Sally, too cheerfully for a broken heart, "I suppose it's only fair to leave him with the exquisite and sorrowful illusion that he has darkened my life. We all need a few of those illusion-things, don't we, to carry us over the thirties."

Phil walked home with Sally.

Ellen sat on the porch—a little ashamed—almost chastened—almost feel-

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ing she could write a poem to her sullied soul . . . and so thankful Geof hadn't happened to ask her to lunch! Such a fool as she was! She would take back the hat to-morrow and get Phil that "Life of Hazlitt"!

But that meeting with Geoffrey Hammet! She mustn't undervalue it. It had propped up her lagging spirits, put her reactions to flight, and made her resolve to wear prettier clothes.

"And it is for the ultimate good of my husband that I made that resolution!" she reasoned.

Sally had an uncanny way of hitting the nail on the head. You needed these illusions to carry into middle life with you.

Yes! She could still have hers. Perhaps he had not pressed Sally's hand in just the same meaning way he had hers. And would he have "passed on to the next," if she had not been engaged to Phil? Blessed uncertainty! She would never know!

Phil came bounding up the steps.

"Sally looked ripping in that rose dress, didn't she?"

"Yes, dear, and I am planning to have an evening gown with just a trifle more geranium in it!"

She rode very slowly down Main Street.—Page 59.

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"Some Modern Music"

Sketches by Alice Harvey

after the first hundred measures
the strenuous mood of the music abates — and the trombones hold an augmented triad-
The development is complex and elaborate

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and the celebrated cowbells are heard in the distance!
The music grows ardent with a lyric subject—
There is an agitated climax with a long trill of the clarinet on the dominant
which comes to a fortissimo close with a pause on an A-minor chord—
Alice Harvey—

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An Intimate Portrait of R L S by His Stepson, Lloyd Osbourne

[A NEW and personal portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson is presented by his stepson, and collaborator on several novels, Lloyd Osbourne, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894, and who for the first time gives his impressions and recollections. Osbourne has grouped his impressions round what might be called the pivotal years of Stevenson's life, and, in a series of vivid little vignettes of the great author at different ages, traces the developments and changes of his character. The chapters begin with "Stevenson at Twenty-six," and end with "The Death of Stevenson," at forty-four. This is the third of four numbers.]

III

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-NINE

WAIKIKI in 1889 consisted of twenty or thirty houses, set in large shady gardens, and bordering on the most incomparably lovely beach in the world—and the most incomparable water to swim in. At one end of the vast curve, of which this settlement was but a trifling part, rose the majestic outline of an extinct volcano, called Diamond Head; and at the other the lofty range of Waeanae on which the sun set daily in glowing splendor. Here in Waikiki, four miles from Honolulu, R L S rented a house, and moved ashore from the *Casco* with everything we possessed—including several hundred pearl shells, a Marquesan drum, a sack of human hair ornaments, a large idol, a set of stone adzes, two match-boxes full of pearls, and numerous savage weapons amongst which was the last club ever used in the Marquesas to fell a human being for the pot—a present from my "blood-brother," Moipu, who had figured on that occasion.

The characteristic feature of an Hawaiian house is the *lanai*, or big sitting-room, without walls on one or two sides—trellises of creepers and flowers taking their place. This summer-house arrangement is only possible in such a perfect climate, and is extraordinarily pleasant to live in. Our *lanai* was unusually large, and my mother made it look very gay indeed, with some of our flags and pennants from the yacht and our pearl shells spread in rows on the wooden cross-pieces. Our Chinese cook, Ah Fu, had followed us from the yacht—a powerfully built, frowsy-haired sort of Man Friday, not over twenty-five, who had been marooned as a boy on Hiva Oa, and was much more of a Marquesan than he was anything else. Thus equipped for modest housekeeping, and in love with our new surroundings, we watched the sinking topsails of the *Casco* with no more than a passing pang.

The seven months' cruise just concluded had had a marvellous effect on R L S. He had become almost well; could ride, take long walks, dine out, and in general lead the life of a man in ordinary health. Such climates were supposed to be very harmful for tubercular patients, whom the local doctors sent away at once—but Stevenson throve. His fine complexion had regained its ruddy tint; his hair, now cut short, was no longer lank, but glossy and of a lighter brown; his eyes, always his most salient feature and always brilliant, had no longer that strange fire of disease; he walked with a firm, light step, and though to others he must have appeared thin and fragile, to us the transformation in him was astounding. In his soft white shirt, blue serge coat, white flannel trousers, white shoes and white yachting cap (such caps were his favorites till his death) he looked to perfection the famous author who had arrived in a

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yacht, and who "dressed the rôle" as actors say, in a manner worthy of his dashing schooner.

It was typical of Stevenson that instead of choosing the best room in the house for his own he should seek out a dilapidated, cobwebby little shack, thirty or forty yards away, and papered with mildewed newspapers, in which to install himself. Here in complete contentment, with his cot, flageolet, and ink-bottle, he set himself to the task of finishing the "Master of Ballantrae"—while centipedes wriggled unnoticed on his floor, lizards darted after flies, and the undisturbed spiders peacefully continued the weaving of their webs. Here King Kalakaua would occasionally drop in on him for a long and confidential talk, while the horses of the royal equipage flicked their tails under a neighboring tree, and the imposing coachman and footman dozed on their box.

King Kalakaua, the last of the Hawaiian kings, was a much-maligned man. From the stories often told of him one would picture a grotesque savage, who was constantly drunk; a sort of Sambo, in ridiculous uniforms, whose antics and vices became so intolerable that finally a long-suffering community had to sweep him away. He was, on the contrary, a highly educated man, with an air of extreme distinction in spite of his very dark skin, and had a most winning graciousness and charm. He would have been at ease in any court in Europe; one could imagine no predicament or *contretemps* from which he could not have extricated himself with grace; he had, besides, the kingly quality of never overlooking any one. Sooner or later, in a way that never seemed premeditated, he always had a word and a smile for those who had not presumed to think themselves within his ken. He was the greatest gentleman I have ever known.

Stevenson and he became great friends, finding their strongest bond in Polynesian lore and antiquities. The king was a mine of information on these subjects. It was his hobby of hobbies to record the fast-fading history of his race, and to pierce the mist in which so much of it was enveloped. Together they projected an excavation of the ancient royal tombs on Diamond Head, but had at the last moment to abandon it lest the king should play into the hands of his enemies, and be accused of ransacking these graves for his personal profit. Together they would pore for hours over the king's note-books, in which in his fine, slanting hand he had transcribed the legends of his dying people; or would discuss, with the same interminability, Max Müller, Herbert Spencer, and other writers who had made occasional references to Polynesia. Nothing less like the Kalakaua of those offensive stories could be imagined than this grave, earnest, rather careworn man, dressed usually in the most faultless of white flannels, who seldom came to see us without his chamberlain carrying books, and who was always urging Stevenson to "stay and make your home with us. Hawaii needs you."

This home, wherever it was going to be, was causing Stevenson a good deal of concern. At first he anticipated returning to England; in fact for a while this was as good as settled; "Skerryvore" was still there temporarily rented, and absence, perhaps, was endowing it with a certain glamour. But most compelling of all, I think, was R L S's desire to stroll into the Savile Club, and electrify all his old friends as the returned seafarer from the South Sea Islands. At least he was constantly dwelling on this phase of his return, and choosing the exact hour when he could make the most dramatic entrance. But as the conviction grew that he never could be so well as in the Pacific, and with the vague and romantic idea of finding an island of his own, he began to talk of another cruise and to look about for the means.

The means, alas, were strictly limited to one ship, the missionary vessel, *Morning Star*, which in a few months' time was due to start on her annual tour of mission stations. Her itinerary was extraordinarily attractive; she went to many of the wildest and least-known islands of the Western Pacific; but her drawbacks were frightful—no smoking, not a drink, no profanity, church, nightly prayer-meetings, and an enforced intimacy with the most uncongenial of people.

American missionaries often are excessively narrow, intolerant, and puritanical; the prospect of four months in their society was calculated to make the stoutest

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heart quail. But for us it was the *Morning Star* or nothing; and R L S, who was not without adroitness, began to cultivate the necessary acquaintances and pull the necessary wires—with the result that at last we were accepted, though reluctantly, as passengers on the conditions I have indicated.

Our stay in Waikiki was not only noteworthy for R L S's decision to remain permanently in the Pacific, but for me at least, by a delightful change in our relations. We had started to collaborate on a book together, and after outlining and chapterizing it with much care I set to work on the first three chapters. When they were finished, after a week's hard work or so, I brought them in to R L S, who was sitting alone in the *lanai*. It was a singular hour for him to be there, for it was scarcely more than ten o'clock in the morning—and what a deliciously fresh and lovely morning, even in that climate of superlatives!

Unable to bear the suspense of watching him while he read my manuscript, I went back to my room, pacing up and down in restless impatience. Suddenly I heard him calling: "Lloyd! Lloyd!" And as I returned he ran forward and clasped me in his arms. And what he did not say about the chapters! I cannot bring myself to repeat that unstinted praise, that outpouring which thrilled my wildly beating heart, as with eyes shining, and in a voice quivering with excitement, he said such things of me and my future as I could not have conceived in my most roseate dreams. I sat in a sort of trance, uplifted to a degree beyond all expression, while his voice went on and on, and always in that dizzying strain.

What a moment for a visitor to be announced! Had lightning struck that visitor on the threshold I should not have cared in the least; I would have thrown something over his body, and quickly settled myself back in my chair to resume the ecstasy from which I had been disturbed. But there was no thunderbolt, and the visitor entered—a tall, severe-looking, strikingly handsome man of thirty-five or so, who although French, was remarkably fair, with a clipped golden beard, and clustering auburn hair. He was the doctor of the port, and I presume this call must have been prearranged, for Stevenson seemed in no way surprised, and greeted him with considerable warmth.

While they talked in French, I fiddle-faddled with my manuscript in a corner of the room, wishing with all my heart that the intruder would soon go. But nothing seemed further from his intention; and from the odds and ends of conversation that reached me I thought that he was speaking with a most unusual frankness about himself and his life; not that I had the faintest interest in him—except his departure; I did not even particularly trouble to listen; but it struck a little oddly on my attention that so reserved and proud a man should be unbosoming himself to one who was almost a stranger to him—telling of the entanglement and duel that had caused him to leave France; of his wanderings in the long interval; and finally of his marriage to a high-born Hawaiian girl. At this his voice sank lower; there was much to be said about that apparently; in desperation I went out, and had a long and pleasant swim.

When I came back he had gone, and Ah Fu was setting the table for luncheon. I looked expectantly at R L S, but he seemed introspective and lost in thought. I realized with disgust that he was thinking of that blond-bearded Frenchman, who had so successfully crowded me out. The next day, however, I was to think a great deal about him myself, for the first thing that caught my attention in the morning paper was his name in large letters and a description of his suicide. Standing before a mirror he had blown his brains out; and the note he left behind stated briefly that having discovered that he was a leper, he had solved the matter in his own way. He did not stoop to any apologies or regrets or self-pity. It was no more than a three-line memorandum for the coroner, and was as curt as an entry in one of his own official records.

But to return to my three chapters—or rather to their continuation, which as a whole was ultimately published under the name of the "Ebb Tide." I went along swimmingly, and earning R L S's undiminished commendation until I reached the end of the present book, which was originally conceived as a prologue to a much longer novel. Then the commenda-

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tion ceased; try as I would I could not please R L S; I wrote and rewrote, and rewrote again, but always to have him shake his head. Finally at his suggestion and in utter hopelessness I laid the manuscript by, hoping to come back to it later with greater success. But I never did. The novel was long and involved; it attracted us less and less, and finally was tacitly abandoned, and we forgot all about it.

Several years afterward, Sir Graham Balfour, then on a visit to us at Vailima, unearthed the original manuscript, read it with enthusiasm, and amazed us by declaring it to be a story in itself, which with a few changes at the end, could be published as it stood. R L S, greatly doubting, read it again, and immediately taking fire rewrote the whole copy. Thus as a book it followed "The Wrecker," though actually conceived and written before it.

To me, of our three collaborations, it was the most important of all, for it altered in a most unexpected way my whole relations with Stevenson. After it he regarded me seriously as a fellow-craftsman; sought my judgment and often took it; his eyes, before he started to read any of his new work aloud, were always alert to see that I had my customary paper and pencil for the notes he was so flatteringly eager to hear afterward. He took an intense pleasure in this sort of *première*, and never wanted my notes until the plaudits had entirely ceased; plaudits were essential to his satisfaction, and the longer the better; then, with a businesslike air he would turn to me, and like a star who had left the stage and the cheering multitudes, was ready for serious criticism that might improve the play.

But to go back. The holiday I was taking from the "Ebb Tide" soon came to an end, and in a startling manner. Our plans, it must be remembered, all seemed concentrated on the *Morning Star*, which was not due to sail for a long while; and it was with no sense of hurry nor indecision that we remained on in Waikiki, one pleasant day merging into another in an unbroken peace. But suddenly, out of a clear sky, we were thrown into a tremendous turmoil. One noonday R L S came driving in from Honolulu, his horses in a lather, and it needed but a single look at his face to see that he was wildly excited.

"Have chartered a schooner!" he shouted out before he even jumped down; and as we all crowded about him, he breathlessly continued: "Arranged the details and signed the charter-party as she was casting off—tug tooting, and people pulling at the owner's coat-tails, and the sweat running off our faces in a tin office! The *Equator*, sixty-eight tons, and due back from San Francisco in a month to pick us up for the Gilbert Islands. Finest little craft you ever saw in your life, and I have the right to take her anywhere at so much a day!"

A hectic luncheon followed: champagne was opened in honor of the occasion, and we drank to the *Equator* in foaming bumpers; everybody talked at once amid an unimaginable hilarity, for were we not to sail away in a vessel of our own, and freed from the nightmare of the *Morning Star?*

"And we can smoke on that blessed ship!" cried Stevenson, with uplifted glass.

"And drink!" cried I. "Hurrah for the *Equator!*"

"And swear!" exclaimed my mother delightedly—she who had never said "damn" in her life.

Then at a yell from Ah Fu, and in a general outcry as he threw open the blinds on the seaward side, we looked out on one of the most inspiriting sights I have ever seen in my life—the *Equator* herself, under a towering spread of canvas, and as close in as her captain dared to put her, parting the blue water in flashes of spray on the way to San Francisco.

We were still watching when she broke out her ensign, and dipped it to us in farewell.

Our ship!

STEVENSON AT FORTY

AN Apemama house of the kind corresponding to a "smart, attractive, bijou little residence" with us, is a sort of giant clothes-basket of much the same color and wattle, with a peaked roof, and standing on stilts about a yard high. With a dozen pairs of human legs under it, you can steer it to any spot you like—provided it is level—and begin your modest housekeeping without further fuss.

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We started ours in Apemama with four such houses, forty-eight pairs of legs, and the king, Winchester in hand, firing in the direction—but over the head—of any one who seemed backward. It was extremely disturbing at first to see that loaded rifle pointed hither and thither, and occasionally going off with a terrific report; but as nobody was ever hurt, and as the work certainly continued with feverish briskness, we were soon won over to think it quite a help.

Amid occasional shots, and a great deal of jabber and consultation, our little settlement was finally arranged to our general liking; and near—but not too near—a grove of palms. Too near would have brought us within range of falling cocoanuts, which in a storm not infrequently kill people. Then a large shed came staggering in that was to serve as our dining-room; and a smaller shed by way of a kitchen; and the king, handing his rifle with a negligent air to a trembling attendant, and ordering all the natives to withdraw to a little distance, walked in a big circle around the settlement, and declared it tabooed during our stay.

To pass that invisible line meant death, but whether from the rifle, or the outraged gods, was never very clear; but the important thing was that nobody ever did cross it except the king, who was privileged; and an equally privileged and very solemn old fellow in a mat, who brought us every morning a dozen large shells of cocoanut sap, which tasted like molasses and water; and three giggling, laughing, almost naked young women, who kept us supplied with fresh water in kerosene cans, but whose principal function was to drink the syrup, which we did not like very much, but scarcely dared to countermand.

We had said good-bye to the *Equator*, which had sailed away for three weeks on her own affairs, and were now absolutely alone on this rarely visited coral island, with the prospect—were our ship lost—of remaining for many months until some chance wayfarer of the sea might push her nose into our lagoon. Of one thing, however, we could be sure—that wayfarer would never be the missionary vessel, *Morning Star*. King Tembinoka was an out-and-out heathen, who had kept a missionary until he could learn English, and then had dismissed him with an emphatic warning never to come back. Tembinok, as his name was more often contracted to, was the Napoleon of this part of the world, and had had to be checked by men-of-war from conquering the whole Gilbert group. When he warned anybody it meant something; there was always a pistol or two concealed in the folds of his voluminous clothes; and his reputation besides was that of a fearless and ferocious savage, whom to cross was at the risk of your life.

About forty-five, of medium height, he was an enormously fat man with a strongly aquiline nose, and an expression of remarkable intelligence and cunning; and was not unsuggestive of some mediæval Italian prince, both in his complexion, which was scarcely darker than a Sicilian's, and the rôle he played in life. He was judge, jury, law-giver, commander-in-chief, and unquestioned despot of three populous islands, and was a past master in kingcraft, both in its guile and in its public spirit. Christianity, as subversive of his authority, he had put aside as "good for kings, but bad for common people"; and in the same spirit of self-improvement with which he had welcomed the missionary, he consented to receive Stevenson, after it had been explained that the latter's stay was of a temporary nature only.

We were very happy in our little camp, which was delightful in every respect except for the flies. Never were there so many flies; flies, flies, flies in thousands and millions; and no place to escape them outside your mosquito-net. In desperation my mother made a net of prodigious size, a veritable house of mesh, which we hung in the dining-shed, and we not only took all our meals under it, but did all our writing there as well. Lest I should disturb Stevenson, who used the table, I built a little erection of camera-boxes by way of a desk for myself, and squatted uncomfortably in a corner. Here a large part of "The Wrecker" was written, and in that collaboration, in spite of my cramped legs, I spent many of the pleasantest hours of my life.

It was exhilarating to work with Stevenson; he was so appreciative, so humorous—brought such gaiety, *camaraderie*, and good-will to our joint task. We never

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had a single disagreement as the book ran its course; it was a pastime, not a task, and I am sure no reader ever enjoyed it as much as we did. Well do I remember him saying: "It's glorious to have the ground ploughed, and to sit back in luxury for the real fun of writing—which is rewriting." In the evening when myriads of flies had given way to myriads of mosquitoes, and while we sat smoking round the lamp, safe within our net, he would review my work, read such of it as he had rewritten, and brightly discuss the chapter to come. Am I wrong in thinking that some of that zest is to be found in "The Wrecker"? It was conceived in such high spirits, and with so much laughter and entertainment. Every page of it was a joy—to us.

Our diet left much to be desired. Apemama was the only coral island I have ever known where fish was scarce. I don't know why, but there was almost none—not at least during our stay; and we were so tired of tinned food that we had to fall back on salt beef and pork, which Ah Fu, who was an indefatigable sportsman, eked out with endless wild chickens—tame chickens run wild—which he spent many afternoons in shooting with an ardor we often regretted.

Nothing more tasteless than those chickens could be imagined, but perhaps it was not to be wondered at considering their food was principally the long slimy slugs that were to be found on the beach, or anything in the way of a dead shark or a battered jelly-fish. Ah Fu fried them, grilled them, curried them, minced them; made them into game-pies, and heaven only knows what all—but the same seagull flavor was always there. Our flour was weevilly, and in spite of careful sifting there were always dozens of little black threads in our bread, which when new was our greatest luxury—and which we buttered from a bottle. Butter, of course, in that heat was a liquid. Our rice was as decayed as the flour, and similarly speckled. But we had plenty of good Californian claret, and on rare occasions sumptuous meals of turtle-steaks and soup. The only fresh vegetables to be obtained were enormous edible roots, allied to the depressing yam family, and weighing from twenty to forty pounds apiece. These, when boiled and pounded into a paste and liberally seasoned, were not altogether unpalatable. Then of course we had fresh cocoanuts, the water of which was not only delicious, but must have served to keep us in health.

We seldom walked anywhere except to the seaward side of the island, about half a mile distant. It was extraordinarily wild and solitary; nobody ever seemed to come here except our slave-girls, who trailed after us far behind, frolicking like puppies. Possibly they had been ordered to follow any of us leaving the camp. But ordered or not, they always did; and their favorite diversion was to strip off their last shred of clothing, and crowd, all three of them, into some wretched little mud-puddle of fresh water on the way; and with shouts of laughter, take what they considered a bath.

The seaward beach was always cool, and had the added advantage of being without flies or mosquitoes; one could stroll or loll here for hours, gazing at the fleecy banks of cloud and fanned by the breeze. It must have been tabooed; otherwise it would be impossible to account for its isolation; and probably at the behest of some dead-and-gone king, instigated by a witch-doctor. Native witch-doctors, like our own, were apt to find something abhorrent to the gods in anything pleasant. There are many such unexplainable taboos in the Pacific; taboos that are absolutely senseless, but which are nevertheless respected. But it was certainly very agreeable for us to have the beach all to ourselves, for the natives of Apemama were as a rule a dour sort of people, who gazed at us loweringly and never made any advances. If you petted a child—the best of all ways in most islands of starting an acquaintance—they would give you very black looks. I suspect they were grinding under the king's domination, and needed but a spark to set them off.

I have included Apemama in my papers as it was here Stevenson made two very important decisions. The first, to abandon the plan of buying a schooner of his own—which "The Wrecker" had been originally projected to pay for; and the second, the realization that if he were to make his home permanently in the Pacific it would have to be within reach of mails, and amid a certain civilization. Our

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weeks of trading in the *Equator* had shown him the seamy side of such a life—the tricks, the false scales, the bamboozling and chicanery that were customary in dealing with the natives, who themselves were irritatingly dishonest. Thus our trim and rakish trading-schooner, the *Northern Light*, melted away into a dream of the might-have-been; and with it her romantic headquarters—that "island of our own"—with all its unforeseen inconveniences. In the light of R L S's new knowledge, his choice had narrowed to Suva, Honolulu, Papiete, or Apia, all of them in regular communication with the outside world; and as Samoa was the only conspicuous independent group left in the Pacific, and was renowned besides for its attractive and uncontaminated people—it was naturally this group that began to loom before us as our future home. Soon, indeed, we were studying the Samoan grammar, and building fresh castles in the air.

Meanwhile we were growing increasingly anxious about the *Equator*. The three weeks had become six, and there was still no sign of her. Our stores were almost exhausted. Every day Ah Fu would say: "I think welly soon he all finish" in regard to some essential of life, now rapidly declining to zero. Was the *Equator* lost? Had she struck a rock in one of those perilous lagoons, and torn her bottom out? The uncertainty was trying, and we all became rather grave—except Ah Fu, who shot those dreadful chickens more assiduously than ever, and seemed to enjoy our possible dependence on his gun.

R L S, with some misgiving, explained the matter to the king. Had he any stores to spare, and might we draw on them? The king beamed at the request; it seemed to flatter him beyond measure to be asked such a favor. With a truly regal gesture he put his storehouses at our disposal. Their interiors presented an extraordinary sight as Ah Fu and I went into them to choose what we needed. Not only was there beef and pork, flour and rice, sugar, tea, coffee, and other staples in prodigal profusion—but crates of mirrors, a large rocking-horse, French clocks with gilt cupids, baby-carriages, cut-glass bowls and vases, hand cultivators, plated-silver candelabra, silk parasols, framed chromos, toy steam-engines, ornate lamps, surgical-instrument cases, tea-baskets, sewing-machines—everything in fact that had ever caught Tembinok's fleeting fancy in the trade-room of a ship, and all tumbled in pell-mell and some of it scarcely unpacked as though once bought and placed here it had passed forever from his mind. As far as these objects had anything in common it was a general glitter and brightness. Apparently he had pointed his finger at anything that shone, and had said: "I take that."

A few days afterward a message from him brought us all in panting haste to his settlement. A vessel was coming in, and of course we were certain it was the *Equator*, and were correspondingly elated. But as she rose over the horizon of the vast lagoon, our glasses revealed her to be a stranger. What a disappointment! It seemed almost unbearable, but it was thrilling nevertheless, to see that big unknown schooner sail in, and to hear the hoarse rush of her anchor-chain as we awaited her in a boat.

"Ship, ahoy!"

"Ahoy, there!"

"What's your name, and where from?"

"The *H. L. Tiernan*, Crawford & Co., Captain Sachs—from Jaluit and Big Muggin. Who are you?"

"Stevenson of the *Equator*, three weeks overdue from the south. Any news of her, Captain?"

"Not a thing. Come aboard."

The *Tiernan* brought with her a new perplexity for us—should we try to charter her for Samoa, or should we gamble on the *Equator's* return? Were the latter indeed lost we might be marooned for half a year or more on our strip of coral. R L S, over our glasses of warm beer, went straight to the point; how much did he want—that brisk little whiskered captain in pajamas—to carry us to Samoa?

Fortunately for us his price was too high, although R L S remained a long time in indecision before finally refusing it. But if we did not sail in the *Tiernan* we at least drew liberally on her well-stocked trade-room, buying amongst other things a dozen cases of a superb Pontet-Canet, and several very diminutive and exceedingly chubby barrels of the most appetizing corned beef I have ever

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tasted. The king, too, was repaid generously and in kind for the stores we had drawn from him, and figured in two jolly dinners where many champagne corks flew—our dinner to the *Tiernan*, and the *Tiernan's* dinner to us, amid songs and merriment and all that good fellowship which was such a part of South Sea life.

Then she sailed away, to capsize subsequently in a squall, and drown a big portion of her complement, with a harrowing experience for her survivors, who nearly died of hunger and thirst before they reached land in her whale-boat. We often congratulated ourselves afterward that Captain Sachs's terms had been so high; had they been more moderate we might all have perished.

Not long afterward we were gladdened by the sight of the *Equator*, which had been delayed by light airs and calms on her way back from Arorai Island. With what joy we shook our shipmates' hands, and crowded round the table in her stuffy little cabin! It was home to us, and we looked about those familiar surroundings, small and mean though they must have been, with an ecstatic contentment. Home is home, no matter where it is, and our hearts expanded at regaining ours.

The next day we were packed up and aboard, and ready to sail with the outgoing tide.

The king at parting grasped Stevenson's hand in both his own, and said: "Stevenson, you are a ver' good man. I think you are the best man I ever know," and with a pathos that was not a little moving, spoke of how he would always think of him, and remember his visit until he died.

Good-by, Apemama!

(To be concluded.)

Smilson

BY WARD MACAULEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. KERR EBY

AS was my usual habit, when I had occasion to visit one of our Eastern cities I made inquiry regarding the bookstores of the town.

"There's Colburn's," the hotel clerk told me. "They've got a fine store right on Front Street. They handle books, stationery, and office furniture. Then there's Bement's, a smaller store along the same lines, but I don't think he goes in for furniture. He's a block off Front Street on West Sherman Avenue. I guess that's all, except the department stores. Both Cutler's and Billington's have book departments."

"But," said I, "haven't you any antiquarian shops? You know, quaint bookshops where rare old books may be seen?"

"Oh, second-hand books," he said, with an inflection that seemed to convey the idea that a man reasonably well-dressed and who was able to stay at the Fanshawe Hotel could surely afford to buy new books.

"There is a place down on Lexington Street," he said. "It was run for years by a man named Beeson. He died a couple of years ago and it has changed hands twice since. A queer old duffer runs it now—named Smilson. Who ever heard of such a name as that? They say he is a queer old bird, won't wait on you unless he happens to feel in the mood, and does a lot of other funny stunts."

I was delighted beyond measure. Visiting old book-shops has always been my favorite pastime. There is real fun in digging up some old, out-of-the-way book that was printed before you were born. Just at that time I was on a mad hunt for a book entitled "Happy Thoughts," by F. C. Burnand, which Christopher Morley recommends in his "Haunted Bookshop." To add to the delight of rummaging around a stock of old books, which

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must include many ancient items since the store had been in existence for so many years—to add to this the fun of dealing with a crusty old beggar who had achieved a reputation for being queer—surely this was adding delight to delight. I secured more specific directions and determined to visit the shop at the earliest hour possible. This was destined to be the same afternoon, the morning being completely devoted to business. Noon found me at lunch, seated opposite a local friend.

"Have you ever heard of a little bookshop called the Torch of Learning?" I asked after we had ordered.

"I should think I have," he replied. "Why that old bird has the town completely by the ears. They say he does a whale of a business, and all because people like to go there to see his peculiarities. He thinks nothing of insulting his customers, and that sets them talking. After all, being talked about is the best advertising in the world, and it doesn't seem to make much difference what they say, so long as they talk. Smilson's eccentricities have made him quite the rage. The first thing you hear at any dinner party nowadays is: 'Have you visited the Torch of Learning?' Why just last week a friend of mine went in and asked Smilson for a copy of Montaigne's 'Essays.' The old chap looked at him and said, 'No.' Not a word of explanation. Plainly and simply 'No.' My friend said: 'Haven't you got it?' The old boy sidled back to his chair and said: 'Oh, yes, I have got it all right, but there's no use selling it to you. You wouldn't understand it.' Funny, too, my friend didn't take offense. He went down to Colburn's and got a copy. He tells everybody about the incident. Best advertising in the world. Why, that chap has all the advertising agencies beaten eleven ways when it comes to getting publicity. Every newspaper in the city has given him a feature story. No prominent clubwoman would dare admit that she was not a regular patron of the Torch of Learning."

"Have you ever been there yourself?" I asked, for I knew that my friend's tastes were not bookish.

"Of course, I have. I'm not a book lover, as you know, but my bump of curiosity is reasonably well developed. When I heard the talk I thought I'd drop in and size the old chap up. It took him about two minutes to size *me* up. After we had talked a little, he said: 'Oh, run along and don't bother me. You know nothing about books. Go down to Cutler's and buy an Oppenheim book. They tell me he has a new one.' Nevertheless, I did buy two or three books, which he grudgingly wrapped up. He does all his own work."

I made a mental note to ask our eccentric bookseller why he employed no assistants.

"Another time, they tell me, a young fellow went in there and asked for a copy of 'The Age of Reason,' by Paine. Smilson looked him over—he was about seventeen—and said: 'For yourself?' The youth nodded. Smilson told him: 'Can't give you one now. Come in later, say about ten years from now.' Why, the stories about that man's queer transactions would fill a book, and I'll bet he's writing one at that."

Needless to say, all this served to whet my curiosity only the more, and I could scarcely wait until I should be able to beard this bookseller lion in his den. What sort of a reception awaited me? Would I be hurled bodily from the place, or would Smilson recognize in me a kindred spirit, a fellow book lover? That I am something of a lover of books I have long prided myself, but might it not prove that he possessed a profundity of bookish knowledge that would make my rather superficial and casual acquaintance seem positive ignorance? If so, would not any attempt to enter into literary discussion with him be met by ill-concealed contempt, if not outright resentment? At any rate, I determined to put my fate to the test, and I much doubt if ever a lover sought his lady with a declaration upon his lips with a more breathless suspense than I felt in going to the Torch of Learning to meet Smilson, the bookseller, who had set a prosaic, sophisticated big city by the ears.

Lexington Street I found to be one of those narrow and ancient lanes that come to an abrupt ending in the middle of a block. Its old-fashioned buildings were mostly tenanted by small tradesmen, in various lines, but all alike in exhibiting

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little trace of modernity in their appeal to the public. Not a store in the two blocks of Lexington Street that I traversed showed any indication of having undergone the slightest change in a generation.

The Torch of Learning proved to occupy one of those architectural monstrosities, an old house that had something approaching a store front attached to it. I say approaching, for it by no means approximated one of these modern brick store fronts which are placed before so many old homes and back of which the second, the third, and sometimes even a fourth story loom to tell the tale of other days. The front of the Torch of Learning was plainly a makeshift, the door was still the residential entrance, the slot marked "letters" still remained, the panelling was as of yore; the ancient door-bell was in its place, though probably seldom used. To enter you went up two steps to a very narrow porch. On each side of the doorway were two windows. And these had been somewhat remodelled since the time when the building had served other purposes. It was mainly in this that the alterations had consisted. Make no mistake; these windows contained nothing even remotely resembling a window display, nor was their make-up such that a display was practicable. They merely allowed a chance visitor standing upon the porch to see the interior of the shop, provided his clarity of vision permitted penetrating a dust and dirt of long accumulation. Simply as a sop to the idea that a window display is a necessity, Smilson had turned a dozen books on a table with their titles facing the window. Upon these he had placed a crude sign, evidently of his own manufacture: "These are good books. If you don't think so, you know nothing." Over the doorway hung a large wooden sign bearing a painting in crude colors and purporting to represent the Torch of Learning.

I opened the door and came upon a narrow hallway. One of those obsolete hatracks and mirrors combined still remained to testify to earlier days. On a small table near by lay a silver card-tray, in which callers were wont to drop visiting cards in days when visiting was still the fashion.

"Ah," I told myself, "this old house could tell many a tale if it wanted to. There is a story here equal to that in any of old Smilson's books."

The rooms occupied by the shop were on both sides of the hallway. I turned into the room at the left. Much of the old furniture still remained. There were several chairs belonging to at least two generations ago; even a hoary sofa stood in one corner of the room and compelled inconvenient stepping around it to see the books beyond. And books! Books everywhere; shelves to the ceiling lined with books, ledges along the shelves heavy with books, chairs, tables, sofa, all piled high with books; even on the floor books reared themselves in little pyramids, often to be razed to the ground by some unnoticing patron. Around this room were several seekers after literature. A young man had his arms piled high with volumes of intended purchase. A dainty lady was carefully blowing the dust from the top of the volume in which she took an interest, turning to her companion as she did so, and saying: "Isn't this place simply quaint, Marjorie? I'm so glad we discovered it while we are in town. I just adore books, don't you?" An old gentleman was evidently in search of a particular volume, or at least a particular subject, for he scanned the various shelves with an appraising eye. Most of the shelves were labelled with very crude little signs, bearing such legends as "science," "biography," "poetry," "drama," "travel," and "fiction." A cursory examination proved that these signs were most misleading, for it was apparent that Smilson allowed his patrons to take care of his stock for him, and that his patrons were not good stock-keepers. The shelf marked science had received goodly donations from each and every other classification, and so had every shelf. What would Mr. Beveridge have said to find his "Life of John Marshall" in the fiction section, or H. G. Wells to find his "Outline of History" catalogued as drama? Would not Charles Dickens turn in his grave to see his "Tale of Two Cities" listed as travel? Less conspicuously incongruous was to find Christopher Morley's "Plum Pudding" on the small shelf marked "cookery." Take it all in all you never did see such a hodgepodge, and

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from it I caught a glimmer of one phase of old Smilson's psychology before I ever set eyes on the man himself. He lured people into buying books by making them difficult to buy. I had been in his place some ten minutes yet had seen nothing of him. Certainly this indicated no solicitous service; the books were not made easy to find, and apparently you were expected to look for them yourself.

I wandered rather idly around the room, investigating the various shelves, listening to the chatter of the enthusiastic young ladies and the comment of the other patrons who came in from time to time. I kept my eye out a bit for "Happy Thoughts," but in this jumble hardly knew under what classification it might have been replaced by some hurried customer. Shortly I noticed the young man, whose pile of books had by now mounted to nearly a dozen, preparing to leave. He passed through the hallway and into the other room. Seated at a desk in its deepest recesses, hardly visible in the dim light and through the heavy smoke of his villainous pipe, was a tall, very thin old man, whom I rightly judged to be Smilson. The young man laid the books before him, and the bookseller gazed casually at his price marks and announced fifteen dollars and forty-five cents ($15.45). The young man passed him a twenty-dollar bill, and the change was forthcoming from a strong leather pouch fished out of Smilson's pocket.

"You'll find paper and twine over yonder," Smilson said, with no word of thanks. "You know where they are."

The young man accepted this as the usual procedure, and a moment later was wrapping his purchase in a copy of last week's newspaper. I pondered my system of attack. Should I tell Smilson straight out that I was a book lover, keen to meet him as a pupil is keen to meet a master? I surveyed his beetling eyebrows. No, I decided, this man would not be amenable to such obvious flattery. No, I would ask for a certain book. That would be the best, the most natural approach.

"Do you chance to have 'Happy Thoughts,'" I asked.

"Happy thoughts never come by chance," he replied. "They come as the result of a definite philosophy of life. I always have happy thoughts. As a matter of fact, I have a particularly happy thought just now. I have sold that young man a dozen books at a good profit —further than that, they are good books and will benefit him. I am, therefore, happy both selfishly and unselfishly. What more can a man ask?"

"I referred to a book," I replied, nettled at his frivolous way of answering my request. At this point we were interrupted. A patron, a middle-aged lady, said: "I want to get a copy of 'Sartor Resartus,' please." Without rising, Smilson said: "I think you'll find a copy in the third section from the front."

"No," she replied, "I looked there."

"But did you get the ladder and look clear to the top?"

"Why, no, I didn't."

"You'll find it all right. I saw it there a couple of weeks ago, and I haven't sold it. It's around somewhere."

I pressed my services upon the lady, but it seemed that far from being offended she really enjoyed being dictatorially told to climb a ladder. No doubt much of her time was spent in dictating to servants and this reversal of the usual order was a refreshing novelty. Seeing that to climb the ladder for her would deprive her of a genuine pleasure, I said no more but turned again to Smilson.

"'Happy Thoughts,'" I said, "is a book written by F. C. Burnand. I have asked for it in book-shops in a dozen cities, but thus far I haven't found it."

"No," he replied, "I haven't got it." Here I made a fatal mistake:

"Are you sure?" I said.

"Don't you dare say another word to me, young man," he stormed, and I was too surprised to even feel complimented by the term used. "Not another word. Insinuating that I don't know my stock. That I don't know books. Monstrous. I know every book in the shop. I don't know where they are, but I know whether I've got them or not."

My attempts at apology met with no warm response.

"You have insulted me," he declared, "insulted me in my own shop. You have touched my pride and that is a tender spot with your true book lover."

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Drawn by H. Kerr Eby.

"Don't you dare say another word to me, young man."—Page 76.

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He smoked viciously while I turned for a moment to the shelves near by. I would have gladly given much to have found a stray copy of "Happy Thoughts." It was not to be. However, I was determined not to allow my false step to prevent my further acquaintance with this strangely fascinating old chap, who said so many queer things and yet sold so many books apparently without the slightest effort to sell them at all. I wisely deferred further action until the next day.

When I sought out his desk again Smilson had, seemingly, forgotten about our quarrel of the day before, for after a brief passage at arms, which I purposely developed by asserting that Anthony Trollope ought to rank with Thackeray, the old boy actually asked me to sit down. True, he failed to notice that there was nothing to sit upon, and I was obliged to bring a bulky chair from the next room.

"You are a book lover," he told rather than asked me. His tone was severe. I admitted the fact.

"What do you know about books?" he demanded.

"What does a man know about the lady he loves?" I countered.

"A rapier thrust," he conceded. "Be careful to have one love—books. The other kind is a delusion."

"And marriage?"

"A device of the devil!" he roared, with a scowl. "No bonds so tight as the bonds of matrimony—no slavery like domesticity. Well," he chuckled, "they never got me; they never got me. They tried—oh, how they tried, but they failed—they failed."

"Don't you believe in the institution of marriage?" It was my turn to be severe.

"Ah, the institution of marriage, that is something else. Yes, indeed, I believe in the institution of marriage—for the other fellow. A fine thing. For myself, no."

My business detained me in the city for over a week, and I must admit that my stay was prolonged somewhat by the time spent in visiting Smilson, though after the second visit, I usually went in the evening. Upon the occasion of my third visit I detected a noticeable unbending. I flattered myself that the old fellow was actually glad to see me. We discussed many phases of literature, and I was pleased to find that Smilson really grew more tolerant of my surface knowledge of things literary. He talked to me painstakingly, as a patient teacher talks to a beginning pupil. His book-lore was tremendous, both wide-spread and profound. There seemed to be no book or author, however obscure, with which he was not familiar. He knew not only the books of authors, but their lives as well, and he regaled me during these evenings by the hour with fascinating accounts of intimate happenings in the lives of men and women of the pen. He became so interested in his descriptions that he resented the interruptions of customers. At one time when a young man brought him four books which he desired to purchase, it happened that Smilson was describing that wonderful literary collaboration of the brothers de Goncourt.

"Don't bother me," he told the young man. "Take them along and pay me later." Turning to me, he resumed: "It is said that until Jules de Goncourt died, not twenty lines of prose had ever been written by either of the brothers separately." He then told how the two brothers would take a walk together into the highways and byways of Paris, and returning, would sit on opposite sides of a large table and each set down his impressions. When the papers were finished, they would together blend them into a united whole. Yet so great was the harmony of thought that often there was the greatest similarity in the two papers as originally set down.

"Men of genius!" he declared. "But who reads them? Nobody. Who reads Meredith? Who reads Daudet? Who reads Hardy?" He continued at length, berating the lack of literary taste on the part of the general public. I ventured to suggest that this condition had always prevailed.

"Undoubtedly, but none the less disgraceful on that account," he asserted.

My visits revealed to me that Smilson was doing a splendid business, which he handled entirely alone. His business was himself, he asserted, and he dared not trust any assistant. "There's no telling what trash he might get me in the habit of selling," he explained. His shop was

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Drawn by H. Kerr Eby.

He glared at me and then laughed.—Page 80.

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constantly thronged with people, many of whom came to see what eccentricity he would reveal. He played with them, at one time being as sober and matter of fact as the most sedate merchant of the older school, at another time on a wild rampage of sarcasm and irascibility, but always indifferent to whether a patron made a purchase or not.

I looked forward to the time of my departure with keen regret. Smilson, the old book lover, had quite won my heart and I realized how greatly I should miss these evening visits.

Once or twice I waited for him outside his shop after the closing hour, ten o'clock; but though I remained some little time, he failed to appear. I assumed that he slept on the premises, though as I glanced at the upper floor no light was to be seen. I turned the corner, and as I passed the alley I perceived a man coming from a rear door that seemed as though it might be at the back of the Torch of Learning. In the darkness I thought it might be Smilson, but it proved to be a young man who, after no more than a glance, passed by and went his way. A question died upon my lips. What could he know about Smilson more than I? Yet to learn more about the old fellow became my determined purpose. The next night I again waited at the door for some time, and then moved by a sudden impulse again went around by the alley. There was no sign of Smilson, but after a few moments the young man appeared. This time I was certain that he had entered the alley from a rear entrance to the book-shop. This man must know Smilson. I determined to question him:

"Are you connected with the book-shop?" I inquired.

He turned and surveyed me coolly, as though deciding whether this were an impertinence. We were standing under a street light. I happened to glance down. Whatever my abilities in the field of literature, I had long ago learned to be observant. It has stood me in good stead on many occasions. As I surveyed the young man appraisingly I saw that beyond doubt his trousers were the trousers of Smilson! I said, without hesitation: "Smilson."

He glared at me and then laughed. "Yes," he said, "I am Smilson. Why not admit it? I think I can trust you to keep my secret. Come back to the shop and I'll tell you all about it."

The old book-shop seemed not a little spooky as we sat there, the only light a candle which Smilson had on his desk.

"Yes," he went on, "I am Smilson. When Beeson died a few years ago, I bought out this store and ran it for about six months under my own name, Johnson. I sold few books. Customers were rare. The location is out of the way, the town an industrial centre. My serious efforts to create a love of books met little response. Then a light dawned on me. I must get talked about. I must be eccentric. But how? I conceived the character of Smilson. I had much experience on the stage. I was confident of my ability to put him over. For many long hours I practised on him, practised his oddities, his peculiar traits, his queerness, until I flatter myself that I have created a character quite as unique as you will find in any book. The make-up was a problem, but I think you will admit it was a success."

"A success?" I said. "It was a triumph."

"No one has guessed it," he said, "and when I put it on, I put on with it a new character, the character of Smilson, who is as different from me as I am from you, or any other man. Smilson has the town by the ears. They buy books. I have prospered. I can never hope to repay Smilson what I owe him. And now, my good friend, I must go. Come in again to-morrow night. I must go home to the wife and babies."

"The wife and babies?" I faltered. "I thought——"

"That marriage was not for me? No, merely not for Smilson. I am myself the most prosaic of men, very domestic and quite without any eccentric ideas. I leave those all to Smilson. We are a most devoted, happy family, and it is for them that I do all this. For them and for my love of books, which is the one thing I have in common with Smilson."

A year later I read an item sent me by Smilson, stating that the Torch of Learning had been burned to the ground. In the margin he scrawled a line: "Going back to the stage."

My pledge of secrecy is over.

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Fig. 1. The great obscuring nebula of Rho Ophiuchi.
Photograph by Barnard with the 10-inch Bruce telescope.

Barnard's Dark Nebulæ

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Author of "The Depths of the Universe," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE most impressive of celestial objects is the luminous girdle of the Galaxy. Seen through transparent air on a moonless night, its intricate cloud masses glow with a steady light behind a curtain of twinkling stars. Since the time of Herschel the Galaxy has been recognized as the core of the stellar universe, that vast assemblage of some two thousand million stars, shaped like a flattened disk, near whose centre the solar system is moving in its journey through space. When observing the Milky Way we are looking out through the lucid stars in the central area toward the periphery of this immense system, whose shining coils result from the mingled glow of countless remote stars.

In a previous article it has been shown that our conception of the scale of the stellar universe has grown with time.* Seares has recently found that several of the galactic clouds range in distance from 20,000 to 50,000 light-years, as measured by the blue stars of magnitude 14 to 15.5,

*"The Depths of the Universe," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1922.

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which marked the limit of Herschel's telescope. These results are in harmony with Shapley's estimate of a total diameter of at least 300,000 light-years for the Galaxy. We may thus realize to what extraordinary depths our great telescopes penetrate when, aided by photography, they bring to view the excessively faint stars that lie near its outer limits.

HERSCHEL'S "HOLE IN THE HEAVENS"

Into one of the most luminous of the galactic clouds, not far from the common boundary of the constellations of Ophiuchus and Scorpio, Sir William Herschel had been led in his systematic sweeps of the heavens. His process of "star gauging," used for the purpose of determining the structure of the universe, had carried him step by step from the comparatively vacant regions near its poles to the densest part of the Galaxy, where the stars are clustered in swarms. Here he suddenly encountered an obscure area, as though the whole thickness of the stellar system, along its greatest extension, had been tunnelled through into starless space beyond. No wonder that he looked long and earnestly, during what his sister (always his assistant) chronicled as "an awful silence," before he exclaimed: "Surely this is a hole in the heavens!"

Thanks to modern photography, it is possible for the reader to examine this region of the sky even more advantageously than Herschel could with his powerful telescope. Fig. 1 shows (just above the centre of the cut) the bright nebula surrounding the star Rho Ophiuchi and a great dark area, with long dark lanes extending to the east. The star cluster Messier 4 is seen near the lower edge of the cut. On its left is the bright red star Antares (Alpha Scorpii), while the star Sigma Scorpii lies in the bright nebula above and to the right of the cluster. Herschel, using a higher magnifying power, could see only a small part of this field at once. While the identification of the exact region that caused his exclamation is uncertain, it was probably a part of the dark starless area to the left of the centre of the photograph. His first idea was that the stars which formerly occupied these voids might perhaps have been withdrawn in the course of ages to form such clusters as that near Antares. Deeply impressed by this vast obscurity, he examined it again and again, but could never arrive at a satisfactory explanation of its origin. Indeed, a century was to pass before its true meaning could be fathomed.

Meanwhile, from its simple beginnings in the hands of Daguerre, photography had advanced to a perfection which rendered it the chief aid of the astronomer. First applied to the registration of stellar images by Bond at the Harvard Observatory in 1850, its value soon became generally recognized, and it has served in all parts of the world for mapping the heavens. Few objects are now observed visually, and tens of millions of stars and nebulæ beyond the reach of the eye have been discovered by photographic means.

Any one who owns a camera can soon ascertain for himself its power of recording stars. Open the iris diaphragm to its extreme limit, so as to uncover the full aperture of the lens. Point the camera toward any group of bright stars, and clamp it firmly to a rigid support, fixed where street or house lights do not shine into the lens. After an exposure of say half an hour, give the plate or film full development, and the trails of the stars will appear. In general they will be arcs of circles, deeply concave and centred on the pole, when the camera is pointed due north, Fig. 2; straight when it is directed toward the celestial equator. If the exposure is continued for six hours, the arcs drawn by circumpolar stars will become quadrants. They are due, of course, to the rotation of the earth on its axis, which causes the stars to complete an apparent rotation about the pole, from east to west, in twenty-four hours.

To overcome this motion, and thus hold the star images fixed on the plate throughout the exposure, it is necessary to mount the camera equatorially, in such a way that it can be pointed toward any part of the heavens and then moved by a driving clock about an axis parallel to the axis of the earth, at the exact rate (one revolution in twenty-four hours) necessary to keep perfect pace with the stars. Fig. 3 shows the Bruce telescope of the Yerkes Observatory, a steel camera with an excellent Brashear lens of ten inches clear aperture and fifty inches focal length, mounted equatorially in the admirable manner char-

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acteristic of the firm of Warner & Swasey. The same mounting also carries a six-inch camera and two other cameras of smaller size. For it is a noteworthy fact that even the small lenses commonly used for landscape photography may be of great service, when properly mounted, for astronomical purposes.

Professor Barnard's supervision, are to appear soon in a photographic atlas of the Milky Way, to be published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The text for this volume, which was nearly completed by Professor Barnard, is being put in form for publication by Professor Frost, Director of the Yerkes Observatory.

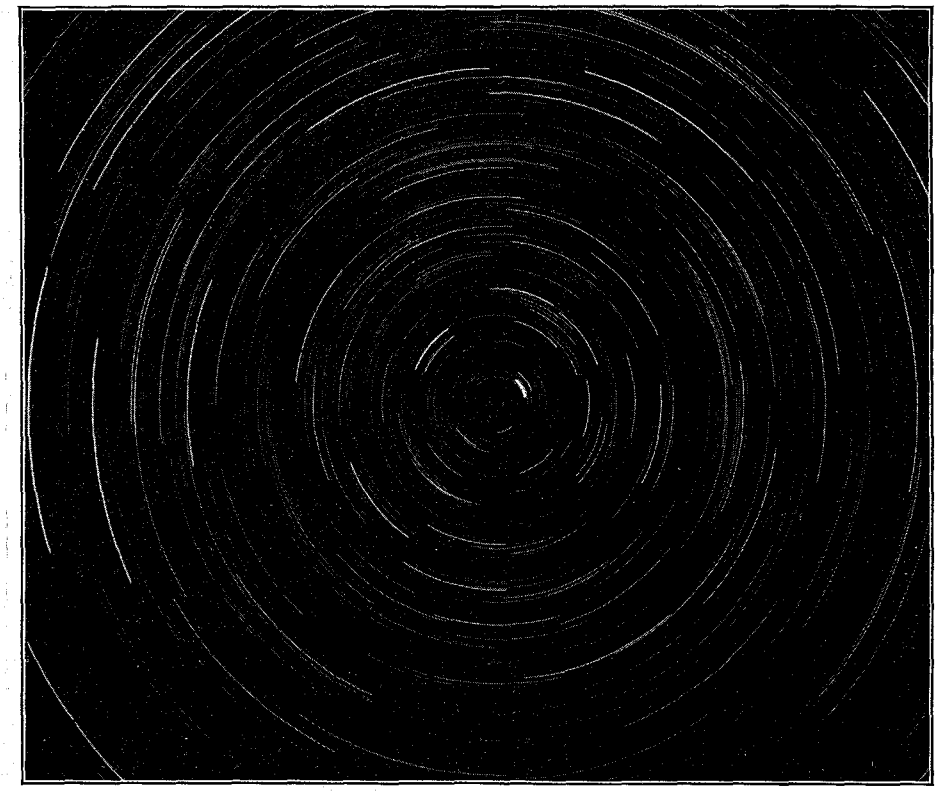

Fig. 2. Star trails at the North Pole.
Photographed with a stationary camera.

BARNARD'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GALAXY

The photographs of various regions of the Milky Way reproduced in Figs. 1, 6, 8, 9, and 11 were taken by the late Professor Barnard with the Bruce telescope on Mount Wilson in 1905. Between January and September of that year he made 161 negatives (12 inches square) with the ten-inch lens, 175 (8 x 10 inches) with the six-inch lens, and many others with the smaller lenses. Forty-eight of these plates, beautifully reproduced under

In addition to other photographs of the Milky Way taken at the Yerkes Observatory, it will contain a complete catalogue of some two hundred dark objects, of the type described by Herschel, discovered by Professor Barnard on his photographs, together with a discussion of their nature.

The death on February 6 of Edward Emerson Barnard, one of the greatest of American astronomers, was an irreparable loss to science. Never since the days of Herschel has there been such an eager observer or such a living storehouse of celestial knowledge. He constantly watched the heavens,

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and never lost an opportunity, however slight, to study their changing phenomena. Although his observations of every class of celestial objects, stars, nebulæ, comets, planets, satellites, meteors, and many

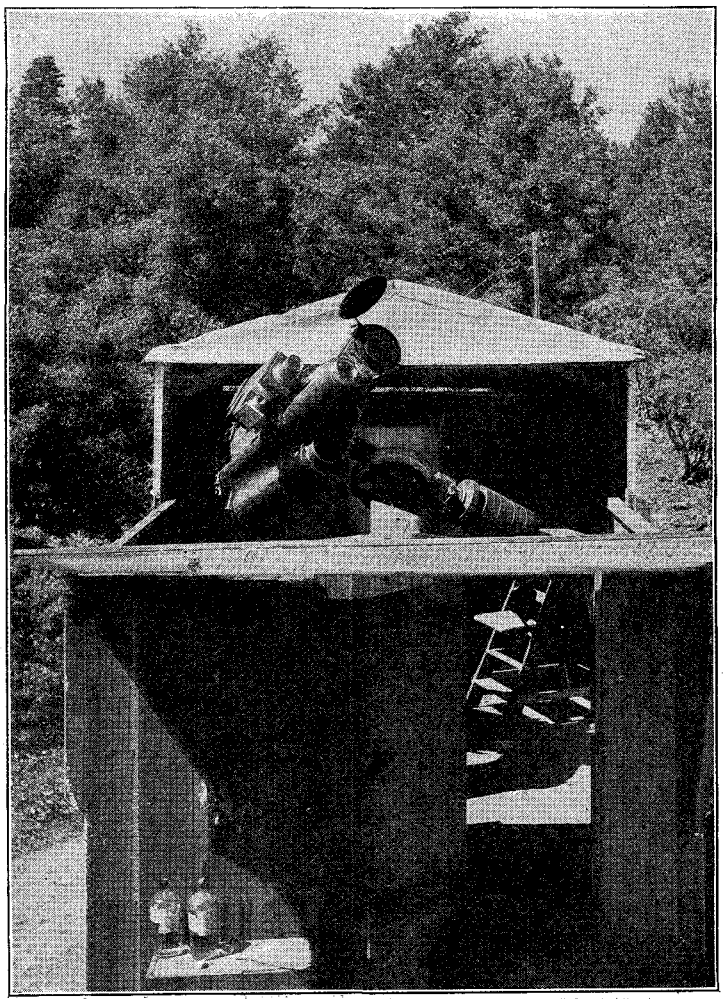

Fig. 3. The Bruce telescope as temporarily erected at Mount Wilson for the photography of the Milky Way.

others, were numbered by tens of thousands, he could always recall the day and often the hour of any one of them, as well as the exact details recorded. His tireless enthusiasm and his persistence in the heavy task of observing throughout the bitter nights of winter hastened his death, which is so deeply felt by his many friends.

Barnard was a magnificent example of that high regard for the exact and unqualified truth which the genuine man of science must embody. In him the passion for honest and undistorted fact dominated every personal preference and held him far above the plane of those whose chief concern is to demonstrate some favorite hypothesis, at whatever disregard of opposing evidence. No finer illustration of the ideals of science could be found than in this simple, sincere, and lovable astronomer, whose one and only object was to extend the boundaries of knowledge. He greatly succeeded, and his name is recorded in the rolls of the foremost explorers of the heavens.

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A DARK NEBULA IN SAGITTARIUS

Many of the dark markings of the sky were discovered by Barnard during his photographic work at the Lick Observa-

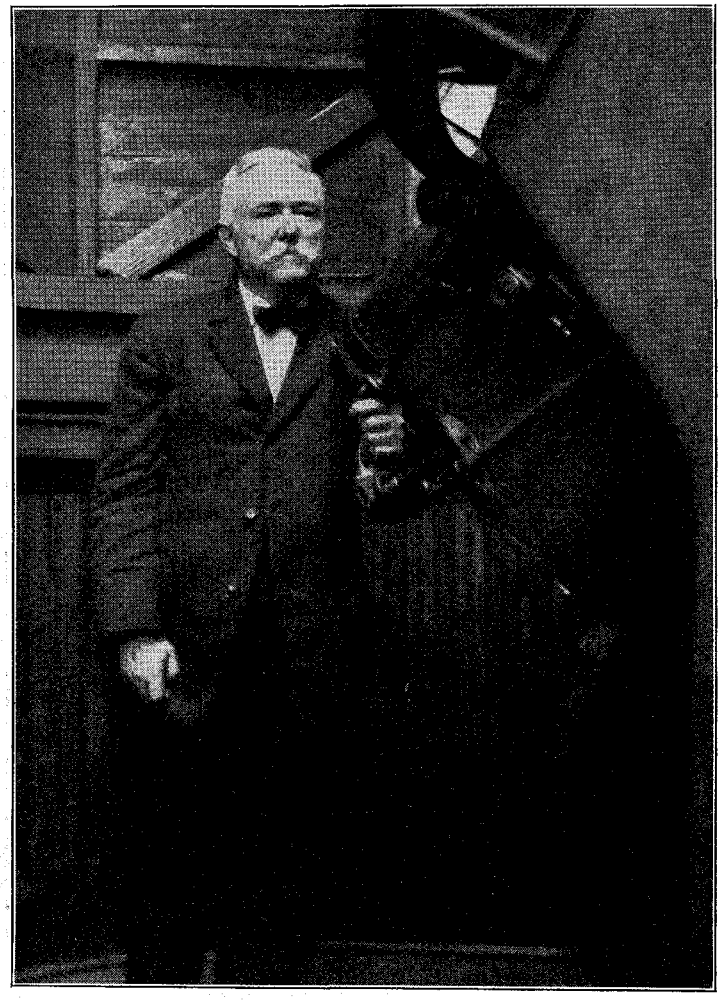

Fig. 4. Edward Emerson Barnard at the Bruce telescope.

tory, where I first met him in 1890, when he was a member of the original staff. But his first observations of such phenomena date from an earlier period, when he made his name as a discoverer of comets while a photographer's assistant at Nashville. In a recent paper in the *Astrophysical Journal*, "On the Dark Markings of the Sky," he speaks especially of a remarkable dark spot, black as an ink drop, in Sagittarius (No. 86), which appeared in his five-inch comet-seeker as one of the most impressive objects in the Milky Way. In 1895 he examined it with the 36-inch Lick refractor, where, with a magnifying power of 350, it nearly filled the field of view. It was fairly well defined on the west, but more diffuse on the east, and there seemed to be considerable nebulosity connected with it, a significant fact subsequently confirmed photographically by Curtis with the 36-inch Crossley reflector. A later photograph, taken in 1921 by Duncan with the 100-inch Hooker telescope at Mount Wilson, is reproduced in Fig. 5. It

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shows a few small stars in front of the intensely black nebular cloud, but the rich background of still fainter stars, more remote than the nebula, is lacking. A cluster of relatively bright stars appears close by on the left.

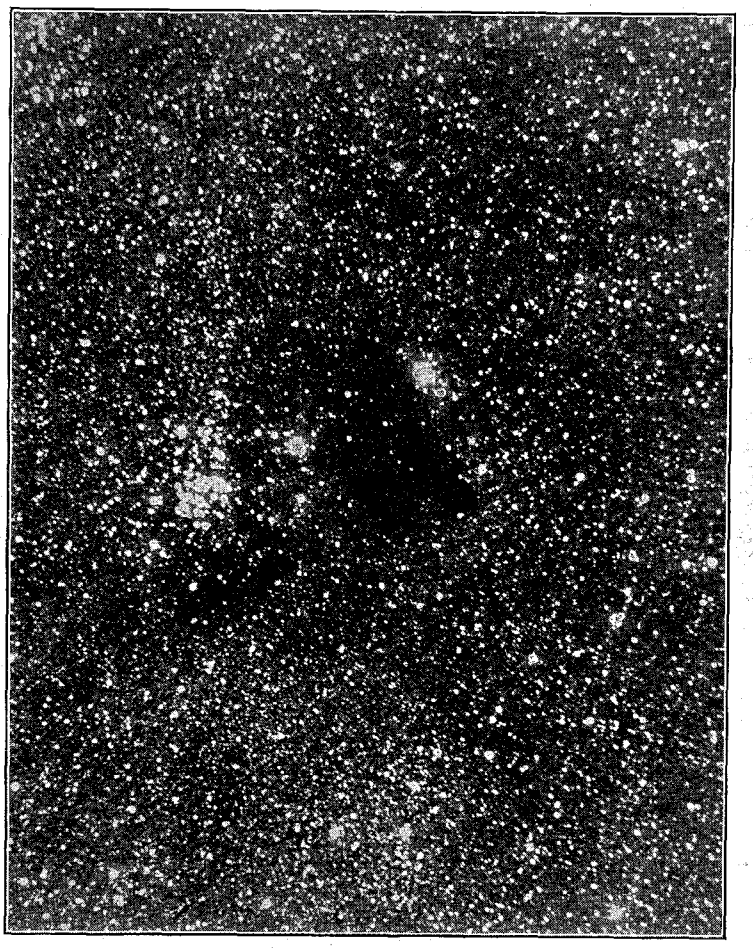

Fig. 5. Barnard's dark nebula No. 86.
Photographed by Duncan with the 100-inch Hooker telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

In considering the appearance of the dark objects in the photographs, the reader should bear in mind the nature of the instruments with which they were taken. Figs. 1, 6, 8, and 9 show very large regions of the sky on a small scale, taken with a camera of 50 inches focal length, provided with a large portrait lens of 10 inches aperture (the Bruce telescope). Figs. 5, 7, 10, and 12, on the contrary, show small areas of the sky on a large scale, taken with a camera of 43 *feet* focal length, with a mirror (instead of a lens) of 100 inches aperture (the Hooker telescope). While the 100-inch telescope serves much better than the Bruce for some purposes, the latter has the advantage of bringing before us a large region of the sky in a single photograph, and of accentuating the blackness and definiteness of objects that might not be detected with a large telescope because of their diffuse character in long-focus instruments. When once recognized on the portrait lens plates, however, their detailed study with a large telescope becomes essential. Even

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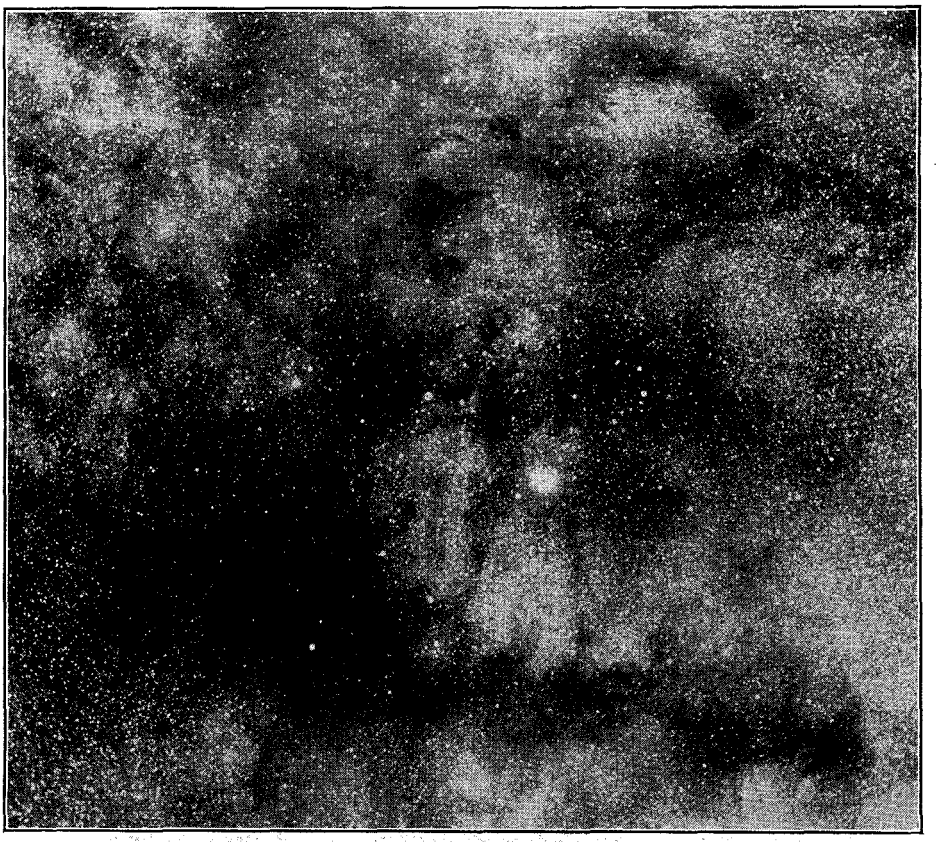

Fig. 6. Dark markings in the Milky Way about the bright star Theta Ophiuchi.
Photographed by Barnard with the Bruce telescope.

under the searching scrutiny of the 100-inch reflector, the sharpness and blackness of some of the dark nebulæ are so great that their images remain very distinct, as in the case of Barnard's No. 86 (Fig. 5). But in other instances such strong contrast is lacking, or the object may be so large as to cover the entire field of the 100-inch telescope.

In the region about the bright star Theta Ophiuchi many dark markings, both large and small, are found (Fig. 6). Some of these are very peculiar in form, and do not resemble any of the bright nebulæ. Nevertheless the evidence indicates that most of them are dark, obscuring masses, which cut off the light of the distant stars and leave visible only those that lie between the dark masses and the earth. The S-shaped area in the middle of Fig. 6 is Barnard's No. 72, shown on a large scale in Duncan's photograph with the 100-inch telescope (Fig. 7). Another fine region of the Milky Way photographed by Barnard is that in Cepheus, where many dark objects also appear (Fig. 8). Some of these are superposed on the great bright nebula that occupies the central area of the picture.

Thus far we have been considering the darker areas, some of which appear inky black when observed visually with a telescope. It is evident that if these are actually obscuring masses, lying between us and the more distant stars, they should be most conspicuous where the luminous background is brightest and most continuous, as in the crowded regions of the Milky Way. Barnard's photographs show this to be the case. With a very large telescope many stars too faint to be recorded on the Bruce photographs are seen,

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but these do not produce the luminous background. It results, according to Barnard, from myriads of small stars not visible even with the 40-inch Yerkes telescope.

Such stars are shown by Seares's long-exposure photographs with the Mount Wilson 60-inch reflector to be very numerous in the great clouds of the Milky Way, but they are comparatively few in number in the sky away from this region. Nevertheless, Barnard has found many dark objects in such areas of few stars. He gives as a notable instance No. 15 in his catalogue, elliptical in form, its longer axis equal to half the moon's diameter. "The background on which the stars shine is uniform over the entire plate. The object is in a region somewhat larger than itself, where there are relatively few stars, and is black by contrast with the sky alone. It clearly shows the presence of a feeble uniform luminosity in space which, from the appearance of similar objects in widely different parts of the sky, leads to the belief that this feeble illumination of distant space is universal. If this object were seen against the star clouds of the Milky Way it would appear strikingly black."

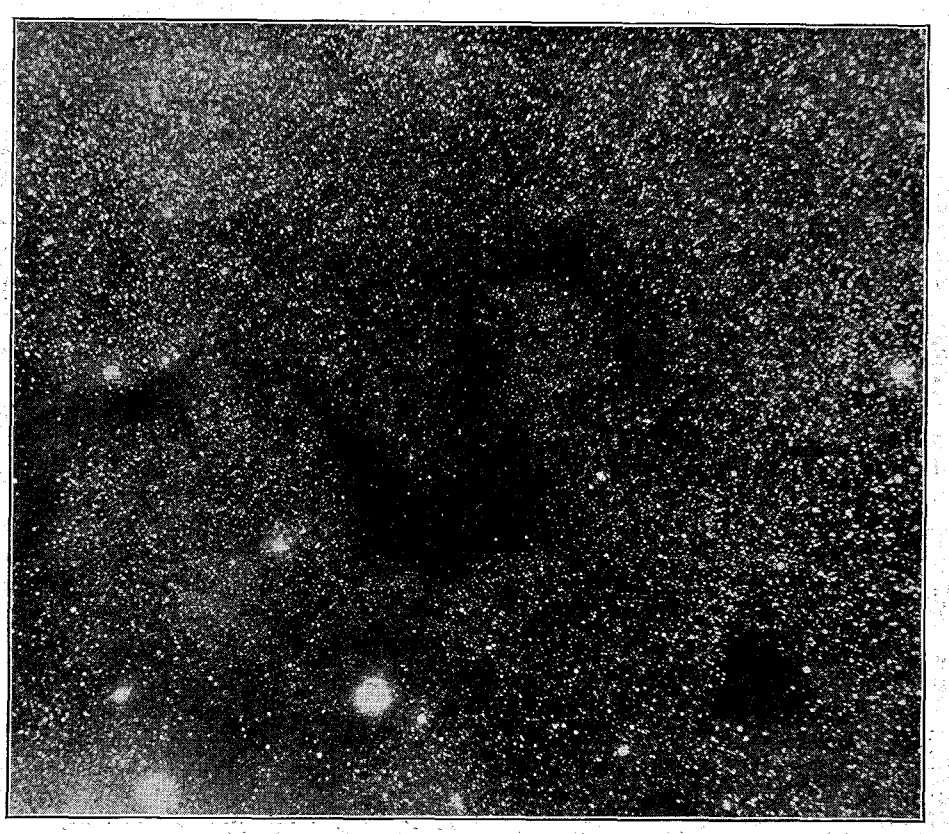

Fig. 7. Barnard's dark nebula No. 72 in Ophiuchus.
Photographed by Duncan with the Hooker telescope.

FAINTLY LUMINOUS NEBULÆ

Without attempting in the present article to discuss this feebly luminous background of the entire heavens, we may turn to the examination of obscuring nebulæ which, though they blot out the stars beyond them, seem to be slightly luminous themselves. Barnard's No. 92, the apparently black elliptical object in the centre of Fig. 9, is of this class. Lying against a bright star cloud in Sagittarius, it resembles on the Bruce photograph the

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inky black object No. 86, which has been described on page 85, and illustrated in Fig. 5. But Barnard found, in a careful visual examination of No. 92 with the 40-inch Yerkes telescope, that it is in reality faintly luminous. Thus its appearance of blackness in the Bruce photographs is chiefly due to an effect of contrast against the brilliant background of the Milky Way. Duncan's large-scale photograph of this object with the Hooker telescope, reproduced in Fig. 10, clearly shows the luminosity—although it is scarcely visible in the illustration.

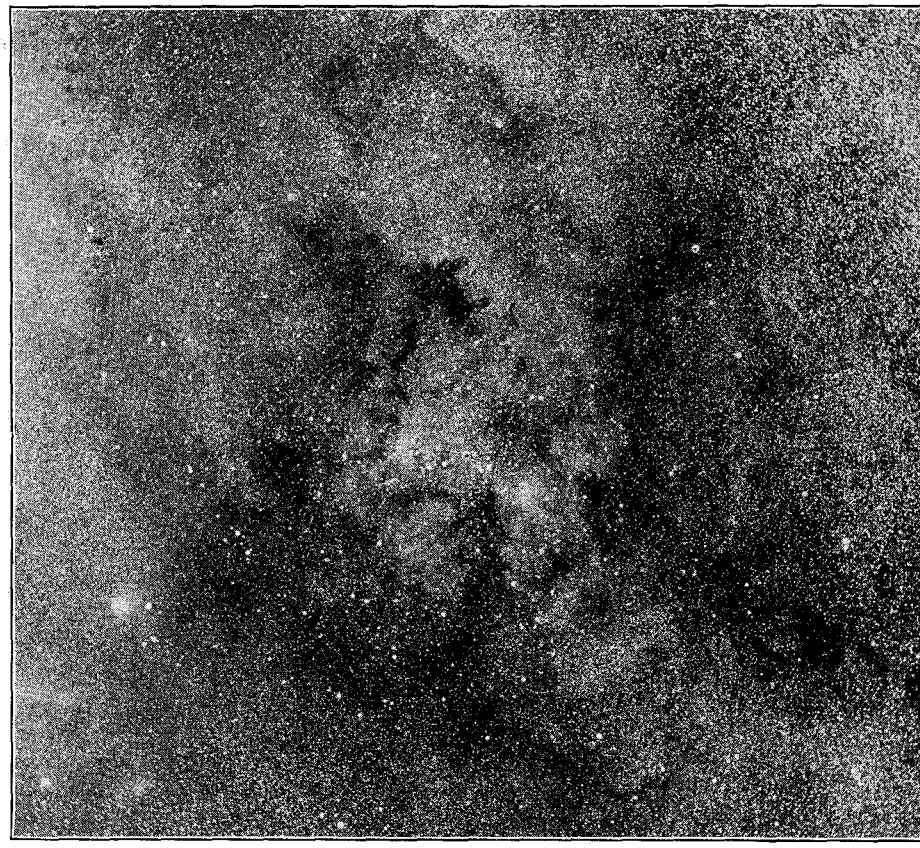

Fig. 8. Dark markings in a great nebula in Cepheus.
Photographed by Barnard with the Bruce telescope.

Any doubt one might retain as to the luminosity of certain obscuring regions may be removed by an examination of Fig. 11, a reproduction of Barnard's Bruce telescope photograph of a rich star cloud in Taurus. Above and to the right of the centre of the cut is a large region which appears almost totally dark except for a small bright nebula and a few stars superposed upon it. Leading from this region to the left, however, is a long lane which, though nearly devoid of stars, in some parts is of about the same intensity as the general background of neighboring areas in which stars are numerous. A similar long lane near the bottom of the cut is still more striking in this respect. From these and many similar instances, it cannot be doubted that some of these nebulæ, though sufficiently obscure to obliterate most, if not all, of the stars beyond them, are partly luminous themselves.

In previous articles mention has been made of the luminous nebulæ in Orion. One of them, faint but of colossal size,

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Fig. 9. Great star cloud in Sagittarius.

Photographed by Barnard with the Bruce telescope. The dark nebula No. 92 appears near the middle of the cut.

completely surrounds the entire constellation, while the bright nebula in the sword-handle, though small by comparison, is one of the most striking of telescopic objects. Thanks to the large reflectors, we find that the most remarkable of the dark nebulæ is also in Orion. Discovered long ago, the peculiar object shown in Duncan's photograph (Fig. 12) is too small to be effectively photographed with a short-focus telescope. It is evidently part of an immense obscuring mass, which blots out most of the stars on the left of the picture and projects, with its luminous border, in front of the star-filled area on the right. This photograph also shows a bright nebula on the left, above the centre of the cut.

Space is lacking to describe the hundreds of careful tests, both visual and photographic, which finally convinced Barnard of the existence of dark nebulæ. The value of his testimony is enhanced by his scepticism in 1894, when Mr. A. C. Ranyard reproduced one of Barnard's Lick Observatory photographs in his

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journal, *Knowledge*. Commenting on the dark lanes in this photograph, Ranyard remarked: "The dark vacant areas or channels running north and south of the bright star (Theta Ophiuchi) at the centre . . . seem to me to be undoubtedly dark structures, or obscuring masses in space, which cut out the light from the nebulous

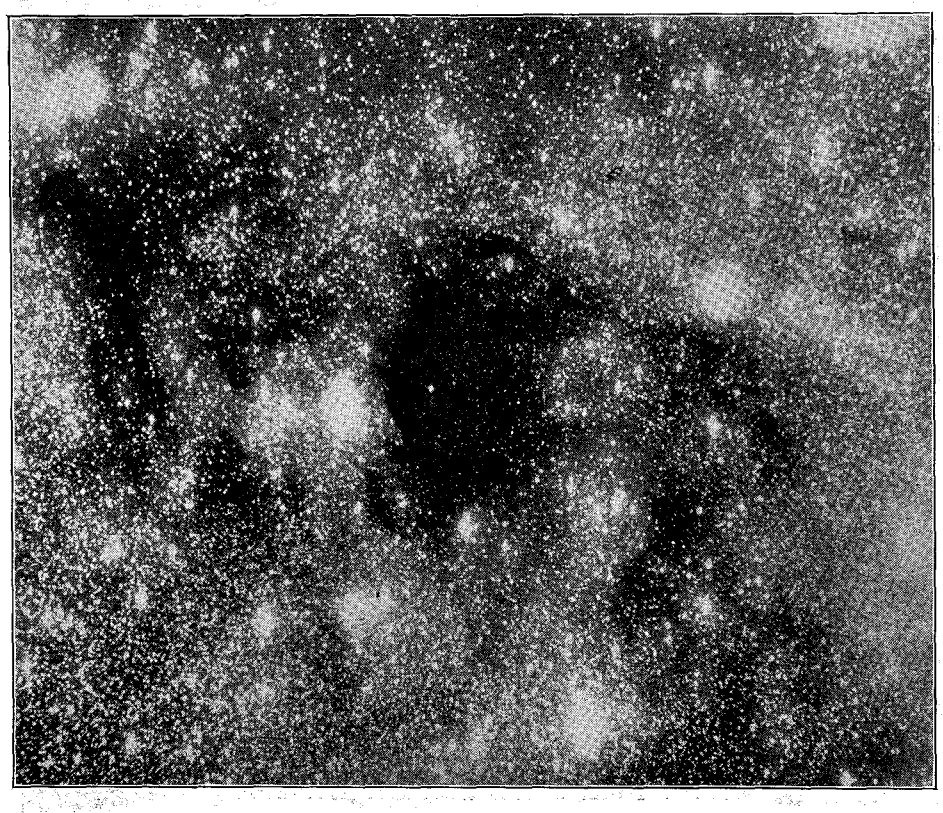

Fig. 10. Barnard's dark nebula No. 92.
Photographed by Duncan with the Hooker telescope.

or stellar region behind them." Barnard says that he "did not at first believe in the dark, obscuring masses," and I recall that I shared his doubts. At present there seems to be no room for question.

COSMIC DUST

We are thus called upon to recognize the existence of a new class of astronomical objects, which cover extensive and widely distributed areas of the heavens. It usually happens that the discovery of celestial phenomena precedes their interpretation by many years, but in this case, thanks to Doctor Henry Russell, a satisfactory explanation is already at hand. To understand it we must recall the existence of a force which, while feeble on the earth, is very powerful in the hotter stars.

The pressure exerted by a beam of light, even from the most brilliant terrestrial sources, is so slight that great ingenuity was required to detect and measure it. The well-known American physicists Nichols and Hull devised and built in 1901 a radiometer for this purpose, which left no doubt as to its reality or magnitude. Subsequent theoretical investigations by Schwarzschild showed that for particles of dust a few millionths of an inch in diameter, and of the density of water, the repulsive force of the sun's radiation is about ten times as great as its gravitational attraction. For dwarf stars, later in point of development than the sun, the repulsion is less, but the giant white

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stars of Class B repel such minute dust particles fully ten times as powerfully as the sun. Larger dust particles, which are less vigorously repelled, can exist near stars, but the finer ones will be driven away into space, where they may form the obscuring clouds revealed by Barnard's photographs. As the finest dust is always repelled by the stars, whatever their distance, it must continue to move toward the most remote depths of space. Sometimes it may attain regions where the repulsion from stars lying in opposite directions is nearly balanced, but it can never find a condition of perfect equilibrium. How, then, are the definite dark clouds to be accounted for?

Russell points out that as their outlines are often sharp, some force must hold the clouds together. This may be the gravitational attraction of the constituent dust particles acting on each other. There is reason to believe that the aggregate mass of some of the obscuring clouds is enormous—as great as that of hundreds of stars. Calculation shows that the mutual attraction of their particles would hold them together, unless these particles are moving at higher velocities than indications suggest.

The effect of such a cloud in cutting off the light of more distant stars depends upon the size, density, and number of the particles that compose it. Particles of the most effective size (with a circumference 1.12 times the wave-length of the incident light) produce a marked obscuring effect, so that a comparatively small amount of matter, divided into dust of this fineness, will easily account for some of the observed phenomena. Moreover, particles of this size are precisely those most vigorously repelled from the stars.

The appearance in space of these clouds of cosmic dust will depend upon their environment. If remote from bright stars,

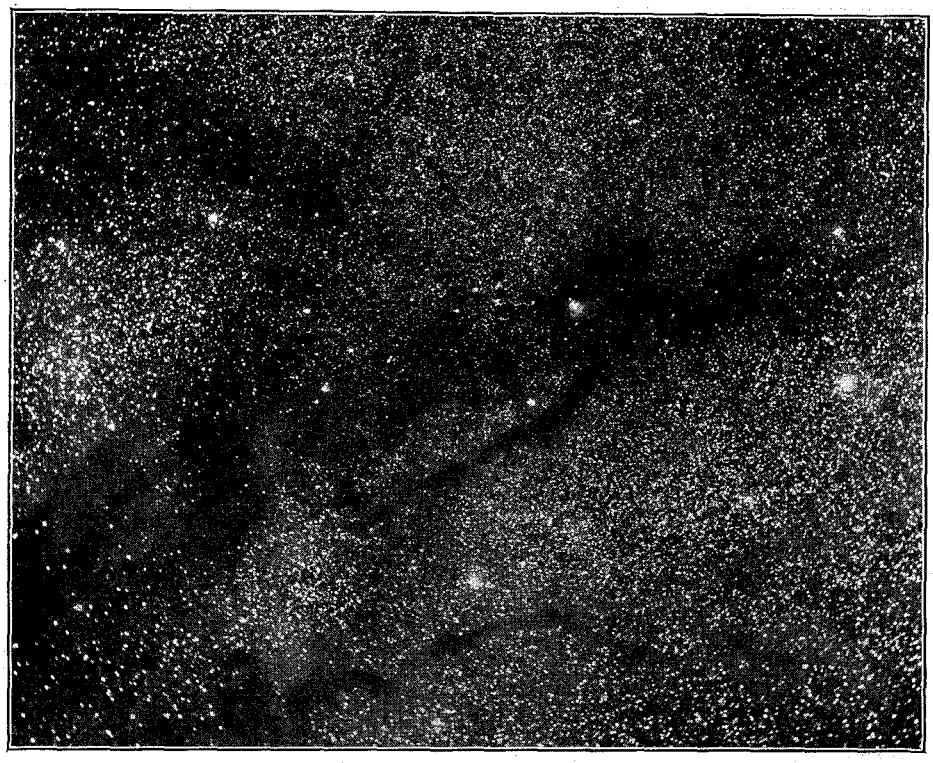

Fig. 11. Partially dark nebulæ and dark lanes in Taurus.
Photographed by Barnard with the Bruce telescope (6-inch lens).

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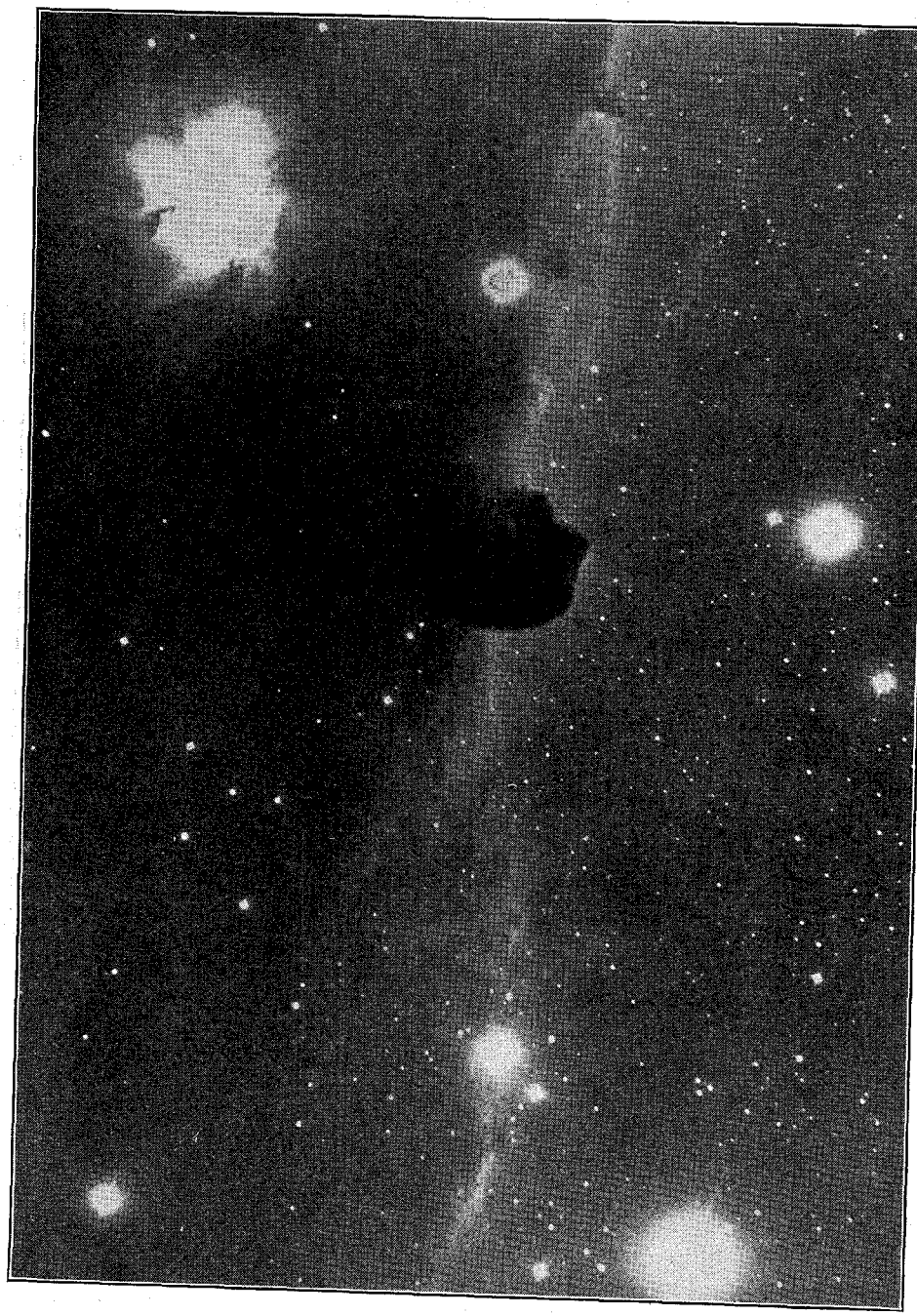

Fig. 12. Dark nebula in Orion.
Photographed by Duncan with the Hooker telescope.

and observed against a luminous background, they will be recognized as obscuring masses, capable of obstructing the light from the more distant sources. If close to bright stars they may reflect to us some of their light, as Slipher has shown to be the case in the nebulæ surrounding the Pleiades. Or, in harmony with the

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theoretical investigations of Russell and the recent observations of Hubble at Mount Wilson, the radiation from the stars may excite a secondary emission of light by gaseous molecules associated with the dust particles.

With all of these results in view, Russell draws for us an entirely new picture of the Great Nebula in Orion (Fig. 13). We have long been accustomed to think of this brilliant object as a mass of glowing gas, but the cause of its luminosity has never been understood. Russell sees it as an enormous plenum in which wisps and clouds of dust, carrying molecules of gas with them, are in constant motion. Those that pass into the neighborhood of the four bright stars of the Trapezium are excited into luminosity by their brilliant radiation, giving us the characteristic nebular spectrum, which fades away toward the faint outlying regions. On this hypothesis the dark masses shown in Fig. 13 are obscuring clouds of dust, dense enough to be quite opaque to light coming from behind them. If this view is correct, the Orion nebula, as we see it, is chiefly a superficial fluorescence of the gaseous elements in a small region of an inconceivably great cloud of cosmic dust, driven to

Fig. 13. Central part of the great nebula in Orion.
Photographed by Pease with the Hooker telescope.

THE NATURE OF NEBULÆ

An account of Hubble's remarkable results must be reserved for another article, but they may be briefly mentioned here. The character of the spectrum of a nebula, whether continuous, with dark lines, or composed of bright lines, depends upon the temperature of conspicuous stars, obviously involved in the nebula. The extent and brightness of the nebulæ are also found to be proportional to the brightness of the stars involved. The conclusion is that these stars are the source of nebular luminosity, which in some cases may be simply reflected starlight while in others it is starlight absorbed and re-emitted by the gaseous constituents of the nebula.

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and fro by never-ceasing currents. These produce constant changes of form, which at the distance of the sun (8 light-minutes) would be perceptible after a short interval of time. But at the far greater distance of 600 light-years, the most careful comparative measures of large-scale photographs, taken at intervals of many years, will be required to reveal them.

What a picture is thus presented to the imagination! Myriads of stars, many of them far larger than the sun, organized in a system so vast that light cannot traverse it in less than three hundred thousand years. Each star a powerful centre of attractive and repulsive forces, drawing into it, at meteoric velocities, all masses entering its neighborhood at moderate speeds; driving from it electrons and other minute particles, which its repulsion pursues into the most distant regions of the universe. Each particle, moving with millions of its kind through the highways and crossroads of space, or drawn with its companions into masses by mutual attraction, aiding to form great cosmic clouds, dark and obscuring when far from brilliant stars, luminous with the spectral hues of the lightest gases when exposed to intense stellar excitation. And this is but half the picture, for every particle of gas or dust is built of countless molecules, and these in turn of atoms, each comprising an ultramicroscopic world, in which the whirling electrons, like the planets of the solar system, move in their orbits about a positive nucleus—their central sun.

Codicil

BY H. G. DWIGHT

And when I die call in, too, if you will,
The priest. And, if he will, let him say o'er
The brave old words that I could not believe.
So many have believed them—and who knows?
And if you must, why, dig for me a grave—
Near open water, or on some high place
From which there is a vision of the world.
Is not the cold seed, buried in the dark,
Thrilled back into the miracle of life?
Yet let me go more quickly, if you may.
Give me to pass by fire into the light
That I have always loved, and let me be
At once a part of God's clean wind. But oh,
Grant me one little mercy, gentle friends.
I let you call the priest. I let you say
The "dust to dust" of those immortal words.
I shrink not from the darkness of a grave.
But if you bear this heart that beats no more
Unto the pyre, wait not to gather there
My ashes into any foolish urn,
As something sacreder than the good brown mould.
Or if you leave the speechless part of me
In the unanswering earth, oh, on my grave

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Spare me the humiliation of a stone!
I could sleep softly in the marble bed
Where Alexander lay, watched round about
By proud young men and stallions and wild beasts,
In the pale beauty of his vanished world.
I could find truce of dreams in that white room
In Florence where the mighty statues muse,
Stilling all chatter in their air of stars—
Or in another chamber that I know,
Tile-tapestried and flickering with a fire
Of jewel panes, where a dead Caliph lies.
But oh, it would be ill for me 'neath a weight
Of stupid stone, carved with well-meaning words!
Why stammer to the world a few vain years
Of one whom it had never known? Why mock
Your friend with dear but ill-considered praise—
To make another generation smile,
To topple slowly into invading weeds
And keep so much of nature from the sun?
Carve me no monument. But on my grave
Plant me a young tree—chestnut, oak, or pine.
Or if shine on me last a southern sun,
A plane-tree, born to prop the sky—or best
A cirque of cypresses, that, feeling down,
May gather me into their green and leap
The higher into spires of emerald flame.
So when the air flows through their woven boughs
The voice you hear will be a little mine.
So in the later years, when you are gone
And no one knows why cypresses are there,
My fluent leaves, inspired by the stars,
Shall utter things this tongue could never say—
Hap to some bitter heart that will not rest
Until it give them immortality.
So, when young lovers seek the fairy ring
Where my slim shadows bar the moonlit grass,
I shall still have a part in this sweet world.
And so the Sculptor of the Woods shall make
Even for me a worthy sepulchre
Of laurelled bards and conquerors and kings;
The Poet of the Sky shall stoop to chant
An epitaph of wonder for my grave.

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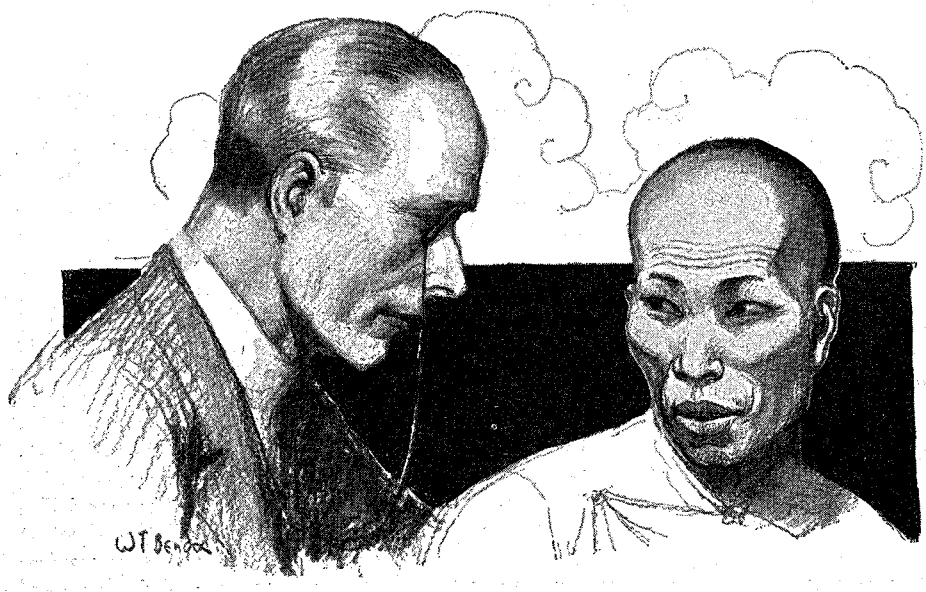

The Chinaman's opaque eyes had been full of dread.—Page 99.

The Shuttle

BY ISA URQUHART GLENN
Author of "Bats Macabre"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

"The fishes, though deep in the water, may be hooked; the birds, though high in the air, may be shot; but man's heart only is out of our reach. The heavens may be measured; the earth may be surveyed; the heart of man alone is not to be known."

—*Chinese Moral Maxims.*

I WAS entertaining Troil at the Elks' Club in Manila.

The setting sun made magic over the great bulk of the Army and Navy Club next door, touched with its flattering brush the modern hotel across the "made ground" with which we have ruined the Luneta, powdered the curving sweep of beach that stretches from the city to the Polo Club. Clubs everywhere. The trail of the American, who has to sleep in a hotel with brass beds and bathe in a tub with running water and foregather at clubs.

We sat on the portico, waiting for the late dinner-hour of Manila, and looked out across the bay in an effort to forget the improvements which are effacing the marks of history. I was speaking of these things and in a way apologizing to Troil for the havoc that my flag had brought to beauty. For Troil lives in the Philippines. One of those Englishmen who seem to be living in every outpost of the world.

But Troil appeared to think that we had not done enough out there; that we had failed, in some way, to understand something that he was failing to convey to me. He talked vaguely, and my thoughts on the subject were shadowy; we were unable to find a mental focus. I had the feeling, throughout the entire

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evening, that I was in the dark and that Troil was only half-way out of the dark—in a sort of twilight stage of seeing.

We were discussing the meeting-ground of the races; for that, more than Hongkong even, Manila has come to be. Troil was saying:

"The only way in which a Caucasian can get at an Oriental is to see him in conjunction with a white man and judge by what he does. We can't judge what he thinks, for we can't get inside his head—ever!"

"But that only holds good here, where the whites have been in possession for so many centuries. We'd do better to study him in his own habitat," I advanced. "The Japanese in his islands—the Chinaman in Peking—say?"

"No," answered Troil. "No. The Japanese in Tokio, the Chinaman in Peking—those are cogs of government. Governments do not show people as they are; they show people as they would like to be considered to be. We can't go into their heads there, any more than we can here. I've been in the East a long time, Winslow; and I tell you that we can never get beneath the skin of an Asian. Contact, not psychology: that's what we must work on. And we only get the contact in a city like this, where we are all thrown together. Contact!"

"There's bound to be a link," I said. "Humanity is a chain. I have it—Eurasians! There's our link, between a superior yellow race and the whites!"

I had been amused on meeting Troil the week previous to note that he, an exile of many years, still persisted in his use of the monocle. But this evening it struck me that even through the little glass his eye was strange. He was looking too fixedly at nothing.

He nodded abstractedly. "They are a link, but a weak link because they hate both sides. They understand the Chinese—yes; but they loathe them because they are ashamed of their one-half Chinese blood. They dimly understand the English, and hate them vindictively because they find themselves outcasts among the whites. I know a Eurasian woman—a woman who is outside her two races—a woman without a race that claims her. Unhappy they are—naturally. The Eurasian is like the snake, which hates all human creatures."

"The cross produces beautiful women, I've heard."

"Oh, yes," said Troil indifferently. He tipped his chair back against the stucco wall of the portico. His mouth was sneering. "I say—have you never seen a Eurasian?"

"Not that I can remember. My work hasn't taken me into their haunts. I'm a naturalist, I think I told you. I'm after orchids, not human rarities."

"I was going on to say that, if you're hunting up oddities, the Eurasian is interesting. The lineal descendant of whatever progeny Eve had by her amour with the serpent. Looks for all the world like his ancestor. His head is flat, and set at the end of a long and peculiarly waving neck. His hair is sparse and dank and of an odd shade of black. His eyes are slits of black that make you think they are green, and their lids are almost non-existent—at any rate, they don't move. And yet, he looks out at you from underneath those lids."

"Worth a few moments of study!" I laughed.

"I don't care for them," said Troil positively. After a pause, he added: "I can't begin to tell you how they make my flesh creep."

We drank in silence; in silence watched the last light of the sun disappear behind the banks of clouds that often come up at sunset, out there. In the dining-room behind us the candles were being lit on the tables, before he spoke again.

"Where do you go from Manila?"

"Heading for Palawan. But I shall go down on a coast-guard vessel, so that I can stop off wherever I see a chance to collect any rarer specimens—the Visayas, for instance."

"If you really want to see the boiling of the races, make a point of dropping into Tacloban. I should be delighted to have you put up at my house." It occurred to him, evidently, that I knew too little of him and his reason for being out there. He continued, speaking slowly: "I am with an English commercial firm. Exile, of course. What is popularly known as a remittance man. That is, my people pay me to stay away from England. I am

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telling you this because of one fact: there's a difference in the point of view, between a remittance man and the exile who selected his own sentence. The remittance man settles himself down; he knows he's got to stay. You will understand what I mean when you get there." He laughed dryly. "My wife will—probably—be glad to see you!"

I was startled. He had impressed me as being a single man. He must have seen something of this in my face, for he took up his explanations almost immediately.

"I first settled in Hongkong. Married there. Very beautiful woman—very alluring—the kind who get a grip on you, when you first come out. The kind you cannot size up, because you don't see their sort in any other part of the world." With a somewhat startling change of subject, he went on: "There's a queer little white orchid in those parts—the Paloma—which only blooms for one day a month. It's worth the trip; a fairy-like effect of tiny white birds perched on the branches that were bare and lifeless when you went to bed the night before, and through the whole air a wonderful scent of lemons; and, the next day, bare branches again. Somewhat like the variety of love which springs up in this region."

The fellow had got me interested, and my interest seemed to arouse a corresponding interest in him. With the nearest approach to friendliness that he had yet allowed to pierce his armor of the exile who in a tropical country is on guard against all other white men, he said:

"I should suggest a Spanish ship instead of a coast-guard. The 'boys' aboard know the ways of the native orchid-hunters, and will give you chances, while the coast-guard captain will decide that you are snooping and will see to it that you are shackled by circumstances which he can easily arrange. And, by the way, Winslow—although this was not my reason for advising you to take a supply-boat—would it annoy you to bring down a China boy who is being shipped to me from Hongkong? I haven't been in Tacloban long enough to have got my establishment running smoothly; can't tolerate the mañana Filipino; and a friend in Hongkong is sending this servant out. I have a marvellous chino cook, who has been with me for some years; you'll appreciate him!"

I was sure that I should appreciate the cook. Troil displayed a taste in food of the best quality during the dinner that ensued.

I arrived at Tacloban just after breakfast. The air still held the freshness of the early morning, and the haze, which lingered over the shores that were so close to the little ship, was violet and blue, and had not yet begun to quiver with the heat waves of the day ahead. The ship had been steaming slowly, for the whole night, through the tortuous channels of the Strait of San Juanico. We had left behind us, the day before, the pretty part of the islands—Romblon, Masbate—with the childlike smile that the little islands wear. I had sat on deck looking at one after another toy port; and after Cebú there had not been a touch of grimness until we entered the strait. Then, in the moonlight that was as white as day and conveyed a sense of the color of things seen, I had noticed that the strait was filled with slender-water snakes, sickly pink, like large worms, although they were several feet in length. The water was thick with them; all swimming in one direction, against the course of the ship, so that I got the impression of countless little pinkish heads reared up to look at me as I stared over the rail.

The Chinaman who had come out from Hongkong had crept to my side.

"No likee!" he had whispered. "Stlange land! Me got muchee fear, all time lookee snakes!"

"You afraid of seeing snakes, Sing?" I had inquired jocosely.

But the Chinaman's opaque eyes had been full of dread. "No likee!" he had repeated. "You no savvy—weaver's shuttle thlow welly bad!"

He had stayed motionless for a moment longer, then had slunk off to his own quarters forward. His list slippers had made no sound on the planks of the deck. He had faded into the shadows as if, a second before, he had not been there telling me of his superstitious dread. But he had left behind the distinct impression that if he had not been afraid of the snakes in the water he would have gone

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overboard rather than face dangers that he sensed ahead.

I looked around for him, in the delicious morning that I was sure must have dispelled his fears of the night. There he was, trim and shiny in his black pantaloons and blue-linen coat, his camphor-wood chest at his side, ready to go ashore. When I spoke to him, he gave me his usual impassive jerk of the head. In his eyes was no expression whatever. He did not glance at the water that slid along beneath us. But I had already examined it. There were no snakes in its translucent green.

Troil was awaiting us at the docks, in a low-swung carriage drawn by a native pony—one of those diminutive animals that look as if the spirit had been crushed out of them but that harbor within their scrubby bodies the devil of a temper. An old Filipino drove, his shirt-tails hanging down around the high perch of his seat. The Chinaman, who I was now told was to take the vacant post of No. 1 boy in the household, sat on the step of the calesa, while Troil and I, as became white men, lolled back on the seat. My luggage, and the camphor-wood chest of No. 1 boy, followed in a carabao cart; the creak of its heavy wooden wheels accompanied the perfunctory comments of my host on the ramshackle barrio along the outskirts of which we drove.

The barrio appeared to be a succession of unpaved lanes with high-sounding Spanish names. The lanes wandered off among nipa shacks, swaggered with an attempt at pavements past a few residences of wood, and apologetically joined hands with the quays, sneaking alongside the houses of the few white residents of the place.

To one of the more pretentious of these houses the shirted Filipino drove up, stopping at the door with a stampede of sharp hoofs and a scattering of the coral rock of the roadway that I wondered the decrepit horse could achieve.

Nice house, in the Spanish style. In the centre, a very large sala into which all of the other rooms opened with only the formality of curtains. Around the walls of the sala, numerous rocking-chairs of bent wood—chairs that were too high from the floor for comfort, too much inclined to tip over backward for security. Along the spaces between the doorways, consoles of carved Narra wood. The walls themselves painted a villainous shade of bright blue. The trail of the land over the whole thing. No sign that in this house an Englishman made his home.

It struck me that Troil seemed loath to have me here. His manner had changed, since I had seen him in Manila. It was that of the punctilious host who was doing all that might be done for a guest, but who in his secret heart wished the guest anywhere save in this particular place. I decided that, after talking with his own kind, his return to his home had been the occasion of a renewed bitterness toward whatever had brought him to this pass. I was more strongly of this opinion when he had ensconced me in one of the bedrooms. To my startled gaze the room was a mass of pink satin covered with cotton lace, of bows of sleazy ribbon, of large conch-shells, and sprays of the coarse coral of the islands.

A young China boy brought in my luggage. Another China boy fetched a pitcher of some reddish liquid which showed, floating in its un-iced depths, slices of green limes and rough-skinned pummelos. Troil excused himself and went back to install No. 1 boy.

"Mrs. Troil will be in the sala by the time you have shaken down a bit," he said as he was leaving the room. In his voice was the constraint that I had noticed in his manner.

I hurried through my toilet. I was more curious to see Mrs. Troil than to see the Paloma orchid which had been the reason for my stop-off at Tacloban. As I heard his footsteps returning along the polished floor I followed him into the sala.

I shall never forget my first impression of Mrs. Troil. Her husband's inference that she had once been beautiful had not prepared me for her. A small-boned face, pallid as a jasmine flower. Eyes large, very dark, opaquely dark, and with only rudimentary lashes; corners almost level, but not quite. Mouth almost red, but missing the mark of a fresh pinkness. Thin, narrow-shouldered, flat-chested, small hips that managed in their slenderness to roll as she walked. Nothing fleshy here, nothing passionate, and yet

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all the evil passions were in those sloe eyes, which had the curiously impassive, motionless calm of a watching serpent.

She was exquisitely dressed, but missed daintiness. Her nails were not clean, I noticed as she shook hands with me. Her hands and feet were smaller than normal. A small-boned woman. But all of her flesh would be as cold to the touch as that slender hand, I thought as I dropped it quickly. Unhealthy, though not in body; for I found out afterward that she could stand more debilitating heat than any woman I ever saw.

Between her and her husband, I got the sense of mutual watchfulness, of profound antipathy. I had known Troil for too short a time to be sure of anything about him; but in the wreck of his heavy blond good looks could be read burned-out passions. Even in the light of his few confidences in Manila, the union between these two puzzled me. He was unmistakably a gentleman; I had gathered that he was an Oxford man; while the woman gave every indication of being of the class who are unaccustomed. Not that she was in any sense uneducated. She was amazingly well informed on literature, the arts, any topic which arose. But her taste in her house and, above all, her very evident smouldering hatred and suspicion of what Troil might be thinking while he talked, impressed me with the existence of a barrier between them which was not of the body.

I could see, of course, that she was not an Englishwoman, although she spoke without an accent. But there was something exotic—there was something which I can only describe as heat—about her which differentiated her from Troil with his signs of a one-time devastating sensuality. The perfume that she used, and that had got through the still air of the morning, was strange to me as she was. I did not recognize the musk, the Ylang Ylang, the frangipani of the country. I spoke of this scent finally, it having seemed to pervade me as it pervaded the room.

Troil laughed suddenly. "That is the scent of the Eurasian!" he exclaimed in a voice which had caught no warmth from his laugh. "They don't have to use artificial scent. It smells like incense, do you notice? Like incense that has been burned before gods of whom we know nothing."

She gave him a malevolent look. And I understood what he had said about the lids of the Eurasian. Her lids did not droop; I could not swear that she had lids for those angry eyes; but something had been lowered over the flame of their blackness.

That flame burned through the walls of the house; burned me during the siesta hour, when, alone in my room, I tried to read. Was this the flame that had got hold of Troil, in the days of his own fire? More likely the flame that had burned the passion out of him.

We sat, after dinner, on the large square porch which was built into the garden side of the house. A porch furnished like a room, and showing as no other part of the house did the marks of Troil's occupancy. Troil and I had looped our feet over the long arms in which the chairs terminated. Across the Strait of San Juanico the sunset shrieked in tones of scarlet and green and gold, streaked across by the inevitable morose and theatrical clouds. The long rays of the sun touched up the dead-looking clumps of the Paloma orchid which were nailed to the pillars of the veranda. Dry twigs, waiting for the signal to burst into their monthly flowering, waiting to prove their right to live. Through the thin smoke of my cigarette, and the pale yellow light of the dying day, I was staring idly at the ugly things and curiously at the woman, and remembering something that the Chinaman had said on the ship coming down. I was arriving at the conclusion that I, too, disliked this "stlange land," wherein things were beautiful intermittently and hideous for long stretches.

"Troil," I asked lazily, "what do you suppose No. 1 boy meant by his allusion to the weaver's shuttle?"

"Did you never read the Chinese classics?" countered Troil. "Best get at them, if you are going to try and understand what a chino says. It's most amazing, the way in which one's cooks throw Confucius at one's head. You go out to the kitchen to swear at them for their confounded chop-chop of the meat, the rhythm of which has got on your nerves, and they down you by a sage quotation. 'The man whose conscience is easy

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will not fear a knock on the door at midnight,' was the reassurance that Lim Li handed No. 1 boy just now. That crash, madam—" he turned to his wife—"was a tray of your beloved red glassware, which No. 1 boy had just dropped."

Mrs. Troil started from her chair. Her hands clinched into fists of fury. Her eyes blazed, and I was interested to see that even as they blazed they were narrowed and filmed by something not lids. She ran through the door into the sala, so precipitately that in any other woman heels would have pounded on the bare floor; but her step was smooth and noiseless. Her husband smiled maliciously.

"Good thing that some of it is broken," he said. "Awful stuff!"

"'A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step,'" he resumed after one of his pauses. "Usually, out here, the step is matrimony. Damned easy to marry! Oh, I beg your pardon, Winslow! You asked what No. 1 boy meant, and I forgot to answer you. The habit of a remittance man, who forgets, after a time, to be a gentleman. He probably alluded to one of their proverbs—you observe that even I, a white man, have dropped into the way of depending on these sayings as a short cut—some catch about time, and days, and months flying like a weaver's shuttle. Which is, I dare say, another way of saying that one's fate marches on."

He wanted to talk, and he wanted to talk to a white man; I could see that. So I smoked, and watched the yellow glow change to the sudden hot gloom of night, and let him talk on. There was in him a desperate need for contact with his kind, a need that made me overlook the obvious bad taste of his confidences.

"Out here, much happens that is surprising to our Western minds," he was saying. "They are nearer to the ancient knowledge of the dark things than we are. But sometimes we get a glimpse—through a coupling of our fate with the fates of other peoples. Only a glimpse, however. It's like diving into the mysteries; it saps some fundamental strength of one's own race and color."

This, I felt, was the trouble with the man himself. Debilitated, spiritually devastated by the Orient, he hung on to his wife because he no longer had the strength of race to act on his mental revulsion and leave her. And he did not feel toward this woman of a race that his instincts insisted was inferior the loyalty which he would have shown toward a white woman for whom he might conceivably have nourished an equal dislike.

A cachinnation of horrid animal sounds broke out in the garden. We leaned over the rail, between the bunches of dry twigs, and strained our eyes to see whatever disturbance was going on below us. But it had grown very dark. We could see that the shrubbery was violently agitated; the masses of black in the greater mass of shadow were moving spasmodically: snarls, spitting, the shrill bark of a dog, the scuffling of feet upon the pebbles of the garden paths, the scratching of claws hanging to a tree.

Guttural Chinese words, spoken in an oily fat voice from the direction of the kitchen window at the back of the house, put an end to the combat. A patch of perfect blackness slunk across the path toward the oily voice. There bounded on to the porch a handsome red chow dog, which laid upon Troil's knee a badly scratched muzzle. Troil examined the nose, meanwhile speaking soothingly to the frightened animal.

"So you let Lim Li's cat do you up again; eh, old fellow?" he said, in a gentler voice than I had heard him use. "However, don't feel too bad over it. That cat could do up a realler man than you!"

The cook, of whom I had caught a glimpse earlier in the day, now came onto the porch with a saucer of olive-oil for the dog's wounds. He was a big and fat Chinaman, with about his face that certain quality of childlike innocence which appears to be an attribute of all fat Chinamen.

"Solly," he said to his master as he helped anoint the dog's muzzle with the oil. His touch was gentle; but I felt that it had in it a degree of condescension. Certainly, he was murmuring as he plied the oil: "Chow-chow! Dog o'ly good makee chow-chow!"

"Why do you tolerate the presence of the cat, if it always whips the dog?" I asked Troil, when the Chinaman had left the porch.

"No cat, no Lim Li. He's insanely de-

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voted to the beast. Raised it from its birth; in fact, he owned the mother, but only as a mouser around his various kitchens. This son of the first creature he treats as an honored friend. As I gather from his laconic explanations of his affection for the thing—for they aren't animal-lovers, the chinks—it was born on the day after his father was murdered by some rival in Hongkong. The Chinese are, as you know, strong on ancestor worship, and in some way that is dark to me Lim Li has satisfied himself that this rangy, ferocious cat is inhabited by the soul of his father and lives with the son as a reminder that murder must be avenged. He has told me that his father's soul cannot reach rest in heaven until the murderer is himself killed. Don't ask me to explain his reasoning. His father, so I understood from the Englishman who employed him as cook, was a peaceable old man. The cat—well, you saw the cat fight the chow to a finish!"

It was difficult to ascribe thoughts such as these to the fat Chinaman Lim Li. But Troil had gradually imbued me with the idea of the unknown. A tight yellow skin was no longer a tight yellow skin; it was the casing of mystery. Mrs. Troil rejoined us on the porch, and added to my sense of the unknown; for as she came through the darkened sala I had heard her in whispered and evidently friendly conversation with the cook. I felt that the master of the house was being worked against—that the wife was in league with the servants—that the wife was against the servants. In this murky atmosphere of two races, and of a mixture of the races, I could not tell what league existed, or against whom the league combined. I felt my interest in the Paloma orchid waning. If the thing did not bloom within a few days, I decided that I would quit Tacloban for the nearest port boasting a hotel. Confound this land! It made a man nervous. It made him imagine things.

The moon sailed along through a now cloudless sky. The rush of the earth through space could be felt. In such a planetary system all things could happen, all things were possible. As the earth was swimming along beside the moon, my head swam in a space of enormous evils.

I was anxious to find out what the woman was thinking. After her husband's open treatment of the situation, there was no reason why I should not question her.

"What is your theory, Mrs. Troil, in regard to Lim Li's idea that his father's soul is in the cat?" I asked brusquely.

In the darkness I knew that she was languidly fanning. No current of air from the fan reached me; but with this woman all that she did got into the feel of the place. Something emanated from her; something impalpable, conveyed on currents of ether rarer than air. I felt that her lidless eyes were filmed as she listened to my question.

"I do not know!" she answered slowly, in her perfect English. "They are pigs—the Chinese—all of them!" And I got the idea that Lim Li, feeling for Mrs. Troil the contempt that she felt in full measure for him, had not told her what he saw in the eyes of the cat. She meditated for a while. The fan continued to wave before her invisible face. "I have no use for the Chinese," she resumed, snapping off her words. "This pig of a No. 1 boy—may the fiends roast him in oil!—this dog of a creature with the soul of a dog—he has broken, in one day, a great part of the beautiful glassware that I brought from Hongkong! He is nervous!" The hatred in her voice was indescribable; the air vibrated with it, as with some malignant force of a strength beyond the strength of human creatures. "I should enjoy seeing him dead," she concluded.

She relapsed into a dark silence, which I was loath to break. Her silences, I was convinced, meant more than her few sentences in painstaking English. During these intervals, I had a consciousness of getting closer to something that still eluded me. She was the link between my own world and this other half of the world. I felt that she was brooding, through her silences, on things I did not know. The darkness of the night grew darker from the thoughts in that head so near me on the porch but which I could not see. The blackness pressed down upon my own head. The air was hard to breathe. I was relieved when Troil pulled his long body up from his chair and suggested that we go to bed.

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As we separated in the sala and I went toward my room, holding my candle carefully against the night wind that blew through the house, I overheard her saying something to her husband. It seemed to have to do with her rage against No. 1 boy for having broken the red glassware. Her words were slurred together, but in their mutter was a fury as deadly cold as the wind which was chilling the marrow of my bones. I hastened down the sala and in at the doorway of my room, which was the last at the back of the line of bedrooms.

I entered the dark room and turned to draw the curtain over the doorway. A gust of wind blew out the candle. Trying to get the globe off the top of the candlestick, groping in my pocket for matches, I was brought up short by the conviction that there was another human presence in the room. I suppose my nerves must have become somewhat unstrung, during the evening, by my own thoughts or whatnot; for I was afraid to look over my shoulder during the first moments of realization of the presence. I do not know how long it was before I turned and faced the room. The candle was still unlit. There was a suggestion of gusty moonlight coming through the lattice blinds of the windows. This moonlight fell in patches on the straw mats which were spread upon the floor, but left the great bed in shadow.

From the middle of the bed, yellow eyes stared unblinkingly at me. Yellow eyes with no lids to droop and veil their glare. My hands trembled as I struck the match that I had at last found. The candle flickered into a feeble point of light. As the gloom of the room fled into the corners behind the massive four-post bed, the gleam in the eyes went out. I laughed at myself as I saw a large cat—a coal-black cat, that snarled and clawed at the coverlet of the bed and put up a tail that grew into a sable plume. The clawing at the coverlet had an unpleasant sound, as of the rasping of human finger-nails. The glowing eyes looked unblinkingly into my own eyes; I could have sworn that a look of disappointment came into them. I made a motion toward the thing. The meditative eyes expanded, the tail waved more spasmodically; with one last rasp of its claws the creature bounded from the bed and from the room, a streak of black into the blackness of the sala.

I undressed with the studied calm of one who does not like to acknowledge to himself that he has had a shake of the nerves. Several times I tried to laugh aloud. I climbed into the high bed and endeavored to compose myself for sleep. I tried to think that I was amused at the absurdity of the idea which had seized me as I met the yellow eyes.

My room, as I have said, was at the back of the house, and separated from the chinos' quarters by a balcony on which their rooms opened.

The wind had gone down. There was a stifling heat over the night. I arose from my tumbled bed and sat behind the lattice of my window.

A door on the balcony was cautiously opened. The oily voice of the cook called softly. On the bamboo railing of the balcony sounded the unwholesome clawing of nails as the cat sprang from nowhere into the ray of light that was shining through the cook's door. It leaped at the cook, snarling. I could see that its mouth was open and dripping saliva. Through the heat I caught the smell of raw meat, and saw that the cook held in his hand a hacked piece of beef. He was jerkily withdrawing the meat from the springing cat. The animal snarled—a grimace of hunger. As it leaped and turned, trying to catch the meat, its sides showed lean.

"Ha!" I chuckled under my breath. "Lim Li appears to be teasing his father's soul!"

But I slept no better, after my return to bed. All night the cat snarled, sometimes near, sometimes far off, but always spitting, and clawing at the planks of the balcony with its human sound of rending. I gave it up, finally, and again sat behind the lattice.

A shadow came noiselessly from the back door of the sala on to the balcony—a woman's slight figure, wrapped in a dark kimono—Mrs. Troil, I could tell from the roll of her hips. She passed within a few feet of where I sat, stopped by the bamboo railing, and leaned over, looking down into the garden where the cat was bounding around. Then she went quietly back into the body of the house. She gave the effect, indescribably weird in that re-

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flected light from the moonlight in the garden, of prowling—waiting.

The sickly fumes of an opium pipe were wafted by the slight breeze that had eyes rolling from right to left, his thick lips drawn back from his long, yellow teeth. As he saw the cat, he closed his door hastily and shot the bolt into place.

A knife gleamed in the hand of the man with thick lips.—Page 108.

taken the place of the wind of the early night; the breeze blew through the cook's opened room; the smell came in at my window. The cat, whether attracted by the opium fumes or whether despairing of food, came leaping back from the garden. It stopped on the bamboo rail and arched its back—a mystic arch against the white moonlight behind it. A fearful Chinese face peeped from another door down the balcony: No. 1 boy, his slant

The night was oppressive. His door was the only closed door in the house. Nervous—Mrs. Troil had branded him. I slid my own eyes around to the cat, which still arched its back on the rail. It was staring fixedly at the closed door. Its mouth was again dripping saliva.

I must have dropped into uneasy slumber, upon my return to bed. I was awakened by Troil's voice, saying querulously to Lim Li:

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"Now, look here, you damned chink—don't forget to feed that cat of yours again! The thing kept me awake with its yowling! What you trying to do, anyway? Experimenting to see how bad-tempered you can make it?"

I got out of bed feeling sore and stiff. The night air of the Philippines, blowing on pongee pajamas, is not healthy. I dressed hurriedly. If the Paloma orchids were in bloom, I should render thanks to whatever gods there were in that land of uncomfortable sensations and set sail for the next port.

But the orchids were stretching against the morning sky the same bare, ugly twigs of the day before. They looked blighted. However, after coming out of my way to see them in bloom, it would be rather a childish performance to go before they flowered. Troil had assured me that they were due now. But I felt a strong desire to leave Tacloban.

Mrs. Troil did not come out of her room before tiffin. Troil and I breakfasted together, and before we had finished the meal Lim Li slid in for the day's orders. The fat Chinaman was impassive, calm; his master's irascibility of the early morning had not disturbed him. He did not glance at No. 1 boy, who was serving. But the other Chinaman hurried from the room.

Troil took me out to the porch for our after-breakfast cigars. Troil was speaking, with futile bitterness, of how he missed the rite of the morning newspaper, when No. 1 boy came into sight. There is something about a Chinaman's walk that in No. 1 boy was accentuated; a slithering movement of the hips, an uncoiling of folds, a gradual progression in sections. I disliked it intensely. I looked away from him as he came toward Troil.

"My go," he said laconically. "My go Mallila."

Troil sat upright, his cigar clamped in a corner of his mouth.

"You put friend in your place?" he asked with equal brevity.

"No got flen Tacloban side. My go allee samee." He turned and went back into the house.

Troil whistled under his breath.

"That's a new one on me!" he exclaimed. "Never knew a Chinaman to take French leave before. It's a point of honor with them to put friends in their places, before they turn over their jobs." He laughed. "I wonder if it can be that miserable glass?"

He clapped his hands together. No. 1 boy promptly appeared at the door. Troil, grinning, explained to the man that yesterday's disaster to the red glassware would not be held against him. The Chinaman's expression did not waver from its phlegmatic determination. He repeated his simple assertion that he would leave for Manila that night. Troil shrugged his shoulders.

"Good!" he said. "I'll get you your transportation after tiffin."

But the occurrence seemed to stick in his mind. He referred to it several times, saying that he was still learning the ways of the yellow-skinned half.

Tiffin that day was smooth in its start. No. 1 boy, serving, padded from table to console, from dining-room to kitchen. Mrs. Troil, in a loose sacque of white cotton, a native skirt of red and yellow plaid, her bare feet thrust into green plush chinelas, sat loosely at the head of the table and seemed unaware of her fall from the European costume of the day before. Her way of speaking had taken color from her clothes; her English was more slovenly.

The midday heat of the room was oppressive. The punkah that waved along the ceiling made only the faintest stir in the air. Several times Mrs. Troil called out, in pidgin English, to the punkah-boy on the balcony outside.

"Look-see top-side!" she screamed. "You plenty cry, you no plenty work, you — — —!" she concluded.

No. 1 boy, I remember, was removing the salad. He deftly slid the plate from in front of his master and started around the table toward me.

The table was a small one. I felt the spasm that shook Mrs. Troil; I felt the tremor of the table on which she leaned, I heard the long-drawn sigh with which she sank back in her chair. Her face was convulsed, her eyes closed, but the color was still in her lips and her breathing even. She remained in this state for some minutes. I started to her assistance, but Troil motioned me to stay where I was.

"She is often seized like this," he said quietly. "Sort of trance. Better not to arouse her suddenly."

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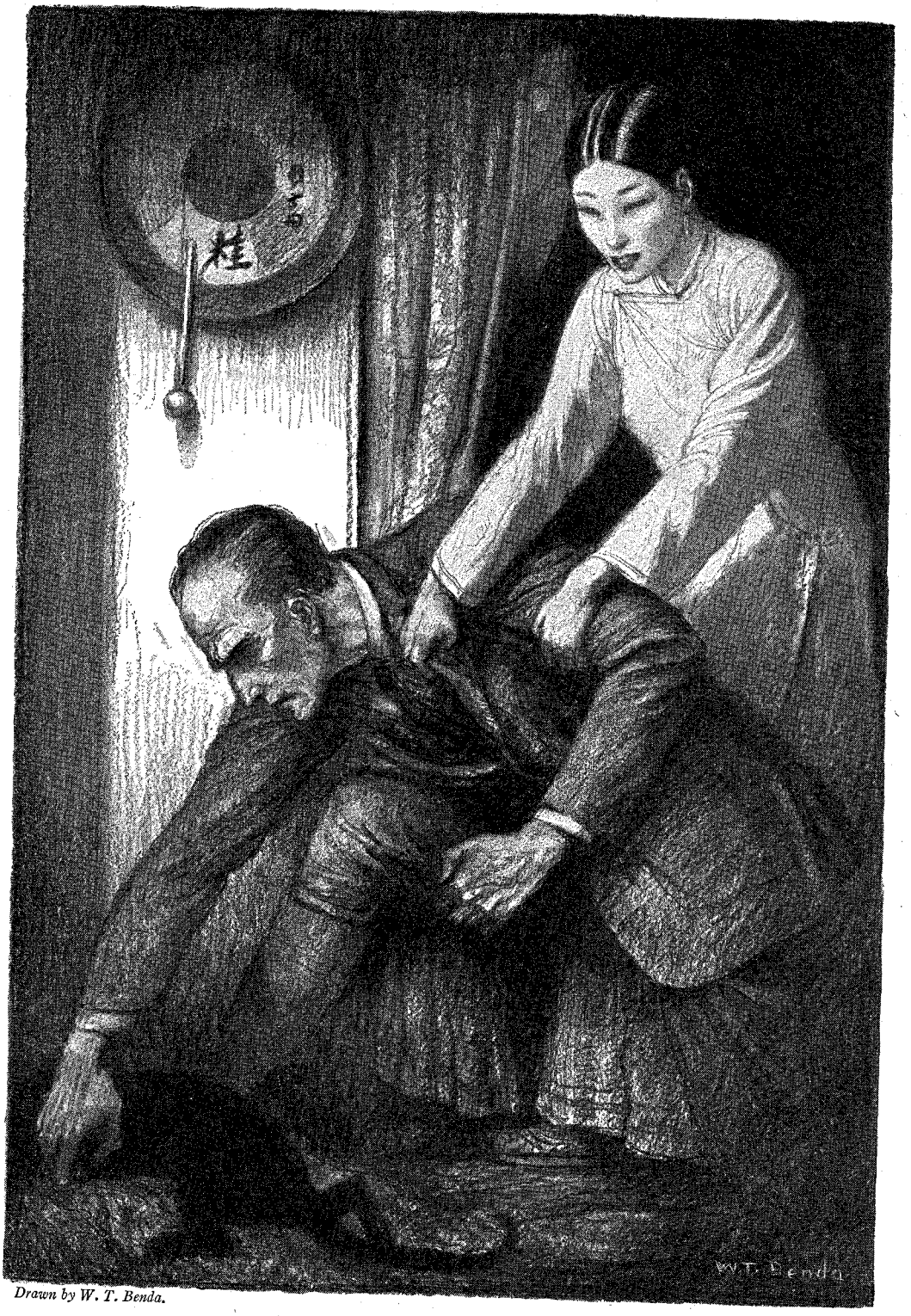

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

As I tugged at the silent, busy cat, a hand fell upon my shoulder, tightened on it, half lifted me to my feet.—Page 108.

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Mrs. Troil struggled back. Her eyes blared open. She gazed at the wall between my head and Troil's, and started speaking. She spoke monotonously, in a sing-song; but by some power of drama within her she painted on the wall what she described.

"Strange!" she began, forming her words slowly and with care. "I saw a strange scene! A kitchen—two faces close to each other—lips rolled back from yellow teeth—like masks of rage, of ferocious rage—masks of the blood lust—those antique murder-masks of the theatre; they looked as dreadful as that! A knife gleamed in the hand of the man with thick lips—it was drawn—so—across a bared throat—the bared throat of the old face——"

No. 1 boy had stopped short, his eyes fixed upon her in horror. His thick lips rolled back from his long, yellow teeth; his face distorted. There was a guttural rattle in his throat. The plate which he carried dropped to the floor. He bolted from the room.

Mrs. Troil's voice rose to shrillness. She leaped from her chair. "Wait! Wait here!" She rushed in the direction of the kitchen.

"What does this mean?" I asked of Troil, in a low voice.

"I know no more than you do," he shrugged. In his tone was the contempt of the normal human being for the abnormal.

Mrs. Troil walked calmly back into the dining-room and seated herself.

"The dulce will be delayed," she said; and resumed her rather coarse talk. "Pity"—she remarked—"pity that a reversal of that scene was not taking place in my own kitchen, instead of having happened in Hongkong a few years ago!"

Troil watched her uneasily during the rest of the meal, which No. 1 boy was so slow about bringing in.

No. 1 boy left the dining-room to fetch our coffee, and we arose from table in order to drink the coffee on the porch. We straggled one by one on to the porch and settled ourselves to wait for the boy.

The wait was long. Troil became impatient, and Mrs. Troil sneered at him.

"How can you know, you—Englishman—what is happening in kitchens out here?"

There came from the back of the house—mingling with the snarl of the cat which was again prowling—a strangling scream, with gargling in its throat.

We rushed back through the house to the kitchen, from which the scream had come. Troil, whose uneasiness had been increasing, was in front. I followed close at his heels, but the scream was in my blood, and I stumbled over a rocking-chair. The sound of its empty rocking added to the cold of my spine. The flapping of Mrs. Troil's chinelas, coming after me, were flaps on my naked flesh of something dreadful—something which we saw at the door of the kitchen, but which I now knew that I had seen in the woman's eye as she sneered at Troil.

No. 1 boy was on the floor, half in and half out of the room, lying in a rapidly increasing pool of blood. The cat was crouching on his chest, worrying at his torn throat.

Sickened, the balcony whirling dizzily around my head, I knelt and tried to pull the beast off. I found it as welded to the throat as if it had become a part of the lifeless body. As I tugged at the silent, busy cat, a hand fell upon my shoulder, tightened on it, half lifted me to my feet. The Eurasian woman, smiling, confronted me. Her lidless eyes stared into mine with a taunt. A wave of nausea swept over me. I clung to a post of the balcony.

Inside the kitchen, separated from us by the dead man, Lim Li placidly polished the knives and forks, removing with whiting the egg-stains from the spoons that we had used at breakfast.

"Maskee!" he said to us. "Miao do muchee good. Eye of Heaven chin-chin my, soul of father go top-side now."

Of course I stayed on. I had to stay, in decency, and to help Troil through. The presence of a man of his own kind—a white man—had served to show him what he could not go on standing. He got rid of the woman.

Through the air, as I awoke on the morning after she went away, was a delicious aroma of lemons—of the ambrosial flavoring of the gods. The porch was beautiful with great bunches of pure white bloom. I mention this fact because it seemed to me, at the time, that the orchid had refused to burst from its dry twig-buds until she left.

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Oversea Politics and the Food Supply

BY E. M. EAST
Author of "Mankind at the Crossroads"

THERE have been Conventions at Washington, Pourparlers at Paris, Unterredungen at Berlin, Vergaderingen at The Hague, Conferences at London. The world is sick, and the doctors of law and economics gather in consultation. Frankly, they are frightened at the patient's condition, but they can agree neither upon diagnosis nor treatment. The English ascribe the illness to hardening of the arteries—of trade, the French sadly attribute the infirmities to the half-healed wounds left by recent conflict, the Germans feel that financial worries have resulted in primary mental deterioration, while the Americans absent-mindedly exercise their recent acquirement in the language of diplomacy by murmuring *ça passe, ça passe.*

This is an age of specialization; but before it came upon us there was the family doctor, who did not know a great deal, and admitted it, but who, by judicious inquiry regarding the usual habits and occasional peccadilloes of the patient, was often able to hit upon the truth. If we may be permitted to pose as such a practitioner and friend of the family for the moment, we would say that in our opinion the disability of the distinguished sufferer comes rather from hypermegalism accompanied by acute neuralgia. In other words, he has grown too large and too rapidly, and is distressed by growing-pains in consequence. Our technical consultants show intolerable lack of capacity, therefore, if they continue to base their treatments solely on the superficial symptoms produced by minor complications.

These remarks are serious. They herald the firm conviction that neither the political schemes, the economic policies, nor the suggestions for social readjustment, which statesmen debate so continuously and violently, are the most important factors in man's search for comfort and happiness. There is another problem more intrinsically significant, a problem which surrounds, permeates, and links together all the others like a universal ether. This problem might perhaps be called a peace problem; but it is not an after-war reconnoissance between nations, it is the problem of a just peace between our two basic instincts, nutrition and reproduction. Expressed less abstractly, the world is confronted with the task of providing for all the people that can be supported without a bitter struggle, and of guarding against the tendency to overstep these limits. Let this issue be settled, and the paramount obstacle to an orderly civilization will have disappeared.

This is not a problem, moreover, which will solve itself; nor is it a problem to be considered in the fullness of time. Formerly, when the world was spotted with archipelagoes of untracked wilderness, it may not have been a pressing question; to-day its claim for public recognition cannot be lightly cast aside. The truth of this assertion seems to be realized, though perhaps somewhat dimly, even by those publicists who treat the theme with levity and contempt. Their feverishly optimistic exhortations, in and of themselves, show a fear of consequences in the present trend of affairs that is poorly screened by bluster and bravado. While those who study the rapidly rising figures in the census returns and who keep tally on the diminishing reserves of arable land, they certainly do not laugh.

Essentially, our position to-day is this. The world has been explored from pole to pole. Few new treasures remain to dazzle our tired old eyes. The seas are dotted with ships; the lands are meshed with railroads. Our hands, our voices, stretch from continent to continent. Practically speaking, our little terraque-

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ous globe, which Voltaire called the lunatic asylum of the universe, has become one single extensive country village; and its inhabitants, revelling in the luxuries born of a coal-stored energy, have forgotten that civilization, like an army, travels on its stomach.

We have had a century of industrialization; and in that century we have grown from 850 million to 1,750 million souls. The growth during this period has probably been greater than in any previous age, for continuous increase at the present rate would make a theoretical Adam and Eve contemporary with the great Augustus. And in actual fact, though rising like a tidal wave, population has not really caught up with the increase in food production made possible by mechanical invention. Superficially then, one might well rest content with perfect faith in the roseate prophecies of similar advances in the future which are to bring lasting peace and happiness. Unfortunately the security of ignorance is a perilous thing. When one analyzes the situation he finds that human genius is not doing for the food-supply just what some of our optimists appear to think.

Science has furnished cheap fertilizers, adequate transportation, and efficient storage, but its direct aid to the plowman has been very small indeed. There is one reason and only one reason why the tide of population could wax so great during the past century. *There was a plenteous reserve of new land; and mechanical invention made it possible for a given unit of man-power to cultivate more of this land and to distribute its products more equitably.* In other words, the provisions raised on a given area have not increased because of traction plows and steam threshers. Actual yields per acre have gone down. But cheap land has been available, and each toiler has been able to till more of it than he could by the old hand methods.

As the reserves of new land disappear, however, these conditions will have to change. The machine farmer with his extensive methods, his shallow plowing, his incomplete cultivation, must give way to the old time hand farmer. And the shift will mean harder labor, greater costs, and higher prices for the produce. Here is a concrete example. Belgian crop yields are over twice as high as those in the United States, but the American farmer receives very much more for his labor because individually he tills five times as many acres. Taking wheat as typical, the American grower averages about 390 bushels per man from a yield of 15 bushels per acre, while the Belgian grower averages only 155 bushels per man from a yield of over 30 bushels per acre. This is no mean economic advantage, and the reason for it is obvious. It holds because land here has been plentiful and cheap, and will pass away when land values rise as the inevitable result of a denser population.

Unfortunately it is difficult to accept this situation in agricultural economics at its true value. The past changes in social culture, from roving hunter to toiling farmer, increased the food supply so tremendously that one is disposed to accept the claims of the age of mechanization without an adequate examination. Just such a procedure has made many a man poor; for the last stage of civilization, as far as agriculture is concerned, is a stock promotion swindle with the performance of its legitimate predecessors as the bait. The earlier ventures deserved success, for they paid substantial dividends out of actual earnings. The industrial age has kept our confidence by the common old fraud of paying interest out of capital.

How we have been fooled! Because the human race has been able to double its numbers in three generations, we have been encouraged to believe that Malthusian consequences have been dodged for all time. The truth is just the opposite. Instead of escaping the trap, we have been pulling its jaws together with both hands. With the fingers of the right, we have reached out and plundered all the available virgin soils, thus providing the means for populous towns and cities to spring up in every desolate quarter; with the left, we have handed the surplus spoils to the older centres of civilization, thereby encouraging them to expand beyond the potentialities of their own holdings. The result is that the contingent food reserves have shrunk at double pace, and world saturation of population has been brought within hailing distance.

It was possible to take this course be-

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cause of the wild land still available; but that is no excuse for forgetting that the land in this minor planet of ours is limited. There are not over 13,000 million acres of tillable soil—probably less; and this acreage is what circumscribes the effort of the human race to expand its numbers. Over three-fourths of it may be said to be settled. Two-fifths is actually under cultivation. And since it takes at least two and one-half acres to support each individual at European agricultural efficiency, one can mark up 5,000 million people as the maximum which can be sustained under the present system of cropping, and can calculate that this number will be reached at the current rate of increase in about 100 years—the extreme limit of a single lifetime.

No matter what may be the illustrative value of showing how rapidly we are approaching this sorry goal at the present rate of speed, however, actually it is a pastime of no real importance. Saturation points vary with changing conditions; and with the rising temperature of scientific progress, the world can sustain an ever greater number of people. There is considerably more of interest and significance in the fact that long before the world has arrived at any such stage, a practical state of impletion will have been reached which will necessitate new procedure along the whole gamut of social economics. Such a condition is met when the temperate agricultural world passes into the era of decreasing returns, for then food exportation as a national business must cease. This is the condition which impends to-day. This is the pit which we have dug for ourselves. To keep from falling into it is the real population problem.

Asia has been floundering in the toils for more than a generation. It is useless to speak of Asia; her case is hopeless. All of the usable portions of the Orient have been packed to the limit with hungry humans, who must live perforce on the product of their own agricultural efforts. Their birth-rate is high, and their social customs are such as to forbid one to expect it to decrease; they cannot increase materially, and Death steps in and strikes a balance. Nor is there any urgent need to discuss the United States in this connection, except warningly to emphasize the fact that even the United States has entered upon the period of decreasing crop returns, which means that henceforth proportionately more and more effort must be put into the land in order to keep up or to increase the present harvest. Europe must serve as a text; for Europe, though she has one foot over the brink and is in a fair way of following Asia to the depths, still has possibilities.

Europe is like Asia in that her family circle is over-large. Europe is unlike Asia in that hitherto she has been able to buy food for her excess millions from the countries where increasing returns in agriculture are still in operation, paying for it with the wares of mechanical industry. But time is working against a continuance of this performance in ways which jointly and severally make the economic position of Europe a desperate one.

First, there is the difficulty which a more or less bankrupt, war-disheartened group of nations finds in establishing a surplus of manufactured goods to offer for export, and in turning the trick profitably at a price which will compete with the growing efficiency of the home industries of the colonial countries where the sales must be made.

Second, there is the Russian experiment in government, which has had the practical effect of changing the largest country on the continent from a huge exporter of low-priced food to an importer —by sufferance. With one sweep of the wand Russia reached a stage of population saturation through reduced output that would not have been attained by normal growth for forty years.

Third, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and temperate South America, the few important countries still in the golden era of expansive agriculture from which Europe obtains her food, are increasing their population by leaps and bounds. In from thirty to fifty years they will cease to be the granaries of the world. Over-populated nations must then cook their own broth or go without.

Fourth, little help is to be expected elsewhere. The tropics are large, but for climatic reasons they will never export large quantities of food. Gradually, tropical lands will be peopled more and more

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densely until they surpass the temperate regions as compact residential quarters; but colonization and exploitation are hedged with such a myriad of difficulties that one must be hopeful indeed if he expects production increase to outstrip the needs of their own natural population growth.

In considering future food prospects, there is no better object lesson than the United States. Geographically, it is a country with a land area of 1903 million acres; agriculturally, it is less than half that size. After deducting the arid regions, the barren soils, the hilly ground, the swampy wastes, our holdings shrink to 800 million acres of arable land. Even so, it is a goodly farm, and would probably support 300 million people, if the whole expanse could be cultivated intensively under the highest type of current agricultural practice and the diet were predominately vegetable. But that is not the point to be emphasized in this connection. The facts we wish to make unmistakably clear are that in less than a century and a half we have brought under cultivation three-fourths of these possessions, when considered on a productivity basis, and that before the end of this short period a considerable proportion had shown a decline in soil fertility.

During this era of expansive agriculture, we exported large quantities of food; but in less than fifty years after the settlement of our fertile midwestern valleys, decreasing returns in agriculture prevailed, and the export balance became negligible. To-day our food imports balance our food exports under normal conditions. Only when there is such a stimulus as war-prices, or when seasonal luck is with us, do we share our provender with the rest of the world. The over-rapid expansion of the wheat acreage during the war years with its attendant train of troubles for the farmer, must not blind us to the general situation. We can take care of many more people eventually, but the days are passed when our tables were laden as if through the magic of Amalthea's horn.

This history may well make us think twice before Canada, Australia, and Argentina are declared to be limitless storehouses, with food always for sale at bargain prices. Canada looms large on a Mercator projection map; but reduced to proper scale, the barrens and the icy north excluded, it shrivels up like the Peau de Chagrin. So also with Australia. Both countries are increasing in population so fast that they tend to double their numbers in twenty-five years, yet together they are agriculturally only about the size of our own North Central States. Argentina is following a similar course, though her arable land area is greater and she will take a longer time to reach the turn where intensive farming must begin. Nevertheless Argentina, and such other temperate regions as have a considerable proportion of useful farm lands, are increasing their population at a tremendous speed. Even if they do not develop faster than did the United States, which of course is quite possible, the time when they must padlock their food-export warehouses and set guards at the doors is not over half a century distant.

On such a showing, the food situation in Europe is sufficiently perplexing. Five short decades in which to become self-supporting is not a long period. But this is not the whole story. One must remember that such a marked change cannot occur suddenly, at the end of a half-century of plenty. It will be a progressive calamity; and realization of this fact is what makes insomnia a chronic complaint among the statesmen across the water. That is to say, it makes very little difference whether or not the date set for the end of wholesale food exportation is absolutely correct; for the shadow of this interesting event, with a pestilential effect quite serious, has been cast over the world already, brought into sharp relief by the disorganization resulting from the World War. Speaking more concretely, the wheels of trade, which kept the intricate civilization of Europe running, were so delicately balanced by the year 1914 that they were dislocated at the first jar of battle. The repairing and furbishing necessary to give the machine a semblance of its old order is no small task, as is beginning to be discovered after five years of tinkering. And every government functionary, if he is worth anything at all as a public servant, knows that

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whatever time is lost in putting it again on an efficiency basis, will be lost forever; for population growth will not stop in the meantime. National selfishness in the sense of patriotism, therefore, is understandable.

Strip the treaty of Versailles of its verbiage, dissect the work of the Washington Conference, unravel the tangles at any international meeting-place, and what are they in the last analysis? They are the efforts of peoples banded together into political units to secure survival for themselves and their descendants. The apparent meanness and greed of each unit are but the outward manifestation of the fundamental urge for self-preservation. They jockey for positions of economic vantage because they have outgrown their quarters and must buy food or starve.

The whole of western Europe is in one boat in this regard, though it is a boat with three classes of passengers. Spain, Portugal, and the Scandinavian countries do not wholly feed themselves, but they could support their present populations without undue hardship if that became necessary. Germany, Austria, France, and Italy belong in the next class. They are able to supply between 60 and 70 per cent of their peoples with food. In the steerage are the United Kingdom, Belgium, and Holland, with the ability to cater for between 35 and 50 per cent of their nationals.

This is the nature of Europe's illness. Here are countries containing nearly 260 million people, countries with more than two and one-half times as many hungry human beings as are contained within the United States, and between 80 millions and 85 millions must be fed with imported food.

There remain the central countries, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Greece, which are self-supporting; and Bulgaria, Rumania, and the Russian States, which under normal conditions can export food. Previous to the World War, the last three countries shipped immense amounts of grain to their over-populated western neighbors. Their recent history is interesting. Though settled for centuries, they were national Rip Van Winkles, drowsing along, still in the pastoral stage of civilization. Then came an awakening to the use of modern agricultural implements, stimulated by German, English, and American sales-agents who needed new markets for their wares. A remarkable increase in tilled land ensued, and cereal exports mounted to high figures. The inevitable followed. The Russian Empire grew from 129 million to 182 million souls in the eighteen years between 1897 and 1915. The population curve took a swift upward slant resembling that of the United States a generation or more earlier. And Rumania and Bulgaria had begun to take similar courses when the world was upset by warfare. Subsequent events are common knowledge.

Now come the reports of the Relief Commissions that these nations have ploughed through their respective sloughs of despond, and, having set their feet on more solid ground, may be expected soon to find once more the high road to prosperity. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but—and here is the point of real importance—let no man suppose that either Russia or her smaller neighbors will again be able to serve the agricultural needs of western Europe. As soon as it becomes feasible Russia will send out wheat, temporarily, because wheat exportation is a necessary evil which must be accepted in order to promote the nation's economic recovery. Nevertheless the Russian Bear will still be a very feeble and anæmic animal. Complete recovery will take from fifteen to twenty years. And in the meantime population increases will surpass agricultural increase. Never again, therefore, will Russia be a relief-house for indigent peoples.

Confronted by these facts, one has more pity than anger for the English, Belgian, French, and German foreign policies; yet it is a fair question to ask how the current economic and political schemes will save the situation. Britain is in the worst condition, the Low Countries excepted, and we may take her as typical of what all of western Europe is approaching.

Britain houses 43 million people, exclusive of Ireland; and according to the testimony of Sir Henry Rew, the food

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controller during the war, only half of them could be supported by the agriculture of the island even during the efficiency and economy of a war-time programme. More than 20 millions, therefore, must live on food from overseas. To gain these rations, British pre-war commerce must be retained, and the post-war policy must be expansion, for the excess of births over deaths is about 600,000 a year.

Yet how can this be done? The surplus from her nineteenth century prosperity, widely invested in profitable enterprises, was more than half of it withdrawn to help finance her allies. It may be wholly lost. At best, it is sunk in immovable securities yielding low returns. The remainder of the fortune she had laid up for her old age is scarcely sufficient for two per cent of her necessities. Indeed, it may be that, when money borrowed is taken into consideration, nothing at all will be left. Thus Britain's sole means of supporting superfluous people lies now in the sale of coal and iron, preferably with a manufacturer's profit added. Such an expedient would serve very well, in spite of the inadvisability of bartering natural wealth too rapidly, if there were enough people ready, willing, and able to buy. But with central and eastern Europe out of the market temporarily because of financial difficulties, and threatening to stay out permanently due to the exigencies of their own population growth, the British people are finding it awkward to reach even the selling record attained when there were only 30 million wistful mortals in the kingdom, to say nothing of surpassing it. The result is that from one million to two million men are continually out of employment, and their dependents, to the number of six or seven millions, are constantly on the verge of starvation.

What wonder that John Bull has come to be looked upon as a rather jovial but determined highwayman! What wonder, in fact, that the whole European cauldron brews nothing but trouble; for even the plight of the United Kingdom is less hopeless fundamentally than that of land-locked Austria, or of poverty-ridden Italy, which has no natural assets to offer in exchange for food.

Shifting shoes with our cousins across the Atlantic in this imaginary way certainly ought to make us more lenient toward their delinquencies, but the experiment also shows us that the path they are treading leads nowhere. With 80 millions to be fed by the surplus from foreign soils, with these agricultural parasites increasing by over a million a year, with another million and a half coming each year to balance the gradual increase in agricultural efficiency, with the food surplus of under-populated nations diminishing annually and in prospect of disappearing entirely after 40 or 50 years, where does salvation lie in increased industrialization? Obviously there is no safety whatever in this procedure. And as to that diplomatic bauble, the treaty, it does not even enter into the reckoning.

Two ways are open to these countries. They can continue to live in fear and trembling, believing each is plotting against the other and endeavoring to calm their terrors by the fiction that huge populations are insurance against aggression despite territorial differences. By boarding a large proportion of their people at the long distance hotels run by the undermanned countries of the New World, of South Africa, and of Australia, paying score by enlarging the products of the mechanical industries, they can supplement their already notorious hypertrophy by further overgrowths. They can do this, if one reads the signs aright, for ten or fifteen years. Then what happens? The home industries of the new countries increase, coincidently the surplus food supplies diminish, and, as was the case in the United States, with a rather unnatural suddenness. Europe is thus cut off both as buyer and seller, for the colonial nations have enlarged their households and are compelled to cater to home needs only.

This is the road being travelled to-day by our late enemies as well as by our late allies. It leads to the goal at which China and India have already arrived. There one may look and see the outcome, myriads of people picking a precarious living within the borders of their countries when they can, and starving when the hot winds croon too long.

The other way, the only way to a safe and sane existence for Europe, is to stifle

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all thoughts of revenge and aggression, to accept territorial limitations, except as they may be changed by peaceful agreement, and to begin a sanitary régime looking toward a reduction in numbers. Eventually these peoples must feed themselves, and the sooner they make their plans with this policy in mind, the better it will be for all concerned. A combination of Irish and French social management is what they must adopt. Ireland's barren soils were grossly overpopulated with 8 million people in 1840. By 1900, the population had been reduced to about half this figure through emigration, in spite of an unchanged birth-rate. This plan served Ireland because the United States was ready and willing to receive her surplus. As a makeshift it will serve the remainder of Europe during the next twenty years. The people of the United States are not so willing as formerly to share their lot with every destitute relative; but there are other new lands to which they may go. And they must venture forth, by tens of thousands, by millions. It is migrate, or starve. At the same time, emigration is only a temporary expedient at best, a stop-gap. Europe can no more be saved by emigration than by political wire-pulling. The only sound, sure, and wholesome prophylactic is a birth-rate low enough to provide no excess population after the present surplus has been made happier in other lands.

A birth-rate which will keep population below that saturation point where the struggle is so intense that life is really not worth living is the only remedy for European conditions. It is the one specific. European population will arrive at a stationary condition within the century through the compelling force of stern necessity. The only question is whether voluntary restriction will curb the urge for population expansion, or whether, as in the cases of China and of India, the economic strain and stress will force the death-rate up to match the difference. Nature will accept civilized means to achieve her end; but served she will be!

That Europe will exhibit signs of civilization in this respect, however, is to be doubted. Forethought and discretion on a grand scale and among scores of races are rather unthinkable. France alone of the nations of the world deliberately limited her population during the nineteenth century to a maximum reasonable for her possessions and for the time, and was for years in an economic position superior to any of her rivals. Unfortunately, France went through four years of suffering at the hands of her larger neighbor, who, because of a previous policy of population expansion, had come to need more room. The French, the peers of the world man for man, were saved against greater force by others. Her statesmen, nevertheless, having once more had a glimpse of power in international affairs, are now calling for a greater retinue to sustain that power, giving the threadbare excuse that they merely want protection. Nor is France alone in this. Expansion is again the pre-battle cry of Europe. Publicists are as united in their course as were the Gadarene swine, and to the same destructive end. They close their eyes to the futility of expecting over-population to save small countries in a trial by force; they fail to grasp the economic significance of a low birth-rate; and they raise the cry of decadence to encourage the promiscuous production of more people in their already over-burdened lands. It seems a pity.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WHATEVER may be thought of the social status of other animals, there is no doubt that in recent years there has been an enormous advance in the prestige of the cat. The silent, graceful creature that Shylock (of all people) called affectionately the "harmless, necessary cat," has always been more or less petted by children; but men and women have often regarded him with aversion as a bird-murderer, or else as a selfish, stupid, somnolent nonentity. Then there are those who have a horror in his presence, similar to a more general feeling about snakes. But in the twentieth century the cat has begun to receive an increasing tribute of intellectual respect; he is the hero of books and stories; Sunday-supplement photogravures display his beauty. There is every evidence that at last the cat is coming into his own.

Cover design by Charles Livingstone Bull—SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1923.

I view the social rise of the cat with elation, for I have always been an ardent idolater. Idolater is really the accurate word; and perhaps only those will understand my devotion in whom, as in me, the love of cats is inborn. I once heard a famous scientist in a public lecture say that most children are afraid of anything that has fur on it; and their fear, he declared, was owing to the fact that some forty thousand years ago furred animals were dangerous to the hairless children, and a feeling therefore arose which now had become instinctive, and persisted long after the reason for it had ceased to exist. This statement, like many that are uttered by scientific men, I heard with profound scepticism.

You see my own earliest sensations were exactly the contrary. Not only did I have no fear of fur; anything that had fur on it I clasped to my infantile bosom with delight. It is entirely impossible for me to explain or in any way to account for this passion. My father, my mother, and my aunt had not the remotest interest in cats, and would have been quite undisturbed had they known that they would never see one again. Yet I cannot remember the time when any cat, no matter how humble in origin and social position, failed to arouse in me breathless adoration. The sight of a dirty alley-cat plunged me instantly into a trance. My first motion on the restoration of consciousness and bodily activity was to attempt to induce the cat to accompany me home.

Many people, I am glad to say, love cats; but has any one had exactly these intimations of felinity in early childhood? The sickness or death of any of my long list of cats was to me a catastrophe. How shall I describe cat-worship? As a baby I loved cats so devotedly that any piece of fur was a religious symbol. My oldest brother had a fur hat; night after

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night I slept with it. I called it the cat-hat. My aunt had a tippet of ermine; I used to hug this article, and kiss it frantically. My aunt was at first highly pleased to come into the room and find me kissing her ermine, because she thought it was proof of my love for her. She soon discovered it was nothing of the kind. I liked my aunt well enough, and she was always good to me; but when she asked me if I kissed the ermine because it reminded me of her, I shouted, with that sincerity characteristic of childhood, "No! no!" and kissing the fur with renewed vigor, I called it, "Kitty! pussy!" and other endearing terms. Even to-day, more than half a century after those early experiences, I secretly long to stroke every piece of fur I see. I do not doubt that many visitors thought that I was insane; perhaps they were right. Only if I was, I did not recover. In addressing those I loved I added "cat" to their names. Thus Madelene I called Madcat, and Helen, Hellcat.

I have always envied the professionals who enter the cages of lions and tigers; it must be wonderful to stroke a cat eight feet long. Such glorious tracts of fur!

The cat is the most beautiful and graceful of all domestic animals. His anatomy is precisely adapted to his needs; and although he takes only a hundredth as much exercise as a dog, he is always in perfect condition. Who ever saw a housemaid exercising a cat? There is no other beast who from a position of absolute relaxation can spring with accuracy and with no preliminary motion. He does not have to wind up like a baseball pitcher, or get "set"; he transmutes potential into kinetic energy with no visible effort, no more than a kingfisher's, only instead of falling like the halcyon, he rises.

When a cat aims at the top of a fence or the surface of a table, he usually succeeds at the first attempt, unlike the dog, who tries five or six times and continues to try after the impossibility of attainment has been quite clearly demonstrated. The cat's economy of effort is as remarkable as his judgment of distance; you cannot persuade him to try for any mark manifestly beyond his reach. The cat catches birds on the ground by outguessing them, and then by a motion swifter than wings; but if the bird rises in the air, the cat makes no attempt at pursuit, which he knows to be both futile and undignified; the dog, on the other hand, will chase after flying birds so long as he is able to run, although his percentage of hits is zero.

The amazing activity of the cat is delicately balanced by his capacity for relaxation. I believe that every household should contain a cat, not only for decorative and domestic values, but because the cat in quiescence is both a rebuke and an inspiration to irritable, tense, restless, and tortured men and women. In spite of the fact that there are a hundred books published every year in which human beings are told to "relax"—tremendous and continued energy seems to be required in order to keep quiet—very few men, women, or children have mastered even the elementary principles of repose. The bodies of children and the minds of adults keep immobile only by conscious and continuous effort, which is a condition very different from rest; we try just as hard to rest as we try to keep going. I think it was in a famous book called "Power through Repose" that I read the statement that when the ordinary mortal gets into bed, he does not really relax; he tries to hold the bed down. Many in bed will discover that they have their fists clenched.

Now when the cat decides to take his repose, he not only lies down; he pours his body out on the floor like a glass of water. It is restful merely to behold him. The average man looks up from the morning paper and roars at the folly and stupidity of our lawmakers; then he happens to see the family cat, who is either totally uninterested, or if thoughtful, is thinking only of breakfast. The cat seems to put to the householder every day the Emersonian question—*Why so hot, little man?*

But it is not the beauty and grace and agility and repose of the cat's body that are most admirable; what is most admirable is his intellectual and spiritual nature. It is often said by those who have no affection for cats that cats have no affection for people; but we who know cats know that this is a base slander. Some youth, trying to convince an old man that cats were without affection, remarked that the cat has really no love; he loves you only

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because he wants to get something out of you. It isn't love. "Ah," said the old gentleman, "when you reach my age, you will call that love."

Of course I am devoted to dogs; and for the last thirty years there has always been in my house an Irish setter. But while the average dog is a good fellow and jolly companion, he does not compare in intellectual power with the cat. Not only is the cat gifted with an acute mind, he has a strong will and a patience that is almost divine. If the cat wishes to leave the room, he makes no fuss about it, but selects a position near the door; you may push him back twenty times, but although you can change his position you cannot change his purpose; his intention is to leave at the earliest opportunity, and he knows that opportunities come to those who are ready. He pretends a lack of interest and seems to have dismissed the subject from his mind, but if some one opens the door to enter, the cat departs.

The patience of the cat in hunting is one reason he seldom returns empty-clawed. The dog will show the highest enthusiasm over a hole in the ground; he will bark, and dig madly with his paws; but unless something happens within five minutes, his excitement cools; he goes away and forgets all about it. If a cat decides that there is game in a certain spot, he does not give himself away by becoming frantic; he simply waits for the prey to make the first move, and he can outwait any other living thing. In a house I lived in years ago, there was a hole in the floor close to the radiator; one day a mouse emerged from that orifice and was taken by an expectant cat. Years later, although I had seen no further signs of mice, my cat would sit down by that hole and watch it steadily for eight hours.

One reason men have always liked dogs is because the dog flatters men with such fawning servility; every man everywhere finds it extremely agreeable to be greeted by his dog with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. But the devotion of the dog has been greatly exaggerated. What a dog really wants is excitement. He is easily bored, cannot amuse himself, and therefore demands entertainment. The dog's ideal is a life of active uselessness. That the dog is devoted only to his master is a colossal myth. He is devoted to any one who will do what he wants. I had to be thoroughly and repeatedly disillusioned before I would believe this. My first dog was a noble Irish setter who was apparently so devoted to me that he could not bear me out of his sight; he paid no attention to any one else, merely submitting to strangers' caresses; if I left the room for only a moment, he instantly rose and followed me. I was quite proud of this, and thought what a loyal, faithful creature he was. But one day I fell into a sickness, and had to stay in bed for two weeks. For an hour or so on the first day the dog remained in the room with me. Now there were other men in the house. One of them took the dog for a walk, and alienated his affections. The dog never came near me until I had recovered and was able to entertain him again.

Even the famous "one-man dogs" are so only so long as they are fed by that one man. Among the instructions in the World War to those who used police dogs for professional duty was the command to allow no other person ever to feed the dog. A dog cannot be happy without human companionship, because he can neither hunt nor play by himself. A stranger with a gun can take any hunting-dog away from his gunless owner. The average dog loves amusement more than he loves any man; indeed he loves men because they provide him with that excitement which he finds necessary to happiness.

Yet there is something wrong with a man who does not love a dog. How can one help loving a creature who is so responsive, so demonstrative? Indeed I feel like a traitor in calling attention to his defects. Truth alone compels me to say that in dignity and neatness he does not compare with the cat. He is a bully good fellow; he leaps at you, places his muddy paws on your shirt-bosom, and is not satisfied after swimming unless he can shake himself on your impeccability. Indoors he wags his tail violently, cheerfully knocking down tables, vases, and various objects. The cat, on the other hand, shows his affection by rubbing gently against your ankles, and he will spring from a table to a narrow shelf covered with fragile objects without disturbing

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anything. His extraordinary mental and physical poise is shown by the fact that he can sleep with absolute assurance on the top of a fence only two inches broad, or even far aloft on the thin branch of a tree.

But the superiority of the cat is shown most strikingly in his intellectual resources. You may love a dog more, but the cat commands your respect. A dog has absolutely no resources; to a setter or a pointer, hunting is a consuming passion; it is indeed the *summum bonum;* but a dog will never hunt alone. He must have a man—he would far rather have an armed man with no game, than an abundance of game with no man. The cat, on the contrary, requires no more companionship than an owl, and is more than satisfied to hunt alone.

The cat demands no attention; his infinite capacity to keep still makes him excellent company. But a dog, as some observer has remarked, is always on the wrong side of the door.

A subtle and acute study of the cat appeared in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, some twenty-five years ago, and was written by an undergraduate, Ray Morris, who has since demonstrated his ability to write equally well on other themes. I have not succeeded in finding that article, but as I remember, Mr. Morris particularly emphasized the ability of the cat to entertain himself. In other words, he has an abundance of intellectual resources.

I have repeatedly observed this fact. (It may be that in my illustrations I am unwittingly stealing something from that undergraduate's essay.) If by some mischance you enter the house and the dog is left outside, he is in a tempest of nerves; he is frantic. He thinks he has lost you forever, and being utterly unable to entertain himself, he scratches at the door, he barks and howls in the most heart-rending fashion. If, on the other hand, you kick the cat out of the house, he remains thoughtful a moment, as if to say: "Now I had planned to spend the afternoon indoors; but it is possible that it is more hygienic in the garden. At all events, I will select a quiet place to sleep until there are further developments."

My cats have all loved human society, and yet can get along without it. If I come down-stairs in the middle of the night, the cat greets me with surprised and even rapturous purring. And if the cat suspects that I am going to leave town he does not leap upon me and beseech me to remain. He simply selects a place that he knows I must pass in order to quit the house, and there goes to sleep. If you are packing trunks preparatory to a long departure, and go out in the evening leaving a trunk half-packed, on your return you will find your cat asleep in that trunk; he knows that you will not go without it, and thus obtains both security and repose.

Every one has noticed the servility of the dog; poor fellow, he cannot be happy except in slavery. To a man the greatest blessing is individual liberty; to a dog it is the last word in despair. Thus you can beat and kick a dog, and he clings to you even more ardently; but you cannot treat a cat except with respect, if you wish to keep him. The cat is essentially free, and needs no one; he has never been entirely tamed. The Egyptians, with their endless patience, were the only people who succeeded in making him into a domestic animal, and heaven only knows how many centuries they spent on the task.

I have always thought it unfortunate that dogs take no interest in washing themselves. It would be a wonderful help to them in passing the time. It is a constant resource to a cat. If there is nothing else going on, or if the cat is wakeful, he can always wash himself. To a cat self-washing is a means of cleanliness, an athletic exercise, a pastime, and a fine art. Sometimes it is almost a passion. I have seen a cat go into a frenzy of ablution. And how strange it is that with such a tongue, corrugated like an American niblick, heat should be so unendurable. A cat always waits for hot food to cool.

Cats have a sense of humor as is shown in their extreme love of play. A middle-aged cat will often play as unreservedly as a kitten, though he knows perfectly well it is only a game. But even a kitten has a keen sense of humor. In Agnes Repplier's cat-essay, which I think is the best thing she ever wrote, she says the kitten will climb swiftly up a table-cloth, and will then gaze down in comic terror at being so high.

In former times Germans, with their respect for efficiency, were extremely fond

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of dogs; for nearly every dog can be made useful. The Latins, on the other hand, with their love of beauty, are devoted to cats. The French, the Italians, the Spanish, the Portuguese all understand and appreciate cats. Siena is the greatest cat town I ever saw. As I walked along the streets of that interesting city I saw a cat on nearly every doorstep, and in many instances a grown man playing with him. Invariably I stopped and asked: "How old is your cat?" In nearly every case I received an immediate and definite answer, showing that the animal was esteemed.

Professor Henry R. Lang, the eminent scholar, calls my attention to an exceedingly interesting book, "Round the Calendar in Portugal," by Oswald Crawfurd.

That it takes a clever and urbane people to produce a race of well-grown and amenable domestic animals is proved by any number of instances; *e. g.*, by the case of the negroes of Eastern Africa, who apparently have domesticated no animals at all, and have only kept in unwilling and unthriving slavery those which Europeans have given them. I am told by a celebrated traveller in those parts, and an excellent observer, that when the negroes possess dogs, the animals are stupid beyond words; and such cats as they breed on the East Coast not only partake of the unawakened intelligence of their masters, but are so neglected that their coats—a cat's chief beauty and care in life—have disappeared. The cats of Mombasa, Sir Richard Burton tells me, are hairless, having positively, poor creatures, nothing on them between their skins and the winds of heaven. . . .

It is in this regard that Baron Cuvier no doubt regarded the dog as the greatest conquest that man had made. Perhaps the cat is a greater one. If that opinion is orthodox anywhere it is in this country, where the native cat, though he is a long-legged, long-nosed, lank-sided animal, has countervailing moral qualities; he is beyond all other cats companionable, teachable, clever, and amiable. There was recently in London an exhibition of trained cats who went through more wonderful performances than cats have ever been known to do before, for the lover of this quadruped must honestly admit that the ordinary "trick cat" seldom acts up to the standard of his intelligence; a sturdy independence of character and a certain unamenability of disposition standing in his way. One secret of the extraordinary success of the cats' professor, whose name I cannot recall, was let out by himself—*all his best cats came from Portugal.*

Now if the present writer seems in the following pages to disparage the race of dogs in favor of that of cats, it is not that he holds dogs lower than the other lovers of them, having possessed several excellent friends who had tails to wag, but that he thinks cats have been unduly condemned. Moreover, the brief held by him is for the Portuguese cat, a creature as suggested above, eminent among his race. . . .

Rather than consort with a bully or a villain, a ruffian or a sneak, the cat will part company with his owner; and, scrupulously cleanly himself, the cat loves those only who are as scrupulous as himself in this respect. Rather than live with persons who fail to come up to his standard, morally or physically, he will abandon the house and take to the woods. Therefore a man's companionship with cats is as good as a certificate of character to him.

It takes perception keener than is common to interpret the language of the cat, the often silent language of his looks and attitudes. The dog, on the other hand, is demonstrative, any casual person can guess what he means; but he is far too often over-demonstrative, and his heart often gets the credit of what is often nothing but foolish sentimental gush. The dog is greedy, and sudden in wrath, and can place no restraint upon his anger or his voracity. The cat, on the other hand, is a model of abstemiousness and can keep his temper. When it comes to propriety of behavior and good manners, all comparison is absurd. Suffice it to say that Mahomet, who (whatever we may think of his politics and his religion) was a gentleman of perfect manners, loved the cat for his refinement, and despised the dog for his want of any.

You can guess what a dog is thinking about and what he will do next, both of which divinations fail with the cat. The cat has such a patrician reserve that when he does show you affection it is enormously flattering. You order a dog to come to you, and the more angrily you shout the more quickly he comes, but you must plead with a cat and say in the most ingratiating manner: "Come, kitty, kitty, kitty!" And then often the cat will look at you steadily and proceed unhurriedly to walk in exactly the opposite direction.

It is often said that the dog is more intelligent than the cat, because you can teach the former more tricks. The fact is really evidence for the cat. When you command a dog to "sit up," the poor idiot thinks he has to do it. The average cat throws off, pretends to be stupid and not to understand what you want. He really understands you too well, but he sees "nothing in it" for him. Why sit up?

But cats are, alas, as mortal as dogs. It may be they have nine lives, but as some one has said, it is always the ninth one which they lose.

An extremely interesting book has just been published in Scotland. It is a new edition of Ben Jonson's "Conversations

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with William Drummond of Hawthornden," prepared and annotated by Doctor R. F. Patterson. The text of the "Conversations" is given completely and accurately, and the editor's introduction alone is worth the price of the book. The notes that Drummond made in 1619 of these apparently chance conversations are the chief basis for our knowledge of Jonson's life, and they are invaluable for his comments on contemporary persons.

I wish I knew what impelled Ben Jonson to make that northward journey. He was forty-six years old, and weighed two hundred and seventy-eight pounds. Over wretched roads he went on foot from London to Edinburgh, heaven knows why. Perhaps he wished to "reduce." What a pity he did not keep a diary of that pilgrimage! How enormously interesting it would be for its comments on the road, on taverns, on town and country, on everything. My chief regret in reading the Elizabethan writers is always concerned with just those omissions. If some one had taken two hours of a rainy afternoon and written his personal recollections of William Shakespeare, or if, as Bernard Shaw suggests, Shakespeare had only written a preface to one of his plays!

Jonson's casual remarks to Drummond are extraordinary in their candor, and in their authority. He speaks of many famous personages, from Queen Elizabeth to proletarian hack-writers. Nine times he alludes to his great contemporary, the lyrical poet and theologian, John Donne. Inasmuch as Donne's poetry has never stood so high in critical estimation as in 1924, these allusions are precious. Some years ago a London journalist, James Douglas, predicted that Browning would die, "even as Donne is dead," because of his roughness and obscurity. The prediction seems as fatuous as the comparison. If there is any English poet brilliantly alive in the twentieth century, it is the Dean of St. Paul's, John Donne, who flourished three hundred years ago. Jonson told Drummond that Donne deserved to die, but he knew well enough that he never would. "Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging." But Jonson also said to his Scot friend, that he esteemed John Donne "the first poet in the world, in some things."

Donne's reputation is higher in 1924 than it was in 1900. About that time I delivered a public lecture on him, and I regret to say that the official bulletin of the university where I was to speak announced that the lecture would be delivered by John Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's. I began by telling the audience that the dean was unavoidably absent, and was much mortified.

American scholars to-day pronounce his name "done," and English scholars "don." We are right; it is the same name as Dunn, it is in Jonson's conversations spelled "Done," and the poet himself punned in that fashion on his name.

In spite of Jonson's coarseness, boasting, and dogmatism, no one can read these conversations without admiring him; he was a man. Strange indeed is the likeness between him and his eighteenth-century namesake. Both were kings of contemporary literature and acted like it; both believed in the authority of Greek and Latin classics; both had enormous bodies; both had a Scot biographer; both loved convivial gatherings, loved to talk with their peers; both were honest, sincere, virile, and generous. The annals of literature cannot show a finer tribute from one rival to another than that paid by Jonson to Shakespeare.

By the way, I saw in a newspaper a while ago that some person was ridiculed for the spelling Ben *Johnson*, and the critic caustically inquired: How would it look spelled *O rare Ben Johnson?* I know exactly how it would look, for I have seen it in Westminster Abbey; it looks like this: *O rare Ben Johnson.*

Both Johnsons knew the Bible, and from obliging correspondents I have lately received some interesting figures. Sam J. Rucker, Jr., of El Paso, writes me of an astonishing feat of memory performed by a genial Texan:

> Lately you have written of some one who read the New Testament in a few hours' time and ask of others who have read it a number of times. Probably you would be interested in the case of Doctor W. B. Hogg, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, El Paso, Texas, former "Sunshine Chaplain" with the A. E. F., who has been and is threatened with blindness as a result of injuries received in overseas service, and who, wishing to

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carry certain faces, scenes, and passages from literature and scripture, is memorizing them. To date he has memorized the New Testament and most of the Old. Also he is keeping up his pastorate remarkably well. This year he has conducted several revivals, in the last month preaching every day, and has added six hundred members to his church in the past year. He has had his church establish a "soup kitchen" for the hungry which runs all the time, and an orphanage. His total church-membership is about twenty-four hundred now, I think. As an orator, I have rarely heard his equal, and he is a friend of the sick. So you see he is not a freak.

William M. Langdon, of West Asheville, North Carolina, informs me that in his neighborhood there is an old lady who reads the entire Bible through every month, and a young lady who last spring read it through in six days. I hope she rested on the seventh. I congratulate them both.

Mrs. S. W. Shoup, of San José, California, reminds me of the astounding feat of little Susan Hayes Ward, member of a distinguished family. Before she was eleven years old, she read the whole Bible in the original Hebrew and Greek, three times. "Her father had a theory that Hebrew is easier than Greek, and Greek than Latin, therefore children should be taught these languages in a reverse order from that usually employed."

This story is undoubtedly true, but as it will seem to some of my readers more incredible than anything in the Bible itself, let us change the subject.

I was very glad to receive from William O. Inglis the following tribute to the greatest prize-fighter of all time—a man who was as honest as Ben Jonson, as athletic as Samson, and who had, like the Biblical hero, one weakness, which he overcame before it overcame him.

Making due allowance for the bias of the hero-worshipper, let me declare that John L. was one of the most honest men that ever lived. His mind went always on a straight line to the core of any matter. Witness his simple yet comprehensive credo: "I can lick any man that was ever born of woman!" And he realized it up to the last contest—the one you were asked to "read by rounds." I was there. . . . Before complete consciousness was restored he broke from his handlers, raised the mighty right that had vanquished thousands, and said: "I have nothing at all to say: all I have to say is that I came into the ring once too often, and if I had to get licked, I'm glad I was licked by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan." I say nothing of the wet eyes at the ringside. (Of course, the true fight fans are a lot of Sentimental Tommies, or they wouldn't be there.) And honest old John stuck to it; never made an excuse or plea to his dying day.

Do you know that he spent his last twelve years bone-dry? After wasting his substance in riotous living he stopped because, as he explained to a friend: "I want to marry a lady—and she is a lady—and she has no use for a booze-fighter, and I'm showing her I'm no booze-fighter. I haven't had a drink in one year, three months, and sixteen days." (Each tear a pearl; each pearl a prayer.) She kept him waiting two dry years. They had ten years of happiness. She soon followed him to the grave. He did a monologue in the Keith houses, always urging total abstinence, until the management ordered that feature dropped because prohibition, etc., was too bitterly controversial for their stage. He made no protest; simply refused to appear unless he could talk temperance, and spent his very last years in straitened circumstances. No protest. He never knew how to whimper. (Oh, if there were only room here to tell you of the royal way he accepted his last Christmas turkey, concerning which his friends had to go about with him most guilefully, to get his consent!)

But he was so big. Up to the time he stopped, Gargantua was a child beside him. His manager told me of his drinking fifty-six gin fizzes in one hour—"and I know there were fifty-six; for I kept count and paid the bill," he said. Yet when he stopped he stopped.

The New York *Sun* said that Sullivan always used in his speeches the epistolary style, often concluding, "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan."

Can any of my readers give me the name of either of these novels? I read one when I was a child, and one when I was a youth, and I have forgotten the names of the authors, the titles of the stories, the plots, and the characters. I remember only one sentence from each book, and they seem to me worth remembering:

1. She went to school in the afternoon, carrying four fat raisins in her pocket, two to be eaten during the grammar lesson, and two during the geography lesson.
2. At this point the dog Jabez started to suppress an insurrection in his flea colony.

I like the first because of her careful planning—a future Hoover in food distribution. The horrible afternoon must be endured somehow, and she knew in advance exactly what she had to face and how best to face it. The other sentence—oh, well, anybody would like that.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ALL through the war people talked about what the war was to do for art. I don't know what, precisely, they expected it to do. Probably nobody had any clear idea on the subject. Rather, it was expected that in a general way art would be stirred up, as water is stirred up by a stone. It was assumed that no sensitive mortal could look on at the great cataclysm and not experience new sensations and emotions, out of which unprecedented works were bound to flow. My own feeling on the point was held in check by this very question of precedent. Had modern art ever been structurally affected, so to say, by any military collisions? My mind would go back to Velasquez. He was the same man after Spinola took Breda that he was before. His famous picture is like a poem, something remembered in tranquillity. I have wondered if it has not been the same with all of the authentic artists of our own time. The Great War has given some of them themes. But they remain, in treating them, much the same men that they were before the war.

I felt this when I saw recently the most beautiful statue thus far related to the subject. It was carved by an American sculptor, James Earle Fraser, to be set in the atrium of the Bank of Montreal, in the Canadian city of that name. It commemorates the valor of a portentous body of men from the bank who died on the field of battle, more than three hundred of them. Fraser interpreted their deeds, not in dramatic but in serenely meditative form. He modelled a standing figure of Victory, a gleaming white image, which he has placed among the colossal pillars of dark granite that make the salient feature of the atrium. For his heroic subject he had a background designed by the architect McKim in the grand style. This entrance to a busy banking-room has the majesty of a temple. The statue is architecturally in harmony with its environment. It is literally part of the building, and Fraser's conception of his task was, no doubt, determined in a measure by an architectural view of the matter. But what has interested me in this superb memorial has been the fact that the artist's imagination, profoundly touched by the war, was never for a moment dislocated or detached from the atmosphere in which, as an artist, he had been accustomed to work. According to the hypothesis tentatively framing itself, as I have indicated, among commentators on art while the war was progressing, this statue should have been developed into something new and strange. Instead, the maker of it adhered to classical ideas, was almost Greek in his treatment of form. He looked to the spiritual side of victory, its calm steadfastness, its mood of exalted resignation. He thought only of what was nobly tragic in the world conflict, and as he did so remembered constantly the fundamental immemorial canons of plastic art. The result is a monument extraordinarily beautiful, one in which an historic convention is so filled and animated by personal force that it is lifted above conventionality. Incidentally, it offers a grave rebuke to those numerous memorials produced since the war which have illustrated the impulse just mentioned, the impulse toward mere novelty.

FRASER was steadied, it is to be inferred, if he needed steadying, by tradition. In the eyes of a great many artists tradition is the enemy. They have come upon the scene to revolt against the past. There are, of course, philosophers ready to assert that the war did indeed do something to art. They would have it that the war gave prodigious impetus to a world-wide renovation that is even now going forward. They "point with pride" at certain substitutes for tradition. The topic is not exactly new, but we have lately had some new light upon it. Although in recent years we have had every opportunity to see what the modernists in

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France and Russia, for example, were doing, we have had to wait for anything like an adequate exposition of German participation. It was put before New Yorkers in an exhibition held at the Anderson Galleries in October, organized by Doctor W. R. Valentiner, a critic long known for his studies among the old masters. He wrote an introduction for the catalogue, one of deep interest to the student of contemporary art, because it tells him something about the point of view developed behind that veil separating us from Germany throughout the war and to some extent through the subsequent years. These pictures and sculptures were presented as the fruits of an art "born out of the soul of the people, and expressing its deepest suffering." Doctor Valentiner made much of it as the manifestation of a positively spiritual upheaval. "We are living," in his opinion, "at a time which marks the parting not only of two generations but of two epochs of centuries, perhaps, both with entirely varying philosophies." Some of his types he characterized as moving around "in an almost transcendental dream life," and all of them he indicated as torch-bearers of a new epoch, a new philosophy. What his modern artists are driving at is suggested in the following passage:

> The great problem of all abstract and spiritual art is to abandon a facile rendering of space, such as is obtained by photograph. Primitive art aims at a strong presentation of the image seen by the eye, in which only such elements are accentuated as express clearly the inner life; for instance, the expression of an eye, of a drastic movement, etc. By omitting all superfluous details of the appearance, the essential content of the composition becomes clearer. A certain conventionalization of the form is a common characteristic of all abstract, spiritual art. The intention is to impress the spectator with higher spiritual laws. At the same time, a more intense decorative and architectonic character is obtained in this art, as it does not break through a wall, as does the window perspective of naturalistic art. Primitive art accentuates the wall and decorates it with colors and rhythms of lines.

This is about as lucid a pronouncement as has come, to my knowledge, from the modernistic camp. The point of view is clearly stated. Why is it that when one turns to the works of art inspiring a passage like the foregoing luminosity fades and one is left groping in the dark? The burden of proof rests, of course, upon the artist. Nothing that Doctor Valentiner can say, no matter how well he says it, can validate German modernism in art. The fortunes of that depend utterly upon the painter and sculptor. And they, as I found at the Anderson Galleries, accomplish next to nothing. Old German painting, of which Dürer is the fine flower, had a positively scientific solicitude for matters of form. The master of Nuremberg studied the human proportions with lifelong devotion, and his ideal persisted long after him, surviving amid even such departures from his broad spirit as were reflected in the divagations of the Munich Secession. But the German modernists have thrown all that overboard, and neither painters nor sculptors in the exhibition to which I am referring revealed any convincing conception of form. The best man in the group, the painter Emil Nolde, half persuaded the observer because he had a certain large, broad way with him, and because his color was sometimes fine, but he, too, was tinctured by the brutality of taste which gave the whole show an air of coarseness and crudity. Why, I repeat, do the artists whose programme is summarized in high-erected terms by Doctor Valentiner fail so completely to realize anything of the power and beauty which, after all, must be the objects of the artist's activity?

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ONE phase of the matter, possibly taking us a little nearer to an explanation, has interested me not only in the presence of these Germans but in that of the modernists everywhere, and, indeed, in that of many a painter not modernistic in Doctor Valentiner's sense at all. It is a phase to which you get a clew in one of the anecdotes of that painting class in Paris over which Whistler for a time presided. He hated a messy palette, and used to reprove a careless student in this wise: "Have you noticed the way in which a musician cares for his violin? How beautiful it is? How well-kept? How tenderly handled? Your palette is your instrument, its colors the notes, and upon it you play your symphonies!" There is a whole philosophy of art in that story. It directs us straight to what I

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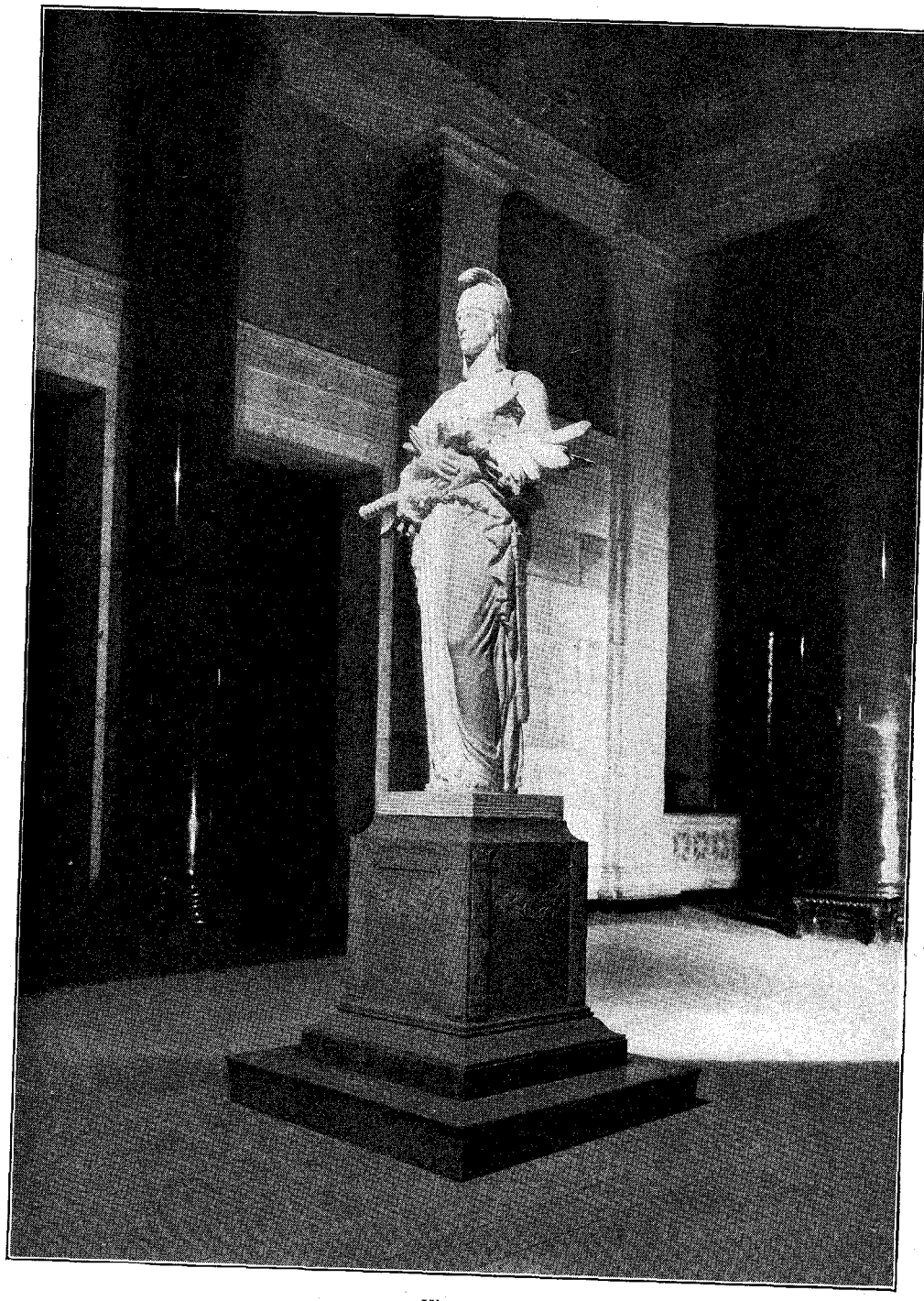

Victory.
The War Memorial in the Bank of Montreal, sculptured by James Earle Fraser.

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may call the genius of pigment. At the root of the modernistic fallacy lies nothing more pernicious than the degradation of technique. Some artists foolishly imagine that when Ingres talked about drawing as the rectitude of art, he meant an academic style of drawing. He meant good drawing, through which an artist may develop any style he pleases. Put a drawing by Ingres side by side with one by Rembrandt. Each exposes an absolutely personal style, but both have the same rectitude. It is the same in the matter of painted surface. Doctor Valentiner gives us an odd saying. Referring to the art that is "born out of the soul of the people," he remarks that one does not expect that it shall "ingratiate itself through charm and surface agreeability." I fancy I know what is at the bottom of this idea of his. He has been irritated by the tendency of some refined painters, who are a little too refined, to lapse into mere preciosity. They produce wearisome stuff, no doubt. But one may arrive at that judgment and still feel that Doctor Valentiner's notion is beside the point. Surface agreeability, turned into a fetish, is absurd. Surface agreeability, expressing a respect for the artist's medium, is indispensable to sound painting. Take the words of Whistler and apply them definitely to oil paint. How beautiful it is, intrinsically; what a marvellously pure and ductile medium of expression! With what a gust of sensuous appreciation does an instinctively respectful manipulator of pigment squeeze a tube out upon his palette! I have seen a painter of this type at work, and have kindled to his handling of his brushes, watching the caressing delicacy of his touch, noting the purity of the tone he laid upon the canvas. There was nothing precious about his surface when he got through with it. It had dignity, it had what artists love as "quality" — it had, in a word, agreeability. Artists of all kinds of genius have used their medium in this way. The masters of tempera in the Florentine Renaissance were consummate exemplars of the principle I would emphasize. When the Van Eycks turned to oil they fostered the same conscientious simplicity, the same respect and tenderness. As European painting was developed it unquestionably broadened in style, but even the technical virtuosity of Hals submitted to a curb where the genius of paint was concerned. Some of Hals's blacks and grays have a Whistlerian distinction and beauty. Velasquez is a miracle of courtly good manners in the matter of painted surface. His fidelity to what I think might reasonably be called a fundamental law runs through all his work, early and late. Take him in the *bodegones* of his formative period. You might cut out of the canvas a square-inch of his black or his yellow and it would have an æsthetic interest. Then, as his art grows more flexible, he will paint you the farthingale of an Infanta, a subtle complexity of rose and white, and again you feel that, just as so much painted surface, a great work of art stands before you. A master invariably works the same big magic. Look at Vermeer, or look at his modern descendant, Alfred Stevens. Look at Manet or at such an antithetical countryman of his as Puvis de Chavannes. Look finally at one of Whistler's truly symphonic "Arrangements." They all spell profound understanding of, and unshakable loyalty to, that thing which I call the genius of paint.

The mark of these masters, too, is that they never overplay their hand. There is another anecdote of Whistler that is apposite. "Be quite simple," he once said to his friend Starr. "No fussy foolishness, you know, and don't try to be what they call 'strong.' When a picture 'smells of paint' it's what they call 'strong.'" I recall here not only the German modernists, whose absolute deadness to the genius of paint is fairly appalling, but a good many of our own painters. The Germans, after all, are comprehensible in their callousness. The race has never been remarkable for its taste. It is surely not boastful bluntly to say that the American is of a finer grain. But he, too, has frequently been betrayed into fearful treachery to the genius of paint. The gospel of technique which Frank Duveneck preached and practised so effectively has gone to the heads of some latter-day artists; and, with a glorification of manual dexterity, they paint by main strength. One of the earlier exhibitions of the present season brought this fact

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home to me with renewed force. It was an exhibition made by a number of men calling themselves the New Mexico Painters, most of whom were previously known as members of the Taos Group. This is a body of sincere and able workers occupied in the commendable task of portraying Indian types, costume, and architecture. The pictures they paint are interesting and valuable as records. But considered for their paint, purely, they are as hard as nails, affairs of accurate but unsympathetic drawing, hot and opaque color, of repellent, almost claylike surfaces. It is puzzling in the extreme, for this disagreeability of surface seems so unnecessary.

On the Shore. By Karl Schmidt Rottluf.

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AN artist friend of mine advances the rather piquant idea that the nature of the medium has something to do with it, that this very genius of oil paint of which I make so much has something deleterious in it, and that the schools might find salvation if they were to go back for their cue to the Renaissance and use tempera once more. There is fascination in the idea, when you think of the purity and serenity of early Italian art, its complete freedom from that violence of gesture which does so much harm to-day, and when you think, above all, of the exquisitely decorative effect of a Florentine or Venetian Primitive. The medium then was allied with a whole habit of mind. The simple pattern of color characteristic of the Primitives played into the hands of their pictorial convention. But I don't think a reversion to tempera would correct the trouble at which I have been glancing. If artists won't respect oil paint they wouldn't respect tempera. They would mess about in the one medium as deplorably as they mess about in the other.

From one point of view it might seem as if we were dealing with only a subordi-

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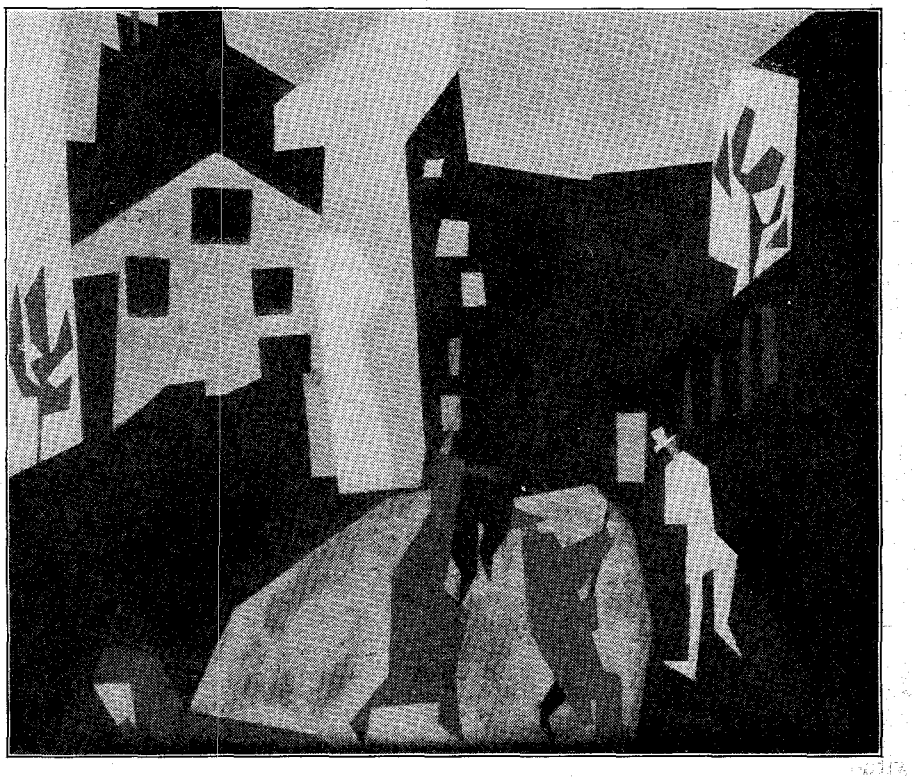

The Street Sweeper in Red. By Lyonel Feininger.

nate phase of the problem. Art lives by ideas. It must proceed from men's minds and imaginations if it is to last. Technique is only a means to an end. In all the assaults that are nowadays made upon the citadel of art, the leaders come out strong on the esoteric purpose of their campaign. Doctor Valentiner talks about "the inner life." But what these explorations of the inner life lead to may be judged from the one or two examples which I reproduce from the German exhibition. I put aside, for the moment, all question of such ideas as they may embody, weighed simply as ideas. I look at them merely as technical exercises. How much, viewed in that light, do they throw into the argument for modernism? They urge us far more, by the shock of contrast, I think, to a reconsideration of that too frequently forgotten principle in art, the interdependence of idea and technique. Let the technique be neglected or wilfully distorted, and the work of art lurches lopsided into obscurity, if not into downright fatuity.

The painter as schoolmaster is an unpopular figure, and in some quarters is held to be abhorrent. Let us grant that he is dreary enough when he winds red tape about art and indulges in dry, soulless, mechanical, academic admonition. But the brutalization of pigment, which means the negation of technique, cries aloud for the ministrations of some authoritative schoolmaster, re-enacting Whistler's rôle and, with a rap over the knuckles, saying to the owner of a squalid palette: "Have you noticed the way in which a musician cares for his violin? How beautiful it is? How well-kept? How tenderly handled? Your palette is your instrument, its colors the notes, and upon it you play your symphonies!"

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 11.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

A Checkered Year in Financial and Political History

PERPLEXITIES OF RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT—"SPRING BOOM" AND AUTUMN REACTION—ECONOMIC OUTLOOK AT THE YEAR-END

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

NOBODY needed to be told beforehand that at the end of 1923 the symposium of opinion on the financial future, usual at that time of year, would invite unusual interest. Some of the forecasts of the financial New Year will have been extorted from reluctant captains of industry, some will have been volunteered with obliging readiness; that often depends on the nature of the outlook. If matters are going badly in trade and industry, "personal forecasts" will usually be vague or non-committal. If the prospect is altogether bright, they are apt to be distinct and positive. The reasons why all such predictions, of whatever character, will get a keenly attentive audience on the present occasion are, first, that the outlook for 1924 does not belong clearly in either category; second, that the ordinary man-in-the-street has found very particular difficulty in making up his own opinion.

Prophecies Concerning 1924

That the old year is ending with a spirit of returning cheerfulness in American business circles, every one recognizes. What is not so easy to determine, however, is how far this cheerful feeling has arisen from tangible evidence of impending business recovery and how far from the facts that the stock-market, which during much of the autumn had refused to give any sign of what it thought, moved up positively in the later weeks and that expectations of increasing trade depression, widely expressed a few months ago, have not been fulfilled at all. The soundness of the credit situation, the absence of rashly speculative business methods, no one questions. As to what will be the precise character of the coming financial twelvemonth, however, prediction has been singularly cautious.

FINANCIAL opinion differs even in its retrospect of 1923. Alternation in the past year's American markets of confidence and doubt, of apprehension and reassurance, of a "spring boom" and an autumn reaction, leaves it a matter of more than ordinary difficulty to give the year its place in the period's economic history. When retrospect turns from these confusing incidents at home to the political deadlock which in Europe grew progressively more tense between January and December, the difficulty increases. Even the different markets of the year-end have pointed in opposite directions. At the moment when the rising stock-market seemed to indicate returning hope and confidence, the falling foreign exchanges testified to rapidly increasing doubt.

The Past Financial Year

It is not too much to say that, with the possible exception of the first year after the armistice, no calendar year since peace returned has ended with the business community in so much doubt over the immediate past and the immediate future as is shown at the close of 1923. A year ago, evidence of continual expansion of American trade and industry was too convincing to be missed. Such weather-signs as production of steel and iron, railway traffic, checks drawn on the country's banks, were showing weekly and monthly increase which betokened not the climax

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but only the early stages of progressive trade revival. At the end of 1921 the pace of recovery in these various directions was even more rapid, though that expansion indicated turn of the tide from low ebb of trade activity rather than beginning of a "boom."

This Year-End and Others

PRECISELY opposite but equally unmistakable indications marked the ending of 1920, when a monthly decrease of 10 to 15 per cent in steel and iron output and a shrinkage of 40 per cent in weekly railway traffic from the autumn maximum—not to mention an utterly demoralized stock-market—pointed to the sweeping trade reaction which was in store for the next six months. As for financial opinion at the end of 1919, it is true that forecasts of the future were at that time divided and conflicting. Many experienced observers predicted early reaction from an overdone "trade boom." But others, equally experienced, stuck to belief in continuing rise of prices and industrial activity, and each group of prophets had some basis for its forecast.

No such consensus of opinion can be discovered at the present year-end, even in Wall Street; the case is still one which can only be described as suspended judgment. When a year goes out with such financial uncertainty as has prevailed on this occasion, the natural recourse at the year-end is to review the actual history of the twelvemonth and to discover, if possible, what continuing influences seem to be embodied. In 1922 or 1920 the events of the year were themselves convincing as to the immediate future. But 1923 does not respond easily to such a test. To begin with, different parts of the past year have presented tendencies wholly opposite; as a whole, it has strikingly illustrated the often-cited fact that, considered as a distinctive period, a calendar year and a financial year often fail entirely to fit one another.

The Two Periods of 1923

IN many essential respects, the first four or five months of 1923 provide diametrical contrast with the months which followed. During the earlier period, American trade was expanding with immense rapidity; the country's monthly iron production had increased 25 per cent by April or May, and its monthly steel production 23 per cent. But in the rest of the year the monthly output decreased 18 per cent for iron and 16 for steel; practically all of the early and rapid expansion was cut off. The course of other industries was similar and simultaneous.

Average prices for commodities had risen 7 or 8 per cent by April; they had lost all that advance by December. Even in the matter of foreign trade, conditions prevalent until May were reversed during the remainder of the year. In the first five months of 1923, imports exceeded exports by $180,000,000, the first "import surplus" since 1914 and the largest ever achieved. Reports published for the subsequent months showed a $277,000,000 surplus of exports. This change was not, as in some other years, a consequence purely of the natural autumn increase of outward trade. Although exports in October were much above those of March, they would nevertheless have left no export surplus if the autumn month had matched the spring month's imports. It was the decrease of nearly $100,000,000 in the monthly import trade which turned the balance, and that decrease was as sure evidence of an altered business situation as were the industrial output and the price of commodities.

The year 1923, then, presents in retrospect two periods as different from one another, though in less degree, as 1920 and 1921. Yet there is no such easy economic explanation for the change as was presented two or three years ago. Nowadays every one can cite the 8 per cent money market of 1920 and the 40 per cent Federal Reserve ratio, to prove that the excited "trade boom" of the period broke down because of reckless overstrain on credit. This year a normal 5 or 5½ per cent money rate has prevailed throughout the year; the reserve percentage has never been below 71 per cent, and it held above 75 at the height of the "boom in trade."

There has been no opening even for the theory of those economists who ascribe every reaction in trade to a fall in prices, and every fall in prices to contraction of

(Financial Situation, continued on page 47)

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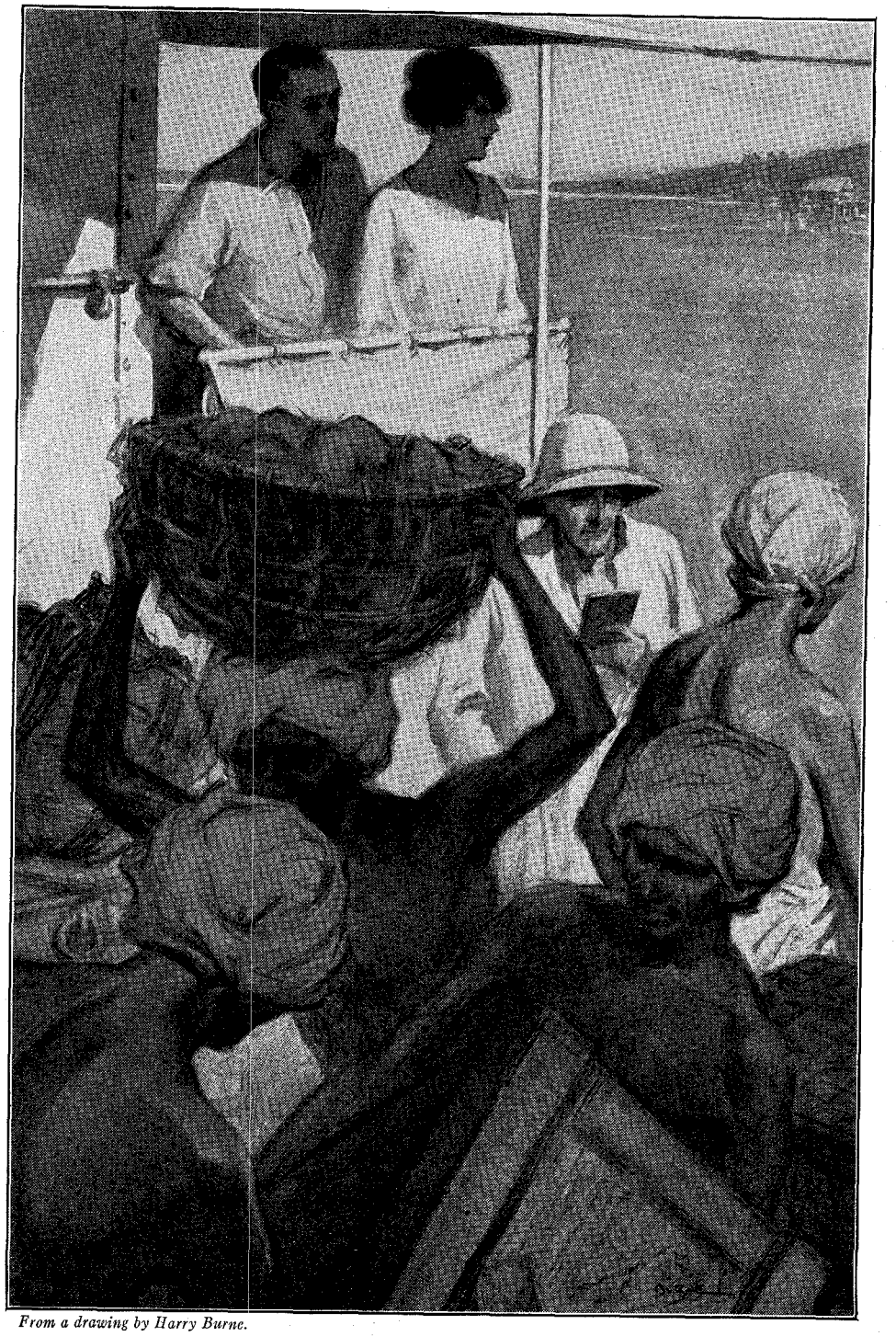

From a drawing by Harry Burne.

ELAINE OBSERVED WITH INCREASING INTEREST THAT GREW TO FASCINATION.

—"On to Bhamo," page 201.

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